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"INSIDE EXPERIENCE" sets forth the point of view of that "naturalistic empiricism" which is most closely associated with the name of John Dewey and, more remotely, with William James.

Dr. Hart regards philosophy as a method of inquiry into the worlds of experience and nature, a willingness to let experience and nature be real within the processes of reflection and deliberation, as well as in the processes of suffering and enjoyment.

Professor John Dewey has written an Introduction to the volume.

INSIDE EXPERIENCE

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INSIDE EXPERIENCE

A NATURALISTIC PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE AND THE MODERN WORLD

BY

JOSEPH K. HART, PH.D.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

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39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4
TORONTO, BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, MADRAS
1927

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FIRST EDITION

MADE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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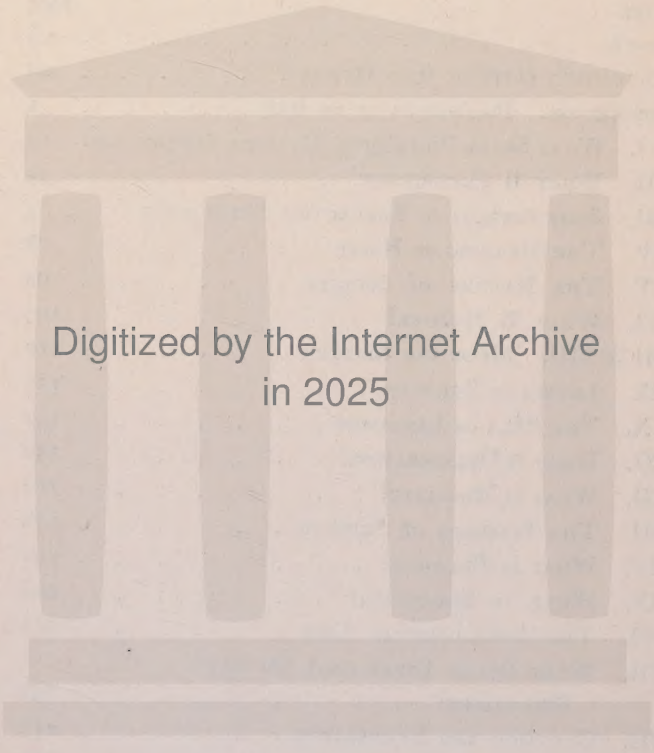

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PREFACE

THIS book, "Inside Experience," is not primarily a source of information about philosophy in general, or about a particular type of philosophical thinking; it is an essay toward a natural enlargement of the experience of the writer and, mayhap, of the interested reader. I have not thought to tell, in a few pages, what it has taken other men many pages to tell, or what they have not been able to tell at all. I have aimed to present certain glimpses into current philosophical discussion so as to reveal broader perspectives and unsuspected vistas inside the ranges of our common experience. Education puts "blinders" on us from our birth. We do not see our own experiences in any adequate way: we see them after the fashion of seeing set for us by our parents, our neighbors, our teachers. From some of these obvious limitations it has become the task of philosophy to free our minds. After all, the problem of philosophy for the "average man" of to-day, as the problem of education, in general, is not so much that of getting more information; it is that of enlarging experience, stretching the bounds

of imagination, making sure that familiar things shall be seen in more vivid ways, with something that can only properly be described as a "new mind." "It seems almost incredible to me," writes a correspondent, "that four years of what is called education should do so much to destroy the native intelligence of our college students!"

This book attempts to set forth some of the general, philosophical conditions which help, or hinder, the release of this "new mind", this wider experience, this richer imagination. Our current psychologies have too long assumed that "mind" is just mind—and that "mind" either can understand what is current in the trends of the day, or that it cannot. Even current "behaviorism" tends to this same assumption in practice. The "mind" is an *existence*—either in the "mental" realm or, for behaviorism, in the ranges of physiological functions, and it can get what it can get. It is a sort of sponge which can soak up informations, or systems, or skills, endlessly, or moderately, or almost not at all: in any case, by a sort of predetermined limitation which nothing can hinder much, or help much, either.

That there are practical limitations to the universality of "mind" I am not disposed to deny: such limitations seem inescapable under the present forms of "education"—that is, schooling. Schools assume that "minds" exist—such as they are—and that they can be classified on the basis of their receiving capac-

ities. Thus for schools, the "mind" becomes a category of limitations. That it is a category of flexibility; that it implies imagination, enlarging perspectives, and broadening vistas of experiences and experience, is not a welcome suggestion to any academic person, or, indeed, to any upholder of our current traditions and primitive folkways. The academic person does not quite know what to do with a free mind. He wants to label it, probably with question-begging labels or epithets, and he expects the worst. The academic person is concerned to make all minds conform to conventional patterns as quickly as possible; and, in the long run, this means that they shall all accept the limitations imposed upon them by the patterns of home or school, of philosophy, religion and science, of business and politics, of morality and "standards", and spend their lives within those limitations, without imagination or hope of escape. Such "minds" presently become identified with their imposed patterns, and become, in turn, staunch upholders, and imposers, of those same patterns.

Such minds cannot understand what naturalistic philosophy means by such a word as experience. A recent academic critic complains rather bitterly that "the word means nothing". So the fundamentalist says that *science* means nothing. This merely proves the point: "mind" which should be a category of flexibility and growth, in a world that shows end-

less room for growth, becomes for the academic and fundamentalist a category of limitations, in a world that is limited, unflexible, without change. This academic attitude is, because of our schooling and religious narrowness, the pattern of the common run of "minds." Our so-called "practical men" are academics and fundamentalists. Most of our community attitudes are academic and fundamentalist, traditional and "sot." Hence it seems necessary to make some brief remarks on the subject of method; and to consider the significance of language, especially of writing as a means of explicating philosophical doctrines and concepts.

There is much complaint, in these days of the tabloids, that many philosophical writers do not write clearly. They are said to "muddy the waters of discourse with many words"; they are charged with leaving the subjects they set out to clarify in various stages of obfustication, and their readers in various states of bewilderment and dismay. "Why don't you write so people can understand you?" they are asked by the man in the street.

Some of these complaints are valid—some of the time; but they are not all valid all of the time, even when they may have evidence on their side. Some writers do not know how to use the English language: their sentences are badly constructed; subjects and predicates often change places in the midst of involved propositions; modifying clauses slip their

tethers and go wandering about in search of some more friendly noun or verb to tie up with; the sequence of ideas, if any, may be lost in opaque verbosity; and the net result, from the standpoint of accurate meaning, may be almost a total loss. Inability to translate vague masses of impressions—the stock in trade of the philosophical frontiersman—into a clear medium of intelligible discourse, is not lacking among writers in philosophical lines. All that may well be admitted.

But intelligibility of discourse does not always follow from the most meticulous use of words and grammatical forms. Sometimes writers may really be trying to set forth materials and concepts which have no present place in the "minds" of their contemporaries. Under such circumstances, if their contemporaries are to share the new concepts and materials, something must happen, not merely to the language of the writers, but *to* and *in the minds of the readers:* those minds must stretch their bounds, increase the range of their ideas, unfold the wings of their imaginations, enrich their vocabularies and—more than all these, perhaps—they must consent to a more or less radical remaking of their points of view about life and the world. In other words, these contemporaries may have to get themselves "new minds"—as the modern world had to get itself new minds as it emerged from the scholasticisms of the Middle Ages.

Much modern scientific writing makes the same demand upon its readers; and such demands are almost universally resented. They are set down as evidence either of the arrogance of the writer, or of his inability to express himself in "good clear English." Modern journalism is partly responsible for this curious doctrine that "any idea the world possesses, or is ever likely to possess, can be set down in common language, if the author is not too lazy". Acting upon this doctrine confident cub reporters turn the profound discourse of an Einstein into "simple statements" which can be understood by any reader of the Morning Tabloid. There is only one difficulty about the procedure: the reporter, himself, did not understand what Einstein was talking about. Hence, though this reporter's account of Einstein's address makes indubitably interesting reading, it has nothing to do with what Einstein said. But his readers understand it, and think highly of the reporter, and even wish that Einstein himself could "write as clearly as our reporters can."

All of which means that, not infrequently, when critics and readers charge philosophers and scientists with inability to write clearly, they are merely confessing their own inability, or their own unwillingness, to rise to the level of any new conception, to imagine anything new, or to concern themselves seriously with anything that cannot be stated in terms of their own existent superficial sophistica-

tions. Much of this complaining about the lack of clarity in writers who are dealing with profound matters is a mere echo of the mental inertias of the critics who make the complaints: it is far easier to charge a writer with being "too badly written to be read", than it is to develop the imagination, the flexibility of mind, the wider perspectives, the broader understandings necessary to the comprehension of his work.

But why all this heat, some one, echoing Emerson, may ask. And I answer: Because I want to enter a caveat with respect to this present book. Here is something upon which I have been working for more than twenty years. It may be that those years could have been spent in more profitable ways. They have not been so spent; they have been spent in such ways as to make this book a more or less inevitable outcome of their passing. Those years have not been without their profit in the way of experiences, and experience. The materials herein set down have been accumulated during those years; the point of view here displayed has been the distillation of those years. This book is not "made up": it is the outproving of these years, as these years have been wrought of living, acting, enjoying, sorrowing, learning, teaching, studying—in short experiencing. The result may not be anything notable, in any personal sense. But in so far as these years have poured themselves into the critical understanding of philo-

sophical systems, especially the system of Naturalistic Empiricism, as represented in the work of John Dewey, there is something to this result that will not yield its essence to the casual "hit and run" of the cub reporter. Nor will understanding of the point of view here presented be primarily dependent upon the use of a dictionary, or upon the possession of certain ranges of information—though neither of these is to be despised: understanding of this point of view will be dependent upon the reader's having actually had certain ranges of critical experience. This point of view is *not something that can be learned out of words, or sentences, or books:* it is the outcome of years of experiences, wrought out in the forms of critical experience—and *it must be experienced if it is to be understood.*

It is, perhaps, unlikely that many persons will care enough about such understanding to be willing to undertake the achievement of the underlying experiences, and experience. But it may be that some younger students will come to understand that no real philosophy can be *learned*—certainly not in a class—but that it must be achieved in and through experiences and experience; and any young student who learns this great fact is potentially on the way to wisdom.

A further illustration may help to make the matter clear—though, of course, nothing but experience itself can make it fully clear. In the mental world

in which the typical "fundamentalist" lives, to-day, *evolution cannot be true.* Hence, it is *not* true in that world: there is no room in that world for any such doctrine. This is a simple fact of logic—which any modernist ought to be acquainted with. But few modernists realize the different worlds of discourse in which the evolutionist and the fundamentalist live. Hence, most modernists think that fundamentalists could be "converted" to modernism by means of a little knowledge—"if they could just be caught". Moreover, as the world now runs, most of us actually live in the mental world of the fundamentalist, even though we may be professing scientists, because the mental world of the fundamentalist is the actual world of our most ancient and revered folkways. Most of the "mind" of even our so-called "scientists" really operates within this ancient folkway area: the "scientist" merely moves over into the area of evolutionary modernism when he goes to his laboratory in the morning. That is to say, for most of us, the doctrine of evolution is merely an *addendum,* an *annex,* to our practical and habitual worlds and minds.

Hence, the evolutionist is usually a divided mind: in most ways he is a fundamentalist of the fundamentalists; in some ways, he is a modernist; but some modernists are, for compensatory reasons, far more fundamentalist than many full-fledged fundamentalists. But the fundamentalists, being by and large, quite "sot" in their ways and undivided in their al-

legiances, are able both emotionally and intellectually, to put up the case for their point of view with a vigor and power few, if any, scientists can equal. This is one of the reasons why the fundamentalist usually has such an advantage over the modernist in any argument or debate.

Now, the doctrine of evolution *simply cannot be true* in a fundamentalist universe, or to a fundamentalist mind. There's no use arguing about it. That doctrine can become true only as the individual finds himself living in a world order, of growth and development, of emergence and initiative, in which evolution actually takes place. What's the use of arguing the truth of evolution in a world in which nothing evolves? It isn't arguments, or philosophies, that convince: it's experiences, and experience.

On the other hand, since every so-called "evolutionist" once lived in the world of the fundamentalist (and may be still living with one foot in it) he should be able to understand both worlds better even than the fundamentalist understands his own world. That is to say, the fundamentalist, having *absolutely no* experience of life in an evolutionary world, is quite unable to understand what such an experience would mean, what such a world would be like: he can only rave about what the *idea* means to him in a world into which the idea has to be imported, and in which it is likely to be, therefore, distorted out of all its proper shape. But the modernist, having lived in

both worlds, should be able to understand both himself and the fundamentalist. The fact that he often understands the fundamentalist no better than the fundamentalist understands him, seems to indicate that his experience of the one or the other or both these worlds was, and is, not real and natural and participatory, but intellectual, academic, superficial.

It is a similar type of experience which is demanded of the one who would enter any philosophical area; especially the area of Naturalistic Empiricism, because in this area, the very concept of "experience" must be "experienced" anew. Understanding is not of words: it is of experiences, and of experience; and there is here no understanding that is not rooted, somehow, somewhere, in actual experiences with materials, points of view, and the ideas and concepts implied in this mode of interpretation. Reading will be a gateway, perhaps; but more, it will be a perpetual test: the reader will find meanings here, if he bring with him the experiences, and the experience, adequate to the appropriation of the point of view. This may be a hard saying, but it is of the same hardness as that found everywhere in the understanding of living. There are great intellectual and spiritual riches to be found *in the achieving of a new point of view.* Those riches do not lie about to be picked up and appropriated by the casual passer-by. They are to be secured by those who are willing and able to plough deep the soils of the human world,

and grow, out of those deep soils, the harvest of a new crop of understandings; above all, the fine harvest of a "new mind". To this adventure toward the "new mind", the enlarged experience, this book is an invitation.

One final suggestion: It is altogether likely that there is not a sentence in this book that can be made to stand alone—wholly upon its own feet. The subject of this discussion is the world of men and affairs —in this age of confusion. Every aspect of this world of men and affairs is affected more or less by every other aspect. Hence, the discussion of any phase of the problem must always be understood as being subject to the correction, or rectification of some later discussion. The argument is not additive—but cumulative. Chapter Two, for example, must be qualified by what is found in Chapter Fourteen. The effort to find "the essence of the doctrine" in some single sentence, paragraph or even chapter, while laudable, will likely fail. There will probably be contradictions in the various parts: if there be not, then there must be something wrong with the book, for there are contradictions in life and experience. I cordially invite the reader to share in the whole enterprise of the "dramatic highway"; to let experiences cumulate, mutually expand and qualify each other, and develop new integrations; and so to get *the outlook of completeness*—as a single experience—in the end. From such an

outlook, the critical reactions of any reader will have the value of enriching the whole discussion of meaning and understanding in the modern world—and meaning and understanding are what the modern world most needs.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE author wishes to acknowledge his general indebtedness to a wide range of former teachers, former students, writers of books, and "philosophers at large" for suggestive help in this undertaking; and his special indebtedness as follows:

To the editors of *The Survey* for permission to use materials that first appeared in that magazine;

To *The Inquiry* for permission to use material from that periodical;

To my secretary, Mrs. Adelaide M. Kellogg, for critical help in writing the first draft of the manuscript;

To Mr. Bruno Lasker, for his personal interest in the task at a time when even philosophy was not sufficient solace for all the woes of existence;

To the corporation of "Yaddo," at Saratoga Springs, for providing me the leisure which made possible the writing of the original manuscript of this book;

To Professor James G. Stevens, of Dartmouth College, for his stimulating and constructive criticisms of the manuscript, and for his suggestions for a more adequate treatment of the subject;

And, above all, to Professor John Dewey, for the illumination his creative mind has thrown upon almost all the problems I have confronted in a quarter of a century as student and teacher; and for the careful, critical and reconstructive reading he has given the completed manuscript. At his own request I have eliminated much that I had written about his stimulating share in this enterprise. When this book was first projected, I had intended making a critical exposition of Professor Dewey's philosophical point of view within the limits of a small volume. That grateful task I have left to others. Here I have set forth only my own responses to some of the perplexing problems of our age—under the stimulus of his most comprehensive and humane outlook upon life and the world.

J. K. H.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

OF all things difficult to attain, understanding is perhaps the most difficult and the most important. When persons arrive at an understanding they come to agreement, and agreement is committal to a common cause: it is reciprocal engagement and mutual confidence. The bitterness of misunderstanding is indicated in the reproaches which attend it: charges of betrayal, intimations of bad faith. Mutual pleading of faith is more readily secured in appearance than in reality. It is possible only when there lies back of it a common store of experiences. Without resemblance of experiences, words have different meanings, and communication is a sham: ideas diverge even when their formula is the same. Yet, without understanding and that reciprocal committal and mutual faith which is its essence, any so-called society is but an aggregate held together by fear of danger or promise of profit. A community is constituted by those who communicate with one another, who agree with one another in action because they share in a common understanding.

The humane import of a philosophy of experience

has its source in this dependence of social life upon reciprocal engagements; of the latter upon understanding; and of understanding upon a life experience of men and things. Experiences vary with temperament, with circumstances, with time and place, with every accident of contact. Were this diversity the whole of the story, however, communication would be but an exchange of external gifts, a trading of bribes, with a view to keeping an outward peace: social life would be but a mechanical equilibrium of repellent atoms. One cannot even understand himself, his own acts, beliefs, and purposes, save as he binds them into an unbroken continuity with his past, save as he discovers some continuity of experience. To have a community of experiences with others is not only the condition of ability to understand them, but the understanding and assent of others which springs from this common background frees and deepens one's further understanding of himself.

For this reason, the realization of understanding and the creation of a community are supremely difficult. All intelligent speech signifies that a person has been able to eliminate the severing peculiarities that mark off his own experience and that of those addressed, and to find an experience which is common and comprehending. That, in turn, signifies a power to grasp the universal and objective—not easy to attain.

Yet men so crave the expansion and reinforcement which come from the agreements of understanding that they tolerate and invent all kinds of substitute semblances. Surrender to a passing contagion of emotion; the deliberate working up of a common fear and hate (as in war); respect for external conventions; the repetition of formulæ of religious creeds and political platforms; familiarity with like circumstances, however trivial; conjunction in an undertaking wherein each at bottom is pursuing his own private gain; servile docility in dragooning opinions; fanatic imposition of fidelity to the same phrases and symbols: all these serve as such substitutes *for real understandings*. Yet reality is not mocked: the price of understanding, the obtaining and communicating of common experience, has not been paid. Any crisis reveals the hollowness of the apparent agreement. At bottom it rests on force, on the hope of personal gain, on the fear of private loss.

Hence, once more, the human need and opportunity of a philosophy which shall reveal the common foundations that underlie the superficial diversities of experiences, and which shall manifest the common patterns that are woven into their variety. Never was the need greater than to-day. Never before has there existed in the world so much of external contact and exchange. Steam and electricity have brought the ends of the earth together. Those who touch and mix bring with them experiences

hardened into separation by unlikeness of traditions, customs and outlooks. Confusion abounds; external chaos and conflict are the signs of absence of inward understanding. The common creed which held western civilization in some sort of unity has disintegrated, and endures in name only, not in deed. The recrudescence of "fundamentalism" in religion and politics is as much an evidence of confusion and division as are the phenomena of overt uncertainty and disorganization. An exaggerated external conformity is demanded; belief is standardized and regimented, because we feel how thin and stretched are the bonds of union that come from mutual understanding, only. Our insistence upon uniformity is a compensatory reaction due to the absence of unity. As I have said elsewhere, the actual "philosophy" of our time is analogous to the check and balance theory of our political powers. This latter denotes the abandonment of hope of intrinsic co-operation and vainly attempts to secure harmony by assigning to unrelated powers such places and boundaries that each will at least prevent the undue encroachment of others. So, in our theory of life, we think by a policy of division and segregation and external checks to achieve order and wholeness. So, art, science, religion, industry and commerce, morals, politics, is each to have its own separate room, to carry on its business apart. Thus we think to build the human habitation fair and whole and render life a harmony!

When I say that such a situation creates a demand for a philosophy of experience, and provides it with its opportunity, I mean nothing so silly as that philosophy can itself effect integration and mutual interpenetration. That is something to be done by all the processes of living. But a vital philosophy is itself a criticism, a record and a prophetic indication. Therefore philosophy is a valuable, perhaps an indispensable auxiliary and guide in the co-ordination of the operations of living. As criticism it can uncover and sterilize the traditions, the ingrained habitual ideas, which are barriers to a wider shared experience. Uncovering traditions will not eliminate them; but it is hard to see how we can emancipate ourselves from them until they have been located and brought to light. As a record, a philosophy of experience can bring to light and illuminate enduring and comprehensive patterns of experience; it can grasp and retain in summary forms the identities and wholenesses which are so easily dissipated when experiences are rapid, multifarious, crowded into the hurly-burly hours. Philosophy may at least sketch a map and a chart which as an indication of unity may guide in effecting unification. In its prophetic office, philosophy may construct intellectually what Dr. Hart so happily calls a "dramatic highway". It may show the path to be followed in the delineation of the design, the contour and the perspective of a now disordered and confused experience.

Dr. Hart's book is welcome as a contribution to the task of revealing the structure of experience, and exhibiting its articulations. One difficulty under which philosophy labors is that in doing its work it can employ only the tools that already exist: words and ideas which have already been so specifically appropriated to particularistic and divisive functions as to make them unfit for their work. The way out, as Dr. Hart so clearly shows, is constant effort, renewed experiment, varied and co-operative approach. The task of revising our words, remaking our tools, even while they are actually at work, cannot be confined to those who are professionally and officially "philosophers". The candor, courage and sympathetic insight of minds which move outside any technical fold are needed. Dr. Hart's pages approach the task with liberality and generous imagination. If they are received in the spirit in which they are offered, a spirit free from petrifaction and wooden literalness, instinct with eager desire, devoted to the realities to which words at best can only point, solicitous only for the kind of assent and agreement which spring from converse with these realities, these pages cannot fail to be a noteworthy contribution to the promotion of that understanding which is the greatest of our needs.

JOHN DEWEY

INSIDE EXPERIENCE

INSIDE EXPERIENCE

INTRODUCTION

PHILOSOPHY AS AN ART

EASTWARD from the city of Portland runs a great highway that follows the Columbia River for nearly a hundred miles—into and beyond the Cascade Mountains. Great highways are not unusual, to be sure, these days. They are everywhere; and, as in the case of the Columbia River Highway, they often lead out from some city to those surrounding regions of which their builders are most proud, which offer most delight to visitors.

But this western highway is more than a road leading from a city to an interesting *hinterland*. It is a work of art. It dramatizes the region through which it runs; it transforms diversity into unity; and it gives artistic completeness to a whole country-side. On this highway, thanks to the artist-engineer who laid it out, the sensitive wanderer feels escape from the commonplace. He leaves behind the pedantries of the schools: no dislike of the first mile will bar

him from the second. The homilies of the pulpits are all forgotten; there is here no firstly, secondly, thirdly. Instead, on this great highway, the traveller comes upon the Whole of the country-side before he loses himself in the endless confusion of the many separate parts. It is an artistic triumph.

The engineer of this highway was an artist, as well as an engineer, as I have intimated. He sought beauty, and the release of imagination, as well as utility, in his work. He wanted the traveller along this way to find understanding as well as a sense of movement, and appreciation of the way as well as assurance of the end. For a journey is a passing through, as well as a coming to an end; and nothing can be drearier than passing through a region that lacks all dramatic quality, that is broken into senseless bits, that does not hold together, that offers no unity which the imagination can seize upon, that finds its only meaning in the fact that it separates the beginning and the end of a tasteless way. It is one of the joys of a work of art that it is a Whole, and in its Wholeness it transcends its various parts, and is greater than the sum of all its parts. The Columbia River Highway has given to its region this artistic Wholeness.

As the highway leaves the city and comes to the first hills, it diverges for a time from the river and, taking advantage of a natural grade up a pleasant valley, it circles behind some rising hills, makes a

wide sweep over the intervening ridges, and debouches, almost without warning, on the top of a cliff that lifts itself nearly a thousand feet sheer above the river that flows by below. From this "Crown Point", the whole country-side, from Portland to the mountains, lies plainly in view; and the silver thread of the highway winds in and out of valleys and forests for fifty miles, eastward and westward, tying all parts of the scene together, as with a bond of beauty and order. Wherefore, the country-side as a whole emerges into the imagination of the visitor, and this wholeness then becomes the framework into which all the lesser parts, both of the road and the country-side, later assemble themselves.

Thereafter, each bit of the way takes its proper place in the pattern: each hill, each valley, each passing water-fall, each turn about a towering cliff fits into the picture as a whole, or expands, explains, adorns that picture; each bit of new experience becomes not alone comprehensible in itself, as a part of the whole, but it gives diversity and richness of interest to the pattern as a whole. What would otherwise have been confusing, becomes as a result of this artistic treatment both intelligible and beautiful. The Columbia River Highway is not only one of America's great engineering achievements: it is also one of our great works of art!

. . . . . .

But why should the engineering highways of the

world alone adopt this principle of artistic wholeness as the framework of their utilities? Why should not the intellectual engineers take their cues from the successes of such engineering enterprises? Why should not Philosophy, for example, undertake a similar approach to life and the world?

The ready answer is that this is just what Philosophy, whether consciously or unconsciously, has been doing, at least in some of its modern enterprises. It has been slowly, and a bit protestingly, perhaps, surrendering its age-old hope of being able, some day, to drive a straight road of Truth, through Existence, to Reality; and it is now trying to content itself with an attempt to sketch a bold highway of imagination through the wilderness of experience, up to some commanding eminence, wherefrom the settled areas of life and the world might be more accessible, the outlying wildernesses might be more clearly visible, and with respect to which convenient camp-sites might be located, from which new exploratory journeys into the unknown (but not Unknowable) might be undertaken at will.

But the building of a great highway calls for the organization of many factors: for imagination; for faith and courage; for the command of technical skills and theoretical sciences; for credits and resources; and for the support of the community at large. The assembling of so many resources at any one time and place is, by and large, never too easy.

For example, there is often a considerable conflict between the theoretical sciences and the support of the community; and between bold imagination and financial credits. But when, and if, all such resources can be mobilized and organized into a positive effort, the results are sure to be notable. Witness the Columbia River Highway!

The construction of such a dramatic highway through the lands of experience is proving at least an equally difficult task. Most philosophers are scholars—intellectual engineers of sorts; few of them are artists with dramatic imaginations; and those who have been artists (like Plato, for example) have allowed their imaginations to soar beyond the bounds of established knowledge, betraying them into the construction of rainbow bridges between such intangibles as "appearance" and "reality", rather than permitting them to build useful highways through the actualities of the world. Moreover, as compared with the terrains through which the Columbia River Highway runs, experience, as we know it, exhibits shifting, restless areas, as if their foundations were all of quicksands; wildernesses into which the surveyor and the engineer will penetrate, so it must seem, at their own risk, not to say peril; and apparently unscalable cliffs, which are tantalizing to the engineer and the artist alike.

If we add to these facts the further fact that most of the lands of experience are already occupied by

"early settlers" who came in during those centuries in which philosophers were largely contemptuous of such low-lying areas, we shall complete the picture of discouragement. Most of those "early settlers" want no "highways of imagination," or of science, even, through their parts of the country. They are "practical men," who have had "experience", and who *know what life is*, without more nonsense: they have good, hard roads of "facts" (as they hold) and of "common sense" (as they believe); and over these roads the commerce of the land can be carried safely. Highways of Imagination! The world is in fair way to being ruined by the excesses of imagination! So most of those earlier settlers seem to think!

None the less, an occasional highway engineer is also an artist without being any the less an engineer; and an occasional philosopher exhibits boldness of imagination without losing either his sense of proportion or his contact with hard facts. There is an arithmetical dullness about the modern world of mechanisms. Nothing is so deadly to all imagination as the doctrine that "two and two always make four." Most of our mathematical maxims are false, as far as actual living goes, or they are deadly dull, which is worse. Life does not increase by addition, as any biologist will testify, but by division. Growth always contains contradictions: the tree can grow up only as its roots grow down. The world is not so made that life consists merely of adding fact to

fact. Facts do not exist in any such atomistic fashion—like grains of sand in a heap: they over-reach each other; they suck the life-blood out of one another; they eat each other out of house and home. Any new discovery, like Newton's Law of Gravitation, or Darwin's Theory of Evolution, or Einstein's Theory of Relativity, consumes whole volumes of old facts, throws other piles of them on the garbage dump of history, and makes most of the facts that are allowed to remain wash their faces, comb their hair and stand up to be counted.

For example, it was once held for *fact* that the world was flat, motionless, permanent, and that it extended to the realms of darkness and danger—beyond the safety zones of exploration. What became of the old "facts" when later explorers demonstrated that the earth actually is round; and when other investigators showed that it moves, and is continually being made over, and that its utmost bounds can be discovered? "Facts" come—and go!

The world seems to be so made—this is the point of view of the philosopher-artist—that life gets ahead, not so much by merely adding more facts to the facts we already have, but by endlessly discovering new ways of looking at facts—old facts and new ones: that is to say, by getting *a new kind of mind,* from time to time. (This is what science also really does, though as we shall see later, because most scientists have no sufficient understanding of

their own mental processes, they tend to believe that their work consists primarily of an endless accumulation of "facts").

This is the justification of the philosopher-artist's project of a new kind of highway through the world of experience: the scientist has taught us to believe that what we needed in order to be perfectly happy was more facts; the intellectualistic philosophers of the past have taught us that what we needed was a comprehensive system of facts that should take in and explain "reality"; the philosopher-artist insists that what we need, more perhaps than we need more facts, and certainly more than we need a closed system of facts, is new ways of looking at our facts—a new eminence from which to look at facts, new perspectives through the wilderness of facts, a dramatic highway through the lands of experience, *a new mind* for life and the world!

Science, at least as conceived since Francis Bacon by all who have considered the logic of science, has, theoretically, promised the race that mind. But too many scientists have, in practice, been unaware of that promise. Such scientists have not been exclusively to blame, for philosophy has lingered in the same past, too; and the race of men has not wanted that new mind, over much. Hence, science has not escaped from its own ingrowing dogmatisms: it has suffered human frailties, like any practice of human beings.

None the less, science has been freer than philosophy from many of those antique moods; and, at times, science has said, not without warrant, to philosophy: "I need nothing that you can offer me. Such philosophy as you talk is a way of making clear streams of fact muddy. I am dealing with facts, and facts are always clear when let alone. Out of my way!"

But it grows more and more evident that science has been at least partially mistaken in this attitude. A single fact, taken by itself, may be fairly clear; two facts, taken together, may be only half as clear; and a dozen facts, taken in a heap, may be altogether opaque. It's not difficult to understand that the world revolves on its axis; it is not easy to comprehend that it goes round the sun—at the same time; and when we try to envisage the additional movements of the earth as a part of the solar system moving through space in the direction of the constellation of Hercules, and .all these movements (and others) being, at the same time, merely *relative*, the lack of comprehension becomes magnificent! Such comprehensions have to be *grown* in the mind, as a tree is grown in the soil!

Few scientists understand these very natural phenomena of mind in relation to "facts." The history of science shows that "facts" emerge, become doubtful, disappear. But when a scientist finds his facts becoming vague, he is likely to begin to make

charges: "Some philosopher has been fooling with my facts, again. It would be a great boon if all philosophers were banished!"

Of course, the exact opposite may be the case. The scientist's "facts" may be obscure, not because some philosopher has been "at them", but because no philosophy has touched them. What the scientist may need is not a new eye, but a *new mind.* That's what Newton brought—and Darwin—and Einstein: new mind, which means new *imagination!*

Most scientists are literalists. They persist in believing that two and two always make four, though they have ever before their eyes the evidence that four is rarely or never the right answer. For example, certain parts of hydrogen added to certain parts of oxygen make something which is neither hydrogen nor oxygen, nor a mere sum of the two elements, but *water,* something different from either of them, and something that could not have been inferred from the known qualities of either or both of them.

Science deals with processes far more intricate than those of mere addition and subtraction. If science attempts to *state* its results in simple mathematical formulæ, it becomes involved in fallacious simplifications; and then, like any other human interest, it lays the blame for its own difficulties on some handy scapegoat; philosophy has long served

science as a handy scapegoat. But it is not the scientific mind that calls for this or that scapegoat; it is the primitive mind that survives in all of us, in the scientist no less than in the rest of us!

Science must have a philosophy. If it have no explicit one, which it accepts and criticizes, it will still have an implicit one, which will, almost certainly, be uncritical and irrational. Science does not escape having a philosophy merely by paying no attention to the subject, or by denouncing existent philosophies. After all, science is just human intelligence trying to deal honestly, critically, realistically with the persistent problems of the world; and one of the most persistent of those problems is the nature of intelligence, itself; that is, the nature of *mind*. If *mind* is taken for granted (as it usually is by scientists), then *the existent organization of mind* will dominate whatever inquiry is undertaken, and the results achieved will, almost inevitably, fall into the patterns of that existent organization. Under such circumstances it must seem a bit naïve to insist that those results are "objective." There can be no "objective" results, ever, of course; but the nearest approach to such objectivity will emerge when the inquirer understands that *mind* must be permitted to be as fluid in any experience of investigation as he already expects *materials* to be. In other words, *mind* must be subjected to explicit, critical examina-

tion before living can be "objective", or rational. This doctrine which is at least as old as Socrates is not yet commonly accepted by scientists.

Contemporary scientists are rarely able to make critical examinations in the realm of *mind*. Their training has not fitted them for critical examination of their own processes. (Even present day psychologists rarely feel easily at home in the realm of *Mind;* they prefer to deal with some specialized fragment of their field in what they regard as an "objective" fashion). But the philosopher must see life steadily, he must see it becoming whole. This seeing must include both that which is ordinarily called "science", and that which is called "mind." Hence, the philosophy which both life and science need, to-day, will probably be wrought out by those who come at the problems of living from more inclusive angles than those usually envisaged by the average scientist. Philosophy must have *dramatic perspective* as well as fact; and "facts" undoubtedly change their meanings when thrown from one perspective into another. The scientist may be scandalized by this subordination of his domain and methods to the methods of philosophy and of living; for the scientist has long been insisting that science was not really born until knowledge escaped from the bondage of early philosophies. But the scientist is finding out, these days, that he is a human being; that his methods are subordinate to life and experience,

as Whitehead has been showing; and presently he will not find it strange to realize that "scientific method" is a tool of experience, and that "scientific results" are interpretations of experience, not bits of "ultimate reality." Not all "scientists" will ever find these things out. But the greater minds will; and those greater minds will help to interpret science to living, and living to science, in ways that will make living once more seem a worthy vocation, and science a thing to be accepted, not outlawed.

Within recent years certain philosophers and philosophies, which are intimately acquainted with, yet are not bullied by science and tradition, both, have been working, more or less insistently, upon this sort of a "dramatic highway" through the varied areas of human experience. These efforts have not been, and are not now directed to an attempt to solve "the mystery of life"; they offer no system of finalities, or of absolute rules of existence; they do not seek "answers". They hold rather that *no answer is possible* save as we know *what the problem is;* and they have been, and are, trying to find out what the problem of living is, not by vague appeals to something beyond experience, but by the most critical researches inside experience. "Life and the world," they say, "will have the last word; but science can help us find out what is the nature of life and the world (if it is humble in the presence of the universe—not about its methods, but about its results);

and helping us to realize more fully what is the nature of life and the world, science can help us to anticipate what living should be, *inside experience*, when experience has been interpreted historically, imaginatively and dramatically".

This general philosophical movement has come to most complete articulation in the work of Professor John Dewey.[1] This present book, Inside Experience, rises out of this same point of view. It originally set out to be an exposition of some of the main categories of Dr. Dewey's *Experience and Nature*. In the course of the argument, however, it wanders a bit from that and displays vagaries which the author named would scarcely own. But the value of a book is in its own author's contribution, not merely in his report upon the work of another. There are broad contradictions in life and experience, in nature and in philosophy; and some of those contradictions will undoubtedly appear within these pages. At least, it is to be hoped they will appear. It is not the straight road that is interesting; it is

[1] I am, myself, most indebted to the following of his works: to his Essays in Experimental Logic for help in escaping from the bonds of intellectualism; to his Reconstruction in Philosophy for direction as to the future of constructive thinking; to his Human Nature and Conduct for help in disentangling the networks of custom and folkway; to his Democracy and Education for insight into the processes of free mental exfoliation; and to his Experience and Nature for that most complete exploration of the intimate processes of personal development in the natural world and inside experience, itself.

the dramatic highway that winds and turns back upon itself in its efforts to "get somewhere".

The recovery of "experience" from its dogmatisms, on the one hand, and from its disrepute, on the other; the exploration of experience as the only medium through which we can become acquainted with whatever exists; and the realization of larger ranges of experience as the growing arena of living, and as the sphere of philosophy—these are some of the ends in view in this experiential type of philosophy, and to those ends this book is devoted. Experience is *not* to be controlled by dogmatisms, any more than the world is to be dominated by arbitrary boundaries. Experience is not to be regarded as dangerous or immoral: experience is to be more and more completely explored for its meanings, its riches, its beauties, its vistas and its intimations of further experiences. And experience is to be realized, both by the practical activities of living, and by the theoretical activities of thinking—ever outward bound; and, in the long run, these two are one! So the highway of dramatic understanding will be builded.

Certain categories of experience and of organization have been arbitrarily selected for examination in connection with this exploration. The effort is made to give these subjects specific explication, within brief compass, of course, in this experiential type of philosophy: What do these aspects of experience mean in the light of a philosophy growing out of

experience itself? This explication may seem, at times, to become dogmatic—especially to those who do not hold with this way of looking at life and the world. But the intent of this book will never be dogmatic: the intent will be, not to impose this way of looking at life and the world upon any reader, but to clarify these aspects of experience, and to point out, as much as may be, the differences between this type of philosophical thinking and other types. Doubtless the implication will appear, here and there, that this type of philosophical presentation comes nearer making experience and nature intelligible and livable than any other sort of philosophizing can do. But no reader is obliged to go this way —if he finds some other way more pleasant or profitable.

The aspects of experience and nature herein examined will prove, perhaps, particularly important for that eventual charting of that great dramatic highway through experience which—never freed entirely from the contingencies and uncertainties of this precarious existence—will yet offer to mortals such security, and such adventurings, and such realizations of beauty as the universe affords.

CHAPTER I

WHAT SHALL PHILOSOPHY DO WITH EXPERIENCE?

PHILOSOPHY began, and begins, in experience. It can begin nowhere else. Most philosophies, as we shall see, have not been content, however, to remain inside experience: they have wandered far afield like most other human interests, into regions of conjecture, denial, assertion, belief, phantasy, idealization—into all sorts of by-paths, and hedgerows—to all sorts of fates. But they have all had their roots inside human experience—from that ancient philosophy of Thales, of Miletus, who is said to have fallen into a well while following the course of a star, to the most modern dogmas of the most sordid materialist, whose prime protest it probably is that following a star can lead nowhere but to a hole in the ground.

It is this human factor—so endlessly variable—that makes philosophies so varied; so changeable; so exuberant in victory; so poignant in defeat; so binding in their limitations; so boundless in their

optimisms. Critics say that rooting philosophy within human experience sets arbitrary limits to its growth: every *system* of philosophy the world has known has had to expand or die. On the other hand, systems of philosophy have been known to set arbitrary and often degrading limitations upon human experience—as if a shrewish teacher were to deny freedom of adventure to her pupils. Dogma-bound groups decreed the death of Socrates, and of Jesus—their "crimes" being that they held that it was not impious to look beyond present experience into the certainly larger experience of to-morrow. In all the ages, the eager, restless energies of the race have been compelled to rebel against set bounds, to up-heave the mountains of repression, and to breathe out the flames of defiance, like Enceladus who was buried under Mount Etna for his sins of adventure, but whom the weight of the great mountain could not quite subdue. All of which means that if experience creates its own philosophies, it must, now and again, tear those philosophies to pieces, and make them over to fit the changing needs of life. But a philosophy that has begun to identify itself with "the truth"—as most of them do, soon or late—is likely to resist this reconstructing process, and to call it "heresy", or "treason", or "blasphemy"—or some other question-begging epithet.

In every human experience there is the rootage of a philosophy. Everyone has some sort of attitudes

toward life and the world. Everyone is hopeful, or despondent, or a bit of both, at times; interested in living, or disaffected of life, or now one, now the other; active in the pursuit of some aim, or passive in the enjoyment of existence, or like the illustrious Micawber, "waiting for something to turn up"; intelligent about affairs, with an eye to "the main chance" and a will to domination, or ignorant of almost everything, the victim of every turn of events, the butt of every joke of life—or something between these extremes. Every one of us betrays some sort of attitude, or series of attitudes—to our friends, if not to ourselves—as we come and go through the years, under the sun and the stars, with the past growing longer in experience (and therefore within us), and with the future still unknown, but more clearly predictable from day to day before us. Through an infinite variety of moods and modes, we humans parade the earth, with these attitudes more or less conspicuously displayed for others to see, to marvel or laugh at, and to talk about—even though we cannot always "see ourselves as ithers see us".

It may be more nearly true for us to say that we *are* an attitude, or a series of attitudes. We, too, are of nature, and we have our own private characteristics, as have other existences. We have stature, and weight, and color, ways of acting, mannerisms, idiosyncrasies, likes and dislikes. We have types of

"mind", more or less obvious, and more or less dependable. We have "natures": our friends say of us, "That's his nature—he has to act that way!" Sometimes they are hurt, too, if we act "out of character". A certain woman is reported to have said: "When my husband came home that evening and threw his overcoat on a chair instead of hanging it up on its proper hook in the closet, I knew that moral disintegration had set in. After that, I was prepared for anything!"

It is not difficult to see, from this last fact, how most of us come to disregard and ignore these "attitudes": for most of us, they are not "attitudes"—they are *reality*, *nature*, itself. Other people may be "queer"—but *we* are *natural!*

None the less, no one lives who has not some variety, some queerness, some characteristics, some attitudes; and this accounts for some of the discrepancies and disequilibriums of the world. If philosophy is to bring us explanations of living, it must not ignore these fundamental factors of attitude; it must probably rise out of our attitudes, and take whatever blame or praise may properly accrue from such intimate rootage in our experiences and our experience. What shall philosophy do with experience? Philosophy must accept, as its actual materials, both experience, and experiences, and out of these materials, by means of tools forged in the same fires, it must construct its world, and worlds,

of understanding, beauty, and such peace as may be.

But beyond these attitudes, or characteristics, of which we are often only vaguely aware, or which we even naïvely deny, some humans have gone so far as to have attained "opinions", or "views" of the world, and of life, so that they are able to talk about "things", and to have reached more or less dogmatic conclusions as to "what is worth while", even though often those conclusions are but echoes from what they have heard people say, or what they have read in some book. These "opinions" or "views" may be provincial, or primitive beyond words; childish in the extreme; pedantic and absurd: but it is something to have risen to the level of an opinion, and to have become in ever so slight a way articulate about it. Any person holds an opinion at his own risk, not to say peril; but it is probably better to run that risk than to have no "mind" at all about the world.

These opinions, or views, may, on the other hand, be the product of the individual's own experience, as if he had taken time, in the midst of experience, to formulate his life a bit: to think things over, to reach some tentative conclusions as to what, out of the phantasmagoria of the hours, he should believe and hold about his own life, and the world in the midst of which that life is set. Not all, not many people have taken time to formulate such

views on their own accounts. It is much easier to find opinions, and views, lying around loose in the community: they can be inherited from parents, or more remote ancestors, by way of books and institutions; they can be taken on from teachers, preachers, policemen, politicians, editors, gamblers, gangsters, cranks, fools, wise men, propagandists. Most of our casual opinions come to us in this way, rather than by our own intellectual earnings. Opinions taken on in this way—out of the air, as it were, and, therefore, out of the "unseen reality"—are usually held with special tenacity: life itself may even be less dear. None the less, such opinions have a special precariousness: they are likely to be, in these days of critical unrest, either shortly lost, or to be transformed into ultimate dogma, and to transform their holder, in turn, into some variety of a "fundamentalist".

So it comes about that we all hold strange assortments of views and opinions: some of them the outgrowths of our own experiences, either as a whole (though this is rare, indeed), or as of some invidious part of our experiences; some that have no obvious relationships to our own actual experiences, as in the case of most of the antiquated verbal dogmas held by religious people: materials taken over baldly from institutions, and acceptable because they offer us means of "escape from the real world"; and we may even come to the opinion that no opinion on any subject is "worthy an intelligent man's regard"—

which might, if we had any sense of humor, throw some doubt upon even this last opinion.

Few people are actually aware of the nature or content of their own opinions or views; and probably no one holds an assortment of opinions that carry complete consistency within themselves. Our habits of action, and our talk, especially our boasting, rarely run in the same direction. Cowards talk "big"; and brave men say little, as a rule. No man knows himself completely: most of us would be shocked if we were brought suddenly face to face with ourselves in some intimate, revealing way. Many people do not know themselves at all. This is the most natural fact about childhood. It is inevitable that children should have to say: "I don't know what I do think about that subject!" "I didn't know I was that kind of a person!" and so on; but years of development ought to give us some knowledge of ourselves. Life ought to be an endless voyage of discovery into the unknown areas of our own personalities. Bit by bit, our opinions, our views—of whatever sort about whatever subjects, from whatever sources derived—ought to come to bear some consistence with our express habits of action. The years ought to teach all of us how to get past "fooling ourselves", and bring us real knowledge of ourselves.

No such knowledge can ever be complete. But out of its growing elements can come some sort of

real outlook upon life, some real philosophy. In it, as in a mirror, we can see the long past reaching out its unrelenting hands to hold us to the ancient ways and beliefs; in it, we can see the persistent present, crowded with sensations and emotions and demands and hopes, each claiming an absolute sway over our wills and our affections; in it we can see the growing future, with many glowing promises—not all of which can ever come true; in it we can see family, and group, and community; state and nation and the world, and the infinitudes of space and time; in it we can see duty, and love, and law, and initiative, and happiness, and fate; in it, failure and defeat, success and the adulations of the moment; experiences of every sort, and that *growing experience*, which is the integration of all experiences—and more—the patterns of all experiences, and the intimations of further experiences to come, which alone can make life's daily rounds of toil seem not too intolerable.

The realization of such a growing organization of an outlook upon life, with the wisdom that can give that growing outlook growing meanings, and with that love of wisdom that is the assurance of these endless renewals of both outlook and wisdom —these we may call the basic elements of *any real philosophy* of life and the world for us.

Now such outlooks upon life, such knowledge, such wisdom as to the ways of the world, and such love of wisdom—all these are not to be denied to any

human being, *a priori*. If some have missed them in the past, the fault may less be in themselves than in our educations which have so largely denied to men and women in practice real shares in the things they most professed to love, in theory. To be sure, here ancient philosophies, of invidious sorts, have helped to defend these narrow, degrading limitations of the spiritual rights of men. But experience grows—not alone in the individual, but in the race: the walls break down; more and more, all that the world has becomes the heritage of all, not by academic patronage, but by its sheer universality. Whatever is human is finding its slow way into the heritage of whoever is human. Experience is gradually becoming the basis of any true philosophy; and philosophy is gradually divesting itself of any pretence of having any other basis than that of human experience.

This means, of course, that human experience must work out its own salvation, its own philosophy; it means that every human being must work out his own philosophy—not out of the pedantries of the books, though books will have their share in the processes; not out of the academic maxims of the sophisticated; but out of experience, and experiences: the experiences and the experience of the race, the experiences and the experience of individuals. Each individual can, and some day will, *grow his own philosophy*, out of the soils of his own living, as those

soils are fertilized and watered from the ancient hills, and with the help of the great spirits of all the ages. The significance of such an individual philosophy will not lie in its meticulous differences from the philosophies of all other men, but in its faithful interpretation of his own experience and his own needs.

Some of the issues involved in this sort of approach to the worlds of philosophy, and this way of stating the individual's share in developing his own intellectual integrity, will be come upon in this book. We shall be dealing with experiences, and with experience, as the soil of growth and life; and with philosophy, adequately conceived, as the finest intellectual flower of all life's experiences and growths.

All the philosophies the world has known may be classified from the standpoint of their relationships to experience. From this point of view, there seem to be *four types of philosophy*, which we may locate as follows:

1. Those philosophies which deny the validity of all experience and of all "non-experience", as well; which insist that "nothing dependable can ever be known". These are the *scepticisms*.

2. Those philosophies which doubt the validity of most, or all, of our ordinary experiences, but which still find dependable *reality* outside experience, by means of some special instrument of "revelation", or "illumination", or "intuition". These philosophies

are usually closely tied in with religion of some sort; they easily become extremely dogmatic and arrogant; and they steadfastly resist change—because they (as they claim) "know the truth". We may call them the *intuitionisms.*

3. Those philosophies which find validity inside experience, but not in all experiences, hence are driven to making invidious selections from within experience, taking some fragment of the world and using that as a clue to the interpretation of all the rest. Here we find most of the philosophies which have good academic standing: the idealisms, the realisms, the rationalisms, the materialisms, the naturalisms, and the like. Each of these takes some fragment of experience—"things", or "ideas", or "thoughts", or "sensations", or "nature", and by excluding much experience as "unreal", and by interpreting much of the remainder rather arbitrarily, is able to make itself out a plausible system. These we may call the *fragmentary philosophies:*

4. Those philosophies which accept all experiences as valid for whatever they may turn out to be, and that seek to develop, out of all experiences, a coherent experience: an outlook upon life that accepts the universe, "with the lid off", and leaving the future open, for whatever may happen. This type of philosophy has been most fully expounded in Professor John Dewey's book, *Experience and Nature,* and it is called by him, *naturalistic empiri-*

cism. We shall take our cue for this book from this fourth type of philosophy, and, to some extent, from this book of Professor Dewey's, although other books will have large share in modulating the theme and the treatment.

This type of philosophy is hospitable to all experiences—for what they mean. It is aware of the sceptical trends of our minds, but it does not erect *that sceptical trend* into *the nature of the world.* It is aware of "intuition", and "revelation", and the like, but it does not take these somewhat mystical aspects of experience as being "more true", *per se,* or "more final", than other, less mystical phases of experience. It is aware of "things", and "ideas", and "thoughts", and "sensations", and "nature"—as factors in experience; but it is not quite able to "make a quick get-away" of its problems, by taking any one of these, or all of them together, as the final clue to "reality". That is to say, the problem of philosophy for this naturalistic empiricism is nothing less than comprising all experiences and all experience within the bounds of a fundamental interpretation: not a system that throws its limitations around all experiences and, by its dogmatisms, limits both past and future; rather, a great highway through the universe of experience, from which all lands may be surveyed—both the cultivated and the wild lands —and from which new laterals can be thrown out into the surrounding areas as occasion may suggest,

and as skill may make possible. This philosophy denies no experience, and no type of experience; it accepts all experiences for what they are worth; it appeals to no "reality" outside experience for proof or justification, though it does not deny that we shall have novel experiences to-morrow; and it undertakes to develop a growing, vital, illuminating interpretation of life and the world out of all these growing, vital and revealing factors. Nothing can comprehend all the world save all the world: no *system* of philosophy will ever be successful; we must appeal from all systems: "Our little systems have their day—they have their day and cease to be": we must find our clue to life and philosophy not in materials, or in systems, but in *method* of search, in the *highway* that leads endlessly forward into the lands of life.

From this point of view, philosophy is not only more likely, and more nearly possible; it is quite the most necessary thing in the world: without this method of search, without this growing highway through the mazes of the world, experiences will be futile, and experience will be limited, dogmatic, arrogant, and ultimately miserable and sordid. For times like these we need *not a pattern imposed upon experience*—from the past, from on high, from some "great mind"—but a method by which mind itself may find itself master in its own world, at home in its own areas, adventurously alert on the

frontiers of its own civilizations. This means that philosophy must be the product of the imagination moving creatively and with integrity through the endlessly cumulating materials of experience. Experience is never complete: hence, philosophy will never be complete. Beyond all the bounds of present experience lie ranges of intimations of experiences to come. But no part of this *unknown future* may be smuggled into the areas of the present, and by some mystic passes, made more important than the things we know. "Ideals" we must have, of course; but they must be rooted in realities, and they must respond to the critical processes of the experimental years, lest they lose themselves in the merest vaporizings of phantasy.

This type of philosophy does not pile up a lot of loose experiences, carelessly throwing them together, and calling them "reality". This sort of philosophy is the most difficult of all types: it includes science and poetry within its grasp; art and the arts; governments which sway men, and industries which buy and sell them; religion which promises some men everything and other men nothing at all; morality—both that of the folkways with its categorical imperatives, and that of the Socratic free man, with its apotheosis of intelligence; education; leisure—and all the rest of the long story of man's experiences. This type of philosophy is very hard, and very hardly to be won: it is not something merely

to be read; or to be memorized; or to be enjoyed—though it should be all of these: it is something to be experienced—and understood—and assimilated—and lived; and no one will ever understand it with his intellect, alone. He will understand it in good time, if ever he understands it, at all, by putting all experiences under his feet, and rising step by step to the level of *experience*. It is the integration of all experiences—not of a few preferred and selected ones.

Because this sort of a philosophy is continuous with experiences and with experience, it can have no final formulation, it can never become a closed system: it must everlastingly make its peace with new experiences; and with the wisdom that is the distillation of experience; and with that love of wisdom which is born of using wisdom in facing the problems of living; and thus it will keep the human story vivid and ever-growing—toward the open future, with no fixed port, no absolute culmination.

Its essence is this: that our experiences are real, every one of them, with a reality of its own, which no casuistry or rationalizing can take away; and any philosophy that is worth its salt, must grow out of the realities of our own experiences. But—what goes on in our experiences is not always what it seems to be: *if it were*, we should have no need of a philosophy, of whatever sort: experience would be its own fulfilment and justification, its own phi-

losophy. The mirage in the desert is not real water. But the mirage is real—in its own way: it can be explained, and understood, and its component elements can be brought into harmony with our general view of life and the world. We cannot, at present, *explain* all our experiences: the radio is not explained by physics. Nature offers us many problems, and intimations of many more problems, and more experiences to come. The future is a long time—and its course lies, now, outside our experience, however much its roots may be set within experience, and intimations of it occur even in our present life.

None the less, there is no Unknowable, which must be "taken on faith", or apprehended in a mystical intuition. There is much that is unknown. But the unknown does not repel us, or disconcert us, or warn us off from its "sacred" precincts. That unknown calls to us; it challenges us; it enlists us; absorbs us; thrills us with its mysteries; enrages us with its monotonies; and, mayhap, rewards us at last with new discoveries, new understandings, new values, new beauties, new controls—on the varied levels of physical, intellectual and spiritual existence.

Moreover, these *new* discoveries thus brought into experience are *not just added on:* they interpenetrate the old experiences; they criticize; they reconstruct; they deny, and affirm, and throw out, and restore: they compel a more or less complete reorganization

of the whole universe of existent experience. So, experience maintains its own continuities, and re-establishes its own integrities, time after time, and rationalizes its revolutions, trying to make itself believe that nothing has happened, even though it has had to give up some of its former "realities", and its much-vaunted "truth". Experience may be a jumble of experiences—but it need not be wholly so: it can be something of an organic growth, increasing by the ingestion of new experiences, by division and expansion of old experiences, and by the continuous rejection of the antiquated and the outmoded.

That is to say, in short, naturalistic empiricism is the philosophy which accepts life itself as real, and does not try to escape into some foreign or imported reality, like "things", or "thoughts", or "revelations", or "nothingnesses". Life is habit; it is feeling and emotion; it is inquiry and adventure; it is the sense of beauty; it is meditation and peace; it is war and death; it is the play of "mind" over old habit and custom, over emotion and action; it is choice, and deliberation; it is absorption into the "oversoul"; it is degradation and perversion; it is sordid poverty; it is sordid wealth; it is moral integrity and spiritual realization. And all these things must find their places in our philosophy, our interpretation of life and the world.

No petty system can contain all these wide-ranging, far-flung experiences. We seek no petty

system. We seek a Method: a great dramatic highway of understanding through the fields and forests of experiences, where we may find orientation without dogmatism, and illumination without loss of sight.

CHAPTER II

WHAT IS EXPERIENCE?

IF we are to develop our own philosophy out of the soils of our own experiencings, we must try to learn what those soils are: what we are to mean by the words *experiences and experience.* But an earlier warning must be recalled: since our philosophies are to be real experiences, not mere verbalisms or bits of remembered pedantry, our understandings of these words must be real experiencings, not merely *definitions made out of other words.* This is a great difficulty: how shall we reach back of and beyond words, to participations in the experiencings that the words merely suggest? Our enterprise will prove a failure if we do not get beyond the words—if we fail to find our ways into those realms of experience of which these words are merely shadows and echoes. (And since this is the "Crown Point" of our "dramatic highway", we must linger to survey the wilderness through which our forward way must lie!)

What is *experience?* When we are not asked to define the term, we know what it means: at any rate,

it has meaning for us. But as is not infrequently the case, the demand for definition confuses us. Here, the need of definition brings special confusion—because *experience cannot really be defined:* since everything is experience; since experience is an "infinity" term, there is nothing left with which to contrast or compare it! It is "all": there is no more or other.

But, if we cannot define experience, we can, perhaps, define *experiencings.* We all know how, from time to time, in the course of the ordinary run of daily living, we define things in terms of each other. A "quadruped" is any *four-footed beast.* "Four-footed beast" is a common meaning, which even a child can understand. When we explain to ourselves that "quadruped" means the same thing, this less well known word enters more effectively into our possessions and experiences, also. And this explication of an unfamiliar term by means of a familiar meaning can take place because both terms are, or can be made to be, *inside experience.* In other words, a familiar aspect of experience can be used to clear up a less familiar, or an unfamiliar, phase of the world—thus bringing it fully within experience: The Latin "quadruped" becomes easily the English "four-footed beast".

All this is clear enough when we are dealing with matters that are, or that can be brought, "inside experience". But the matter ceases to be so clear

when we give over dealing with bits, or fragments of experience, and begin to ask ourselves what we mean by *experience*, itself. Of course, we might say that the *whole* is the *sum of its parts*. But the matter is not so simple as that: *the whole* seems to be something more than the sum of its parts. *Experience* seems to be something *more than the sum of our experiencings;* at times it even seems to be something *quite different*. The difficulty seems to be that we have *nothing other* with which to make comparison. Our natural tendency is to try to compare *inside experience* with whatever is *outside experience;* but, since "that which is outside experience" is nothing but a string of words, having no actual meaning of any sort for us, the attempted comparison flattens out to nothing, becomes empty, useless.

Some try to make a comparison, imaginatively, between our "real experiences" and certain "ideal experiences" which are assumed to be "real" in some imaginative fashion. But, since our imaginations must work with materials furnished by "real experience", the "ideal experiences" of our comparisons are but reflections, more or less distorted, of our ordinary experiences. Hence, it seems that we must come to terms, somehow, with our own meanings, *inside experience*. How shall we set up for practical uses the limitations and relationships of that which, as far as our experience goes, is limitless, formless, incomparable?

Some philosophers have tried to solve the problem by holding that "experience" is something that goes on "in the mind", or maybe, in the functionings of the physiological organism, whereas, that which is "outside the mind", or outside the functionings of the body is to be set down as "non-experience", or perhaps nature. Hence, it may be argued, experience, or that which goes on inside the mind, or inside the body, can be easily compared with non-experience, or that which goes on outside the mind, or outside the body. We do, indeed, sometimes use the word experience in this limited or special way, meaning "mental" phenomena, as having to do with the tingling of our nerves, and with our responses in muscular or glandular ways. All such "experiences" are "personal"; and experience is often called "personal experience". In this way, we sometimes contrast "personal experience" with "things of nature", which are supposed to exist "apart from experience". So, "personal experience" is set off as *one part of existence*, "nature" being another part and, perhaps, "the other world" or some equally elusive envisagement being still another part—with more "parts" still to be accounted for.

Such blocking off of "existence" into definite realms has been the characteristic of most philosophical systems of the past. It is a characteristic of the folkway mind of the race, which builds up its world into compartments, which are able to maintain their

own separate existences,—but only so long as they are kept distinct. "Experience", in such a compartmental view of the world, has to do with "nature" of course, but it in no way affects "nature": "Experience" no more affects the "things of nature" than taking a photograph of a tree affects the tree. But one result of this view of "experience" and "nature" is desolating in the long run. It makes "nature" primary, efficient, real; and it makes "experience" secondary, resultant, not quite real—just as a photograph of a tree is not quite as "real" as the tree, itself. Hence, "experience" easily becomes "uncertain", "illusory", "transitory"—something to be escaped from, not into "nature", of course, which in its own way is the cause of all this disaster, but into some super-experiential "reality" from which all the transitory qualities of both experience and nature have been excluded. Hence, to the critical mind, this sort of "experience"—"something that goes on in the mind"—leaves us intellectually shattered and emotionally defeated.

Another type of philosophy assumes that "experience" is "all there is to existence". In this assumption, "nature" is the product of experience: "things" exist when they are being experienced, and they cease to exist when they are not being experienced. Great systems of philosophy have been developed out of this belief in the creative nature of experience, itself. But modern minds, using the tools of science

and inquiring deep into "nature", find belief in such an assumption quite impossible. To the modern man, "nature" is real, and "experience" is real, and one of the lasting problems of philosophy is that of tracing the interpenetrations of these two, at times seemingly disparate, spheres.

But let us linger no longer on the periphery of the problem: let us look at the situation from within, accepting our limitations, and making the best of them. We live; we live in, and by means of our experience, and our experiencings—including, for most of us, soon or late, that phase of our experiencings which expresses itself in the words "I know". But one aspect of our difficulty comes of the fact that *experience does not begin with knowings*, or with knowing that we have experiencings. Experience is at first purely natural, like the growing of the trees, like the greening of grass in spring. This phase of our problem is our first and most difficult step in understanding: *we have experiences long before we know that we have them, long before we know that we are!*

The infant organism begins from the first to *have* experiencings: hungers, thirsts, pains, growths, drowsinesses, joys, griefs, and the like. It will be years—two, three, four—before that organism will be saying: "I am hungry! I have a pain!" And it will be more years before it will ask: "Who am I?" We suffer, enjoy, hunger, thirst, hope, despair, are ravaged by beauty and torn by anguish long before

we become aware that *we* are having those experiences, long before we begin consciously to differentiate among our experiences, long before we begin to classify them, and so to make "knowledge" out of them. *Having experiencings* always precedes knowing that we have them, or knowledge about them. Living always precedes science, or philosophy. No one has ever become aware of all the experiencings that he *has had*. Knowledge is a small, only partially secure island in the midst of the weltering tides of our experiencings: far out beyond the bounds of the island, reaching out to the peripheries of feeling and emotion, stretch the vast areas of our casual, chaotic experiencings!

The situation must be obvious, even though difficult: *experience* begins in the organic, natural world; *experiencings* occur in and to the new organism—the infant—they cumulate, they conflict, they pile up, they develop internal stresses and structures, they exfoliate through feelings and emotions, actions and deliberations, they finally become knowledge, conscious understandings, the sense of direction and technic of control. These are *human achievements*—but they are also within nature, too, though they are within that phase of nature which first came into existence with the appearance of man. Human emotions, sufferings, enjoyments, aspirations, successes, failures, institutions, arts, sciences, technologies, politics, religions, moralities and inventions are

features of the natural world of *man's* living. Man *has* experiencings and experiences: but, more than that, he comes to *know* that he has them, and he comes to *know himself* as having them and through having them; and thus he realizes the *distinctively human* achievement: he emerges from "brute nature" and becomes a *human being!*

This achievement is, itself, a congeries of experiences. It is natural, yet it often seems like a miracle. At a certain time an individual seems not to know or to understand anything. A little later, the world seems made over for him, and all things begin to have order and significance. He begins to exclaim: "I see, I know!" He may go on to become a scientist, or a historian, or a philosopher—able to look out over great reaches of time, his imagination playing over the ages and the universe as the glow of sheet lightning plays over the surface of a cloud on a warm evening in July!

In all this, it is assumed that "nature" exists independent of experiencings—in the sense that experiencings are but phases of nature, having a source beyond themselves. But no one can *know* what such an independently existing nature really is. No one can *know* what is not in knowledge: that seems obvious; but he can *come to know.* But—the nature that we do eventually come to know is *not* something that had been "in existence all the time". The *thing we come to know* is an *object of knowledge;* but that

hypothetical "nature that has been in existence all this time" is not an object of knowledge; it is merely the intimation of "something existing outside knowledge". There is, of course, a naïve doctrine that "a thing is a thing", and that it "does not change merely because we come to know it". But the most superficial experience with "things" testifies to the fact that in the process of "becoming known", a "thing" changes character constantly: there is an enormous difference between an elm tree as the casual city traveller "sees" it, passing by a park, and as a forester-woodsman sees it after many years of seeing it and working with it.

Having come so far, we are now prepared to classify our experiences into three rather distinct types, as follows:

1. Those experiences which we merely *have*, like our hungers and thirsts, our fears and pains, which are simply natural, and which may or may not rise into *conscious knowings*. On this level, experiencings are not to be distinguished from any other phenomena of nature: experience and nature are not two: they are one; they are parts of the same texture of existence. When the Kaffir child says, "It pains!" and "It rains", he is not talking about his own experience in the one case and about nature in the other: he is talking about nature in both cases. An ache in his head is an ache in the world!

2. Those experiencings which have been *cogitated*,

and excogitated, until they have risen to the status of *reflected knowings, conscious presentations;* which have been, more or less, organized into systems of interpretation and understanding, which have become part of that inclusive realization of the world which can truly be called *experience.* On this stage, experiencings and experience, while still to be understood as being natural, must also be understood as having introduced *a new level into nature,* or opened out a new level within nature. Here is something *sui generis:* something that was not in nature until man appeared. Here is something more than merely "nature as existence": here is nature engaged in processes of examining itself, inquiring into its own performances, questioning its own results, making itself over on patterns critically selected and approved. On this level "nature" and "experience" seem often to come into conflict—to be, indeed, two quite distinct sorts of existence: they are often set over against each other in conflict or in war. This conflict has been emphasized by education, erected, at times, into an impassable barrier by religion, glorified by metaphysics, denied by psychology, insisted upon by moralists, accepted by statesmen—at various times and under various motivations. That this new level is a veritable fact of nature; that it indicates an emergence of new existence; that it is to be accepted as real in our philosophical inquiries, and that it is not to be denied by old dogmatisms, or explained

away by new sophistries—all these things seem obvious to the naturalistic empiricist. None the less, the new level is to him quite as *natural* as the lower levels are. It is more precarious in its existence: but nature seems not to be afraid of the precarious.

3. Those vague intimations—of gaps in our experiences, and in our experience, of something existent beyond experience which we do not yet know—which are not real experiencings, as yet, but rather feelings of the lack of experience, and of the possibilities of further experiencings to come. It is true, to be sure, that such intimations may cease to exist in mature, adult experiences which have closed themselves to the "wonder and the beauty of the world": they are ever troublesome intimations, which certain types of "minds" get rid of as quickly as possible. But they are very real in normal childhood, with its endless questionings; and they are the particular goad of the scientist, who is forever troubled by the gaps in his understanding, and who, therefore, must endlessly seek new materials of experience, new understandings of the world. This is an emotional need, largely: it helps to set off the humanistic philosopher from the mechanistic and statistical scientist; the one wants "life", the other, "facts"!

Every sentient being has experiencings of the first type: that is the meaning of sentiency: organic capacity to suffer (and enjoy) irritations, impressions, modifications, through the impact of materials,

forces, energies of the world. Plants and animals share with man something, at least, of this sentiency: men share with plants and animals this natural rootage in the world of things. But as long as men remain on this "natural" level they miss those characteristics which are called "human", and which make men human: they must *emerge* (which is not the same as *escape*) from this level to the broader level of *conscious* experiencings and experience—if they are to become completely *human.*

Every "experienced" being achieves something of this broader human level—though the variations in this accomplishment are almost as various as are the individuals who make up the race; and these achievements range all the way from that rather pitiful "mind" that stands shivering on the brink of knowledge, hopeful, yet incapable and afraid, to that "master mind" that is able to play easily through all ages, over all lands, and the wide universe, and to comprehend "all things" in its grasp.

Achieving this more "human" level, though it is a natural result, is not an easy accomplishment: "nature" "groans and travails" in the processes. It involves growths and developments: doubtings and questionings; renunciations, analyses, investigations, contrasts and comparisons; syntheses and adventurings on new lines, into new areas of nature and experience, the conquest of new frontiers, the settling in new and unsuspected lands. It involves escapes

from old habits and old customs and old folkways, of the individual mind and of the community; release from the bonds of old institutionalisms, and the organization of new social relationships on wider and more adequate lines; it involves the emergence of "universal principles" within the welter of particular experiences, the organization of experience along the lines of these universal principles—until at length *experience*, itself, emerges from the ruck, and personality begins to be free.

A concrete illustration will help the matter at this point. Consider an actual experiencing. . . . How much is involved in it that is ordinarily passed over merely because all the higher and lower lights in it are taken for granted! How it reaches out beyond itself, with implications which may develop into other experiencings, but which are not just other experiencings, in some external sense, but are the realization of the latent meanings found in the original experiencing. I am eating my breakfast—a fair sample of ordinary, universal experiencing. But its implications are extraordinary. I am in a room—on the fifth floor—with four floors under me, built up by the labors of many men and much material, and the long gains of engineering technics; this house is in New York, in a definite part of the city; the city is located in a particular part of the United States; this country has certain geographical, political, social, economic relationships to the rest of the world. I

drink a cup of coffee: I am helping to determine the conditions of existence of workers in Brazil, Java; I am helping to support or destroy the "coffee trust"; I am paying taxes into the United States treasury. Moreover, I have but lately risen from a refreshing sleep, wherein all the problems of existence were mercifully forgotten; and I shall presently sit down to my desk and begin to write "philosophy", with all the problems of existence pouring in upon me again, including the problem as to whether any publisher will take my book, and whether anyone will buy it or read it, once it has been printed and published to a not too eagerly waiting world!

Moreover, as I eat I come upon difficulty: the rolls have been too tempting, and I have eaten too much; I have taken a second cup of coffee, and I ought not to take even the first: "I must begin to diet—there is no escape for me from that sad fate! Well, I'll begin to-morrow! How much should a man weigh, anyhow? Should a fat man weigh more than a lean man? What does it mean, being in "good health"? How would it be if I'd talk these things over with my doctor? Oh well, what does he know about what's good for *me?* He'd merely find a chance to order me to do something I don't want to do, and therefore wouldn't do, most likely, and all I'd get out of it would be the fun of paying him for some advice I couldn't use—without too much trouble. 'Let nature take her course'—that's the

best motto!" And so on, indefinitely. So, any ordinary experience contains hints of, implies, in some way, everything else in the world, perhaps, though we should never be able to trace out all those implications, or exhaust the enormous riches of our experiencings.

That is to say, every experience carries within itself traces of its own wider relationships and—if we were able to discover them—*evidences of its own incompleteness;* and, at the same time, the affiliations and leadings of those incomplete experiencings are evidence of some sort of complete, though endlessly moving, Whole of Reality in which all our experiencings are rooted and with which they are endlessly integrated. This last fact suggests one phase of experience which is specially important in the philosophy with which we are here dealing, and we shall devote some attention to that aspect of the matter.

Experience is more than the details and content of our experiencings; more than the organized stuff of knowledge; more than our universal principles of understanding. It is *method*, too: method of living; method of inquiry into the conditions of living; method of thinking about those conditions; method of organizing the goals of living and the processes by which, it may be, those goals can be attained. That is to say, experience includes not alone our casual experiencings, and our everyday conscious

knowings; it includes, also, whatever we mean by *science: science is one of the exacting technics of experience.*

Science is an effort to find out what is contained in any experience situation, and to elaborate the findings in various ways—by showing how much there is in the situation that is not ordinarily noticed, because it is taken as a matter of course, as when Burbank points out that by selecting spineless cacti for planting, eventually the planter will have a plantation of spineless cacti for use; by showing how any understood situation may be generalized for use in other situations, as when Darwin points out that the principle of selection employed by farmers in the breeding of cattle operates, less continuously to be sure, all through nature, and may be made to operate everywhere, wherever men may find it useful or desirable. Science is a matter of continuous discriminations—within the ranges and details of our experiencings—and discrimination is a natural process, rooted in the sensitivities of the nervous system.

It is true that we *have* experiencings before we *know* that we have them: we suffer, enjoy, endure, escape, etc., *before we know* what we are doing. But, when we say "suffer" and "enjoy", we imply *types*—at least crude types: the experiences we "suffer" are not quite the same as those we "enjoy". Discriminations of experiencings are rooted deep in our *having* experiencings. And from our earliest

moments these discriminations begin to make themselves felt, and eventually noticed—not as classifications imposed upon us from without, but as necessary distinctions rising within. (Of course, the time will presently come when social institutions will attempt to discredit our own private classifications, and insist upon our taking over the conventional classifications!)

Meanwhile, our experiencings compel us to take account of their existence, and to try to understand their meanings and their conditions. Being sensitive we cannot escape their impacts; and being organisms that are able to extend nature into the realm of *knowing*, we find understandings, explanations, and, perhaps, controls. For example, pain compels us to explore experienced things in order that we may escape from pain: so, in the long run, we may build up systems of control of the conditions of disease and accidents. Or, troubles with our neighbors may compel us to look deep into the nature of social relationships; and in the long run, we may come to all the broad outlooks of the "social sciences". Famines may urge us to inquire into the conditions that result in crop failures; so in the long run we may build up an adequate knowledge of agricultural sciences.

Wants, needs, sufferings, obstacles, problems *may compel us to think*—whatever that may mean—if there be no other way out for us. Eventually organized and systematic investigation of problems in

general may arise—the "intellectual life" may come to flower and fruit in a "scientific age". Necessity is the mother of invention, and necessity expresses itself in irritations and itches of many sorts, while satisfactions (of some sort) are the means by which we determine whether any particular invention was worth its salt, so to speak. All these factors lie inside the arena of experience, or in those areas of intimation previously discussed, and they are parts of that long process by means of which the race is slowly coming to appreciate, envisage and understand the world—not from the outside, as by magic or violence, but from within, as by participation, by emotional realization, by intellectual identification, and by the organization of nature into experience, and experience into nature.

That is to say, *the world of experience*, with its infinite details, its illuminating organizations, and its luring intimations, is the actual world within which we spend our lives. It is *our real world*. But "our real world" is conterminous with *the real world* of nature. What we do and what we find we can do are expressions of the possibilities that lie within nature. Our fulfilments and our satisfactions are integrations within the world of nature. When *we* succeed or fail, that success or failure is not merely a private or personal affair: it is of concern to nature; it is a cosmic matter. When a youth goes courting

the maiden of his dreams, he seems to himself to be supremely personal, and he is: but he is often "caught up" into the control of energies too strong for him—what he does is far more important to "the race", to "the world", to "nature" than it is merely to him—and "nature" in working out its tendencies may easily destroy the fatuous individual.

Hence, an "error", far from being evidence of a "gap" between "man" and "nature" becomes, when inquired into, proof of inescapable connection between man and nature. Hence, the profound significance for science and intelligent living of every consciousness of error, of every stirring doubt, of every inquiry into the meanings of the conflicts and antagonisms that appear within the whole of experience:

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough—

for underneath and round about all the antagonisms and conflicts and errors that appear within experience we feel, if we are sensitive and natural, that primitive emotional wholeness which was the pattern of experience of the primitive mind; which remains the background against which all the work of the most inquiring and doubting scientist is carried on; and which must be continually called into question by doubt, and antagonism, and error, and made the sub-

ject of inquiry and of reconstruction—if man is ever to escape from the primitive into the intelligent and the civilized.

Sometimes, as in the passing century, this *real world* of our experience expands enormously, taking in ever larger areas of unsuspected reality. But that is very fatiguing—to the primitive mind. Hence, mostly that real world has stood still, unchanging through the generations—firm as the firmament, itself. That "real world" is replete with unsuspected riches: enough to fill our lives with interests and to make most of us glad to live and enjoy and learn. It is stocked with ancient explanations and interpretations—with hopes and denials and aspirations and escapes. Sometimes it is a sheer puzzle: "Is life worth living? Can experience be trusted? What lies outside and beyond?" Sometimes it overwhelms us with its riches, sometimes it depresses us with its poverties; sometimes it shuts us in, sometimes it expands to infinite boundaries.

Sometimes this "real world" is nothing but problems; sometimes it becomes method of dealing with problems; sometimes it becomes tests of the validity of our dealings with our problems. In any case, experience, as here more or less clearly set forth, is our world: not merely my own private experience; not some periodic organization of the world's experience, or some group folkway; not alone the experience of the race, to date; but whatever of existence

or of nature has at any time tingled in the nerves and muscles of men, has been sensed, and discriminated and organized, and wrought out through the sheen of emotions, and made into the materials for the housing and nourishing of the bodies and minds and spirits of men. "The world", of which we talk, is not an abstract existence; it is not a *distant metaphysical* thing: it is, at once, the foundation of our human experience, and it has whatever reality our human experience has—the reality of our mountains, our steel bridges, our atoms and molecules, our poetry and our dreams.

"Our world" is inexhaustible: experience can *go on*, forever. To be sure, in the modern city, some of us shut ourselves up within air-tight, light-proof compartments—*cut ourselves off* from most of the world of *nature*—and then complain that "experience becomes intolerable"; or we find nature only in our own senses and appetites, and we gnaw upon our own bodies until we lose all capacity for joyful living. But all this merely proves, again, the continuity of human nature with nature in the large: we destroy ourselves when we attempt to cut ourselves off from nature and the world; we revive and live again, when we once more give ourselves to the encompassing integrations of nature and living experience.

We sometimes come upon illusions, hallucinations and fallacies, in our experiencings; but critical method (which is also of experience, as we have seen)

can deal with all such vagaries effectively and find the correction for them, soon or late. There are historical organizations of old experiences, the folkways and mores and institutionalisms of the past, which at times undertake to assume prerogatives of control which later discoveries prove to be ridiculous. There are contradictions and antitheses within experience, owing, probably to the fact that "existence" has been unevenly explored, or because personal interest has outrun generalized organization of experience. Many such organizations of human experience grew up around centers of interest that we now believe to be not adequate to the complete realization of our larger civilizations.

For example, many of our current orthodox economic experiences, such as wage rates for certain classes of workers, fill them (and many others) with bitterness and a sense of defeat. Many of our civic and political experiences—like our current dealings with "aliens" in many areas—make us bitter against our civic and political "superiors". Many of our moral experiences—like serving on a jury—dispose us to take our chances with injustice rather than to commit our interests to that which is ordinarily called "justice". Many of our intellectual experiences—like trying to "get our lessons" at school—make us doubt the reality of our own minds. Many of our educational experiences—like listening to the primitive prejudices of college men—make us seek, by

preference, the society of the illiterate. Many of our "artistic" experiences—such as the raving of "elect souls" over bits of jungle puttering—make us long to spend the rest of our lives in the jungle, if so be we could escape "artistic" talk. And many of our religious experiences—such as the quarrelling of "the elect" over words and phrases—make us think a wide open hell would be preferable to heaven with such as those. Can *experience* ever hope to overcome these contradictions within experience, these belated survivals from ancient ignorance, or from ancient organizations of limited experiences, which to-day defy the criticisms of science and wrap themselves round with "sacred" dogmas which they defy any "mere experience" to question or to touch?

The answer seems not far away: Experience is more than *content of facts*, and *old organizations of those facts*. Experience is also, and quite as realistically, *method*, even *critical method*, of dealing with *facts*, and with former organizations of facts. No fact is sacred; and no former classification, or organization of that fact is sacred. Experience, which has given us our facts, and our former organizations of our facts, has also given us, and is giving us more truly year by year, the *methods of critical reflection* upon our experiences, including our facts, and our organizations of our facts into worlds, systems, programs of living. For an animal, *having* experiences may suffice—with the range of habits which

the animal's environment imposes; but for the *human being*, nothing will suffice that fails to include *critical reflection upon and inquiry into* the experiences that are *being had*, or that have been had, including the (alleged) facts upon which those experiences are based, and the prejudicial organizations within which those facts and experiences have intrenched themselves. As Socrates pointed out centuries ago: "The life that has never criticized itself still lingers on the level of the brute!"

But to many, *having* experiences seems legitimate enough, provided those experiences are not too unconventional; but *criticizing* experiences seems to them too much like "flying in the face of Providence". None the less, both *having* experiences and *criticizing* those experiences when had, seem for the human being equally "natural". At any rate, to the empirical philosopher, experience as critical method of dealing with experiences is the clue to our ultimate understanding of our world.

But the term experience often, and naturally, acquires in our world of social habit, another, an invidious meaning, which we must briefly notice. Gathering to itself the authority of the past, it sometimes sets itself up as a tyrant over the present and the future, denying the reality of many "lower" unorganized experiences, and forbidding any further adventuring into the unexplored areas of existence. This is the solidified and intolerant "experience" of

the folkway mind. The individual who accepts this "experience" or is unwittingly drawn into it bars himself, and presently begins to help bar all others, from new experiences, and from new ways of organizing present experiences. This is the "experience as authority" of the fundamentalist and the dogmatist. That is to say, this sort of "experience" definitely denies all intimations of further experiences to come!

The fact is that such "experience" is always and everywhere the product of invidious selections: parts of experience have set themselves up as the whole of experience, the last word, the final doctrine, the ultimate truth, and have tried to outlaw all other experiences. Thus "Experience" (spelled with a dogmatic capital E) sets itself up as a structure of the "real world", and claims the right to shape current experiences and to control, invidiously, dislocatingly, the destiny of individuals, groups, the whole human race. The defence of such "Experience" is its refusal to examine, or to permit to be examined, the precarious foundations upon which it rests. Accepting past experiences as sacred, it holds that any suggestion of further experiences to come must be essentially *wicked!*

Hence, the life history of the individual, to-day, as he grows up in most of our communities is a story of the gradual stripping away from him of all experience-capacities that are most characteristically *his own*, and the substitution, therefor, of "standard

experiences" which are provided for him by the group in which he lives. Eventually and inevitably, he becomes sufficiently like the standard type of the group to be entrusted with "freedom" within the folkways of the group. He has taken on the *group experience*—which, to *that* group, is *Human Experience*—which is the *Ultimate Nature of Existence.* In these ways, selected Experience, compacted by ancestral groups, is compelled upon the new individual, reduplicated in his nerves as his own experience, and the "truth" of the adage is once more assured: History Repeats Itself! So, works are justified of their success. So, statesmen and school men are able to prove that *new patterns* are never needed. As one school man said, not long ago, to such an emissary of the new: "If what you say is true, what's the use of our having had Experience?"

Now we shall all have experiences: to live is to have experiences. And we shall, if we are normal human beings, all, soon or late, have some such organizations of our experiences as will warrant us in calling the result experience (of some sort): that is, either an organization that has use, flexibility and critical rebound, or an organization that has age and dogmatic inflexibility: one or the other. One whose experience is of the latter type will be a bit on the offensive-defensive in the modern world: he will have to spend a good deal of time defending and

justifying his precious "Experience" against critics and the sad attritions of time.

The other will ever be ready to learn, ever ready for more experiencings, and more experience, and more critical acuteness for inquiring into his own world. He will be on the defensive only to the extent necessary to assure himself that he is not lightly giving up experienced *wealth* for *bits of fool's gold* that glitters in some neighboring stream. He will welcome what I have called earlier in this chapter all "those vague intimations—of larger experiencings to come" which offer to him futures of adventure, surprise and creative achievement. But he will not burn down the house in which he lives merely for the purpose of trying to build a new house out of the ashes of the old.

Since, therefore, we must as we live, have experiencings; and since we shall, as we develop, come to have experience, of some sort—which we may, unhappily, have to spend much time in defending against change—it were surely well to try to find out how to make the experience we shall eventually call our own really our own—not merely the counterfeit coins of other ages palmed off on us by those who are "smoother" than we are.

And, in addition, we shall do well to make as sure as may be that that eventual experience which organizes itself, and us, in the processes of our years and

by means of our experiencings, shall grow naturally out of *the roots of reality*—that is, out of real experiences, out of our own nerves and muscles and emotions, so that we shall ever be growingly, critically sure that our doctrines and creeds and beliefs have actual harmony with our habits and our "instincts"—so that, in short, our "*experience*" shall express what our *experiencings* warrant!

Such a mode of growth and education and realization is not, as we shall well see, a short cut to salvation. It is rather a confession that there is no salvation but in *life, itself;* and that such life as will mean "salvation" is to be found in the more complete dramatization of all the areas of our experience.

Hence, let the interested reader beware: We are starting out, in this book, for a trip along a proposed "dramatic highway" through these great lands of experience—realized and intimated. That "highway" must run clear through— Here it is but dimly intimated— All that has been said so far is to be understood subject to the enlargements, criticisms and confirmations that may come from succeeding chapters. We shall not know the "highway" until we have travelled it—and maybe not then. But anyone who *knows*, beforehand, what he will find on that "highway" will save himself time and trouble by not taking the trip; and anyone who wants to enjoy the whole panorama of the "high-

way" will do well to let *conclusions* come last, and to let the experiencings of the trip cumulate and qualify, enrich and enlarge, please and fulfil—as the milestones roll by.

CHAPTER III

SOME ASPECTS OF REFLECTIVE EXPERIENCE

THE arena of our living is then found inside experience. Experience appears in, let us say, four modes: first, as experiences, the endless run of our moments and our days; second, as reflected, organized, systematized experience—the results of *thinking*, the long result of living; third, as more or less vague intimations of further experiences to come, and of wider experience; and fourth, as false "hopes of escape": illusions, hallucinations, phantasies—"ways out", which in the long run have no reality, but which, if we accept their immediate materials as real, merely get us into all sorts of difficulties. Experiences, then, are real—for whatever they may turn out to be; experience is real—subject to endless criticism and reconstruction; intimations of further experiences to come are real, though what they portend does not always come true; but "ways out" are, for the most part, merely blind alleys within experience which first promise us something for nothing, and then "throw us down", completely. "That way lies madness!" If we are going to live, we have

got to live in our experiences, our experience, and our adventurings into the larger world of the uncharted future.

Now, we know experiences, and we know experience; but we do not know "further experiences", and for the most part, we prefer not to know them. We are sick of "further experiences": we want "ways out". We are ready for all sorts of "escapes": miracles, legerdemain, whatnot. We idealize events; we "will" new universes; we "create" new worlds: then we wake up in the same old world. There *is* a way out: it lies through the realm of "further experiences" out into the probably inexhaustible universe. To be sure, there is nothing specially sacred about "new experiences": they may merely repeat the old; but there is something supremely important in the fact that experience carries within itself *evidences of its own incompleteness.* This is the hope of man: ignoring this fact enables us to become dogmatic, narrow, temporarily superior to fate, comfortable: but it gets us into endless trouble later on.

Our immediate experiences just happen to us—as happenings in nature, which they are. Light plays into our eyes, as it plays over the mountain peak, and we *see* things. But our reflective experiences are those which rise above the level of mere happenings, and which become *knowings:* they are the results of comparison, analysis, cogitation, reflection; they

can be classified, temporarily at least, and organized into systems, knowledges, sciences, understandings of the world, programmes of action, purposes reaching on through the years.

It is in the developments of these reflective experiences, and this reflective, deliberated experience, that philosophy has the chance to be born. Not content with enjoying or suffering the passing events—the slings and arrows of fortune—reflection begins to ask how the land lies toward the future. Questions accumulate: What is this land of experience, as a whole: the seen with the unseen? What are its dimensions, its directions? How are its various sectors related and interrelated? Whither do its winds blow, its rivers flow? What lies on the mountain tops, and what is beyond the mountains? What are the meanings of its tides? What lies at the bottom of the seas? And so on, endlessly, once real questioning has begun.

That is, having come to a high point on the highway of experience, we began, and begin, to examine, and criticize, experiences: we become aware of habits and customs, and ask why they exist; we scrutinize our casual "meanings" and our traditional concepts: nature, matter, mind, experience, itself; we try to interpret behavior; to forecast science; to pry into the springs and coverts of morality, religion, thoughtfulness, if any; we ask what we mean by "the good", or "truth", or "the beautiful"; and, so, bit by bit, we

hold the world of our experiences and our experience up to understanding, in the hope that, maybe, we shall some day be able to hold the world, and our own selves, to patterns of conduct that slowly emerge and take form in our desires. Philosophy is a part of this emergence.

In all this, experiences are continuously classified. But such classifying calls for systems of classification; for categories of classification; for *predicates*, which shall be more or less permanent. Reflection then classifies our immediate experiences under these categories, or predicates: "This is a cat!" we say, "And that is a pigeon!" To be sure, in *the actual history of mind*, these predicates were not first worked out and then used: they were worked out in the processes of use; and, save in those civilizations which have become stagnant and sterile, they are still being worked out in the processes of use. But even in the midst of the restless world of our times, some general categories are sufficiently stable to afford the opportunity for examination, and we shall pause long enough here to enumerate some of these more stable aspects of our not wholly stable world and age, in order that we may more fully see just what our present problem is. The list of such predicates, or categories, is very long. We shall consider merely a few of the more general, the more universal, the more stable ones.

The common run of our experiences—our sights,

hearings, smells, tastes, feelings, memories, fancies, imaginings, and all the rest—is a welter of chaos, confusion. But—we do get some sort of order out of this welter. Standing high up on the great dramatic highway of experience, overlooking the welter and confusion, what do we see of the efforts of reflective experience to make the chaos of our world into an orderly cosmos? We must select some points of vantage, some centers of organization, some islands rising out of the confusion, which we shall later, at our leisure, visit and examine in greater detail.

First, then, experience displays a universal tendency to organize itself in the forms of habit and custom: it ever tries to force every new experience into the patterns of old habit and custom. This process is of nature: every new experience is, if possible, beaten into the patterns of old experiences, and classified under some old form. Nature does, at times, yield to the demands for new patterns, new habits and customs, but only after all other recourses are exhausted, as a general rule. (In this way, "the world" is sometimes made over on new lines: but the process is very painful!)

Now, among human beings, habit expresses itself in the forms of *society*. A social group is a number of persons having the same, or nearly the same, habits —bodily, mental, emotional—so that they are "sympathetic", and familiar, and act alike, and so

"understand" each other. Larger groups—nations, peoples, races—are bound together by enough of such likenesses and "sympathies" of response as to secure similar feelings of familiarity. An institution is an organized series of habits in the living of a group, or a society, by means of which certain natural and necessary functions of associate living are cared for almost automatically. Usually, the institution has some material embodiment—a building, or something of the sort—which helps to establish the permanence of this familiarity and to justify its automatic results. A "school" is usually a building, out of which come familiar and automatic products which, even though not wholly useful, are justified on the ground that "this is what the school turns out!"

Again, from our vantage point on the dramatic highway of experience, we can see that experience is rooted in "Nature"; and that "Nature" appears in *two modes:* in one of these modes, we find regularity, order, sequence of events that can be forecast and predicted; in the other mode we find meaning, significance, explanations, something that we can call "plan" or even "purpose". The former of these two modes we call Matter, the latter we call Mind. *Matter* is an aspect of our experience: it is that phase of nature which provides for regularity of events, which, therefore, enables us to predict future events, and which may, eventually, enable us to control the

future to our own plans. Mind, on the other hand, is that aspect of nature which shows us the *meanings* of events, their logical relationships and significant bearings. Now, *meaning* is just as real, and just as much a phase of the world as is *sequence;* hence, *mind* is just as real as *matter*—if anyone should raise that question.

Now, Mind appears most illuminatingly in Behavior; that is, in certain levels of behavior. Stones do not "behave", though scientists do talk about the "behavior" of atoms. Plants and animals "behave" in an elemental fashion. Behavior comes to its climactic level in the deliberated conduct of the intelligent being, man.

Mind emerges out of its natural matrices slowly, painfully, through the ages. A chief instrument in this release of mind into its own areas of freedom has been Language. In developing the forms and the contents of social inter-communication, mind came, and comes, to grasp of its own possibilities, and to mastery of its own further forms and powers.

So we can see, from our standpoint on the dramatic highway of experience, that the world, in historic perspective, exhibits real problems, one of these problems being that organic growth and development precede the emergence of mind, and that therefore, the non-rational aspects of the world antedate the emergence of the rational. Hence, the rational order of experience must be artfully disentangled

from its non-rational, or irrational antecedents: the reflective must emerge out of the non-reflective functions of experience. This seems to mean that "the stream of experience must ever rise higher than its source"—a doctrine that has offended many who are ruled by epigrams. Whether a stream *can* rise "higher" than its "source" seems to be a question of no great importance: the stream of experience *has* risen from the non-reflective to the reflective level, if there is any reliability in anthropological history. In this process of development through which the reflective level of behavior has indubitably risen out of the non-reflective levels, nature and experience seem to have brooded long—over elements and factors and modes of germination and types of integration—seeking for a more effective mode of organization and control. That better mode was found: a mental process of brooding and differentiation and growth and integration which is called Deliberation. This deliberative process is natural, and is essential to the normal completion of mind and experience as adequate controls of behavior.

Experience is not careless of its categories of organization: it may, indeed, be all too careful. It shapes itself into patterns of conduct, calling some of these patterns moral, some immoral. These terms are often honorific, not real: experience often loves its immoralities more than it does its moralities—even though it shouldn't. Nowhere does experience

lose its way more quickly than when it is trying to decide which it prefers: the immoral or the moral—in the conventional sense of those terms. The name by which a pattern of conduct is known easily changes, from time to time, with changes in the natural conditions of adaptation, that is, with changes in the conditions of living; or with changes in the organization of experience, that is, with changes in intelligence. The moral is not something final: it is a function of the situation at any specific time.

Now, in the course of all these developments, classifications, and organizations of, and within, experience, some things are just "naturally" bound to be misplaced, to "go wrong". Hence, experience is compelled to develop, soon or late, some sort of critical method for the searching out, systematically, of the more adequate trends and organizations of experience. This critical method has been called Science. If nothing ever went wrong; if experience were always satisfactory, we should have no need of science.

But experience sometimes becomes ruthless of itself when it turns deliberative, or critical, and it often deals out destruction to its own most intimate hopes and aspirations—if these values cannot be weighed and measured. Hence, experience must learn some way of saving its best values from the ruthlessness of its own partial insights: it must again and again

appeal from the criticisms of life to life itself; from the fragments of experience, to experience as a whole. This appeal from criticism to life, from the fragment to the whole—as unimpugnable even if vague and uncertain, Reality—is called Religion. Other things may have been, in other days, called by that name: anything less than this seems, in these days, to have small chance of survival.

The generations come and go, leaving their cumulations of "culture". Youth rises, eager for living, asking only for life. Age fears for its own past achievements, and proceeds to initiate youth into the conclusions of the past, the accidental with the real. Hence, youth finds, instead of the beginnings it hoped for, the conclusions the past offers and enforces. As we see it, from our vantage point on the dramatic highway, education has never yet found itself: no youthful generation has ever been permitted to adventure upon life. That adventure awaits the more complete emergence of intelligence, and the more adequate appreciation of what is involved in the intellectual life, in which mind comes to its fullest fruition—as knower, as critic, and as cultivator of relationships and meanings in the natural and social worlds. This intellectual life may become pedantic *intellectualism*, cutting itself off from its natural roots in experience, and boasting its high, sterile lineage; or it may become social intel-

ligence, gathering into itself understanding of the world and capacity to live in the wide reaches of space and of time.

For the intellectual life is not all there is to living: reflection is not the original basis of experiences —though it may become the starting-point of endless new experiences: it is a derivative of experience, even though it may not be completely explicable in terms of past experiences, and even though it may eventuate in endless new experiences. Life has many issues, many interests, many types of experiences, many possibilities, many hopes, many values. Somehow, out of all these possibilities and materials, something meaningful, something vital, something inclusive in the dramatic sense, slowly emerges for most people: some sort of a path, or a trail, or a highway through the wildernesses, an outlook from the far heights or at least from some little hill, a sense of participation in the wider ranges of experience, *a sense of direction.* This, whether in the large or in the small, is a sort of Philosophy, and may in good time become a real philosophy, a penetrating guide to life and conduct.

But nothing signifies—not even a philosophy—unless it is really rooted in the processes of the world, in nature, and in experience—the processes by which the world has been created and re-created, age by age. We do not know the meanings of events; we do not know the real sequence of events, if we do

not know how to remake events, how to insinuate the germs of new and more desirable events into the sequences of the present, so that that newer world —nearer to our heart's desires—will be developing about us, as we grow and think and plan ourselves. Moreover, all natural processes must have their rhythms—of growth and rest, or expansion and curtailment. Human living must have its moments of creation, too: when larger areas of experience, larger worlds of nature, larger understandings emerge within us. Necessarily, therefore, it must have its moments of brooding, of reconciliation with past experiences, of growing revealments: moments when new energies flood the being out of the primitive deeps of life. (Intellectualistic science will call all such statements "mystical", or maybe even "nonsense": but intellectualistic science will do well not to try to substitute itself for the totality of human experiencings).

Moreover, not alone must the human being find this personal creation and re-creation: he must also endlessly try to heal the wounds made in his own personal experience by the crises and the dislocations experience suffers in the world of evolutionary changes, and the bruises he inflicts upon the world by his own rebellions and ineptnesses. In his efforts to heal these wounds and bruises (with the help of the healing processes of nature), he will make for himself patterns and forms out of his imagination which

will portray to his hungry, eager spirit the world as he would have it be: he will heal his own hurts as he heals the world's hurt (whether he knows it or cares about it or not); he will re-create his own spirit as he creates the more satisfying world-spirit (whether he is interested in that creation or not). Here we are in the realm of art. This is the most inclusive and integrative function of the human spirit: it strives endlessly to bring wholeness, joy of wholeness, beauty of perfection into the disturbing chaos of our casual impressions, and into the wounded areas of our personal beings. And art, so conceived, becomes the ultimate, high test and expression of the communicability of our human experience.

But communicability is not the final test of living: it is also a means of living. Life works out its ultimate expression and significance in the slowly emerging Individual—the final product of the evolutionary ages—a product too frequently denied and obstructed by the not completely deliberated technics of our customary school systems. We confess on every hand that we have not yet found out how to make room, in our narrow folkways, for the release and development of that ultimate Individual—in whom both Nature and Experience will find either their supreme justification, or their final defeat. But at the climax of experience, as the ultimate expression of all that is of Nature and of Experience, the Individual emerges—proving either the folly of this,

our "unintelligible world", or showing what nature can accomplish, however blocked by use and wont, and showing also, by implication, what the world may sometime turn out to be.

These then are some of the factors of interest which we can descry from our high vantage point on the dramatic highway: there are many others but these are important and typical. So, having selected these for closer examination, we take our way forward and begin with—The Meaning of Habit.

CHAPTER IV

THE MEANING OF HABIT

ACCEPTING, then, our destiny—to spend our lives inside experience,—which is not a prison, because experience is rooted in the universe and seems to offer, constantly, new revelations of the universe —our first concern must be with habit, and with habits, because habit is that firm foundation which we feel under our world, the supporting frame-work of our daily living. If experience is the expanding arena within which we spend our enlarging lives, habit is that more or less rigid organization we find everywhere in experience. This rigid organization —of paths, and folkways, and customs, and fashions —usually holds us from any new adventure into the world, into the New, or the Unknown, and hence (to most of us) the Undesirable. But, at the same time, this rigid organization of life is the starting point of any such new exploration that is ever undertaken. Habit is the solid ground of experience: some think it too, too solid; others are so fearful of life that they feel that nothing can be too solid if it gives us security.

To habit, then, this indispensable friend of life as it is, this often unrelenting enemy of change in life, this chapter is to be devoted.

Habit is sometimes called "second nature". It may, however, be called "first nature", or even "all of nature" to many, for in our habits nature and human nature are moulded into a commonness of quality and interplay. This must be made clear.

We sometimes speak of primitive types of men, savages, barbarians, etc., as "natural" men. We mean by this that they seem to be submerged in nature, to be indistinguishable from the conditions under which they live, to be dependent upon what nature offers them for all they have, and all they are. They are "of nature". That is they appear to be no more than parts of nature, even as wild beasts are. They eat as animals eat; they drink as animals drink; they fight as animals fight; they are born as animals are born; they die, at least to all outward appearances, as the animals die. They run "like the wind"; they are "hard as granite". They make their clothes of the skins of other beasts; they are fond of blood; they fight like tigers. All such similes are of "nature".

That is to say, in much of our common speech we imply that such primitive types of men were either made in the same way that the rest of nature was made, or else they have so completely imitated nature or succumbed to nature as to have taken on a

complete equipment of natural characteristics and to be now quite indistinguishable in most of their activities from the rest of nature. Whether by creation or by education primitive types of men are "natural" men—part and parcel of nature!

Nor is this primitive man "over against" nature: he is *inside* nature and nature is inside him. He is interwoven with nature: he breathes nature, eats nature, drinks nature, sleeps nature, is born naturally, lives naturally and sometimes dies a "natural" death. Primitive men exhibit marvellously subtle adjustments to their environments: they see and hear some things as the civilized man does not: they grasp the significance of signs in the woods; they can use sticks and stones with uncanny precision.

These interweavings of themselves with nature and nature with themselves until nature and human nature are identical are the processes of *developing habits*. Habit is interpenetration of organism and environment: habit is equilibrium between the living animal and its world; in this case habit is the complete adjustment of man to his world and his world to man. That is to say, habit is that natural medium of living in which man and the world become indistinguishable.

Habit is, therefore, the most natural of processes: the process through which nature becomes uniform, regular, organized; the process by means of which we can be assured of the orderly recurrence of activ-

ities; the process through which all things become "natural"—reduced to the level of nature.

Hence habit is not merely something *inside* the organism. A man's habits are not wholly within himself. Breathing requires air; walking up stairs requires a stairway; swimming requires water. All habits are organized relationships between the organism and some part of the environment. A complete equipment of habits is a complete adjustment of the individual in and to his existent world. "Good" habits tie him up to desirable activities and relationships; "bad" habits tie him down to undesirable activities and relationships: but the "goodness" and the "badness" are not in the nature of the habits but in the character of the tyings up and down, and the after-results of each particular tying. So far as the mechanism of the habit goes there is no difference between "good" and "bad" habits. And in fact, some of our most reputably "good" habits (in the customary moral sense) may be very bad habits from the standpoint of the efficiencies of life. Some of us are so "good" that we are good for nothing else.

But for human beings such complete and habitual submersion in nature as has just been described never quite actually happens. Other factors enter and supervene. For example, the human being organizes each interesting and stimulating bit of his current environment into his growing equipment of habit in some form: as a skill, or an attitude, or a disposition,

or an interest. He thus takes on organized relationships to endless bits of his world, and to growing ranges of his environment. So he carries about within himself, ever after, his own organic share of each of those various environments that he has ever taken into his being. So we carry about with us, all our lives, remnants of old habit structures that have reference to the activities of childhood, the old house, the old neighborhood, the old playground: bits of the old school, the old church, the old swimming hole; and if we should ever go those ways again, we should find ourselves—mayhap after a bit of rejuvenating practice—specifically "at home" under the old conditions—unless, maybe, we had taken definite pains to plough up the old habit areas and sow them down to new crops; and even then, stray reminders of the old would be likely to creep through. Self-conscious villagers who try to make an impression upon "polite society" in the city often betray themselves embarrassingly. Most of us who have moved from one house to another have had the experience of turning in at the old walk in later wanderings near the old corner. Professor William James tells of having wandered down the old street in Paris on which he had lived when he was a student at the Sorbonne, when he revisited the region twenty-five years later. He awoke to what he had done when he could not find his latch-key in his vest

pocket. He had turned in the key twenty-five years before!

So, if we wander about much from place to place, we carry about with us habit patterns that are related to all the places we have ever wrought into our habit structures. "I am a part of all that I have met". And all that we have truly met is a part of us. So, in ourselves we represent, in more or less mixed up jumbles, fragments of habit developed in the midst of various and often antagonistic types of living—antagonisms that persist and insist, at times, upon making themselves apparent. We are, thus, habituated to friends who are antagonistic to each other, and we carry those antagonisms about within us. Hence, at home in many places, and with many people, we are never quite completely at home anywhere, or when alone. Having had many ranges of experience, and having developed habits under many conditions, we can never be fully happy for long in the exercise of a single facet of our experience. We have endless and quite inexplicable "homesicknesses" —for places, and times, and persons, left behind, but not eradicated from our nervous systems. So, at times, when we should be most effective under conditions in which we find ourselves, our effectiveness may be marred by the intrusion of old memories, or the "twitchings" of old habits, really related to other times and places, but which are stirred to

activity by reason of the fact that these present times and places are sufficiently like those other to free some part of the stimulus of the old, and therefore, to share, embarrassingly, perhaps, in some part of the old responses. "Absent-mindedness" is usually but the intrusion of some former, irrelevant habit-mode under present conditions. "Inattention" may be merely attention controlled by some more persistent habit-mode or impulse-expression than the present situation can muster. "Division of personality" may be but a civil war within the organism between two or more too completely organized habit-areas that refuse to submit to an integrating jurisdiction.

The other habit-situations we have known are retained, not merely in "memory", but in muscles and nerves, in habits and skills. Hence, habit ties together (or tries to do so) all sorts of places and all sorts of times, far and near, recent and remote. These places and times become tied together, too: place with time, and time with place, until eventually we realize that though we have lived in many places, all places belong to a single world, and though we have lived through many moments and days, all times belong to one continuous time. So, spaces become space; and times become time; and order takes the place of chaos in our understandings; and for some of us, at least, these series—of times, and of spaces—interweave: each place has its time, each time its place. Hence, there is nothing absolutely new in

what the relativists are telling us these days about that "fourth dimension" of the universe—"space-time". We have all lived in that dimension—even though "common sense" and the schools have tried to make us believe that "time is time" and "space is space", and the two have nothing in common.

Now, our argument so far leads us to this interesting result and *fact of experience*, namely, that no human being who has habits and memories that tie him to *more than one place* can ever sink quite to the "dead levels" of the "mere nature" of any one spot. That is, he can never quite be merely a "natural" man. Always he will add to any one of his habit-expressions something left over from the others; always he will add to any specific level on which he tries to live, something developed on some other level. His varied habits taken on many levels will make him uneasy if he tries to live in any too simple environment. A city man finds it difficult to live under rural conditions; a countryman finds it difficult to become quite at home in the city. The antitheses and contradictions in the habits of each will long keep him restless and aware.

For our worlds of experience extend beyond the borders of the bit of world in which we find ourselves at any one time. They endure beyond the moment in which we are living. They *extend*, and they *endure* in our personalities—beyond the here and the now: they extend, and they endure—in our equip-

ments of habits that are related to many places and many times; hence, they extend and they endure in our behavior: we bring the experiences of many times and places to bear upon the determination of our behavior in any one time and any single place; they endure in our morality—in all that we are: all the world we have explored, and all the times we have lived are in us implicitly, because they are in the ineradicable structures of our habits and our habit. Upon any moment of experience, all relevant pasts, and all hoped for futures may converge.

Habit, therefore, integrates not merely our neural structures: it also integrates those structures with long reaches of time, and wide areas of places and events—the *here* and the *now* with the *there* and the *then*—tying the far away in space and the remote in time together into *what we have lived and experienced*. In other words, experiences not merely happen, and cumulate, and pile up; they also, as we have seen, integrate, interpenetrate, organize themselves more or less continuously according to patterns, with reference to "adjustments", or to further organization, or, mayhap, with reference to aggrandizing themselves and fighting further expansion.

But, whether we expand further, or stand still on what we have, experience thus escapes the dead levels of mere physical existence. The very habits, that seemed on superficial examination, destined to drag us "down" to the levels of "mere nature", have

compelled us to organize ourselves "up" to new, wider, more inclusive levels of experience, and have made us, thereby, citizens of so much of the world as we have been able to assimilate and to organize into conduct.

But, beyond all these achievements, there are still in most of us, unorganized areas of "primitive impulse" which may break out through our organized controls and plunge us, momentarily, at least, into unanticipated activities, so that no man's biography can be written until he is dead. None the less, in most of us, all that we shall ever do in the world, after we are twenty-five or thirty, is quite fully conditioned by what we have done before that date, by all our integrations and organization of habits into behavior patterns. No sane man can escape completely from his habits. He can achieve some areas of freedom—within which he can "do as he pleases". But he will, also, likely achieve some areas of "unfreedom" (what the moralist calls "bad habits"—which may include many "very good habits") within which what he calls his "major interests" will have to fight for any real chance to express themselves. That is to say, the life of any habituated man must be such as can be lived by one who is organized as he is organized. If he does any "thinking" he will find all the ranges of his experience welling up into and through that thinking, directing it, giving it content, tone, tempo,

color, value, reality, or unreality. His hopes will be wrought of the textures of his accumulations of habit—reviving at least in some degree, partly buried areas of old habit or times when life was more primitive, less organized. His "intuitions" will be either flashes of imagination struck out in some moment of unusually vigorous integrating activity among his habits, or merely the release of some buried aspiration, which stirs against the weakened repressions of the moment and flashes out above habit with the feel of primitive reality.

So, habit is a basic factor in experience, and a fundamental category for the understanding of the world. Habit surrounds us—in other people, in institutions, in social relationships—from the first. Clothes used to be called habits. But our habits are closer to us than our clothes. Habit is all, or almost all, that has gone before in our experience: it is the organization of events by which our lives are tied together, and by which we are tied in with nature, so that we are pertinent to nature and nature is pertinent to us, and so that we can use our environments and our environments can be materials for our nourishment and our defence.

But because habit is such an intimate part of the structure of our behavior, it has every chance to defeat the further growth of experience—as we shall see often in this study, especially in our account of "morality". Habit is ever unimaginative, of course,

since its eyes are turned ever upon organization, and organization requires, not imagination, but accuracy and limitation. Hence, nothing can be more deadly than habit completely organized and adapted to a definite setting: more deadly—or more beautifully efficient. Here we catch a glimpse of the "fatal beauty" of all schemes of standardization, organization, efficiency, and "system". They "get things done"—and they die of dry rot; and the whole world must face the question these days whether "getting things done" is worth while—at the price that must be paid; especially as most of the "things" that are thus "done" were questionably worth while in the first place.

So, habit loses out in the long run, at least with some few individuals and groups, and fails to control everything by its own organizings because, the world being various, and the centers of behavior about which habits gather being varied, we take on many ranges of habits, many habits which are not altogether congenial, which are not correlative, which are, sometimes, quite contradictory to each other, in fact; as the habit of physical exercise, and the habit of apartment house living are uncongenial.

Now, a contradiction in habits seems to many a tragedy, if not a scandal. But properly understood, such contradictions are the hope of the individual, and, in the large, of the race. If we were creatures of but one habit; or if all our habits developed so as

to be ever harmonious, we should be condemned forever to be victims of that one habit, or that one range of habits, without hope of escape to any other range or level of habit. But our habits are many, and they are always more or less at war within themselves. Every inner contradiction in habits is a chance for, and a challenge to, a new beginning of habit development. It is thus through our own contradictions that we find the starting-places for new departures into new areas of experience. Through the contradictions in our present habits and behaviors and conducts (and "moralities") we might, if we were brave enough, find the outlets to new habits, new behaviors, new conducts, new moralities. But, perhaps, we don't want anything "new"!

Sometimes our moralists and educators try to hush up or to deny these contradictions in habits, and to impose a morality, or an education that is, theoretically, unitary, complete and without internal contradictions. Sometimes our statesmen, and other patriots, try to impose a loyalty that is equally unitary and complete. It is probable that such unitary and complete behaviors might be worked out on paper; it is certain that they have never been attained in actual practice, and that—as the world runs—they never will be. *Contradiction in habits* is quite as real as are habits themselves. *The only way contradictions in habits can be avoided is by avoiding habits altogether;* and the remedy seems worse than the disease.

Hence, experience must make as real use of these contradictions as of the habits themselves. The habits we have give us stabilities, for the time being; the contradictions in our habits give us the hope of growth. For psychology, a contradiction in habits is always a starting place for new habits, for new experiences. For our empirical morality, a contradiction in morals is a chance for the creation and release of new moralities, as we shall see in some detail later. For education, a contradiction in doctrines or theories or facts should give the mind of the student the chance to achieve judgments of his own, which is the real objective of education. In formal logic, it is true, (as Whitehead points out) that a contradiction is a tragedy; but in the logic of living, a contradiction always may make room for the emergence of something novel, such as a great new science. Hence, experience ignores, or denies, or suppresses its own contradictions, in habit or doctrine, not alone at the risk of denying all that might be novel, undiscovered, uncreated in the universe, but at the risk of defeating its own security all the while. Mediævalism destroyed itself, in the long run, by refusing to face its own inner contradictions. Real contradictions in habit should be sedulously prized, and even cultivated: they are the promise of the future.

So, habit is the basis of our world of experience: habit is *that solid structure* that appears everywhere in our world of experience, upon which we stand

secure; and habit, as long as it is undisturbed, ties this solid world together into much of a unity, and becomes both the guarantor of that unity, and the chief obstacle to any further development of this world of our experience.

But habits in conflict, in antagonism, or in contradiction, offer experience new opportunities: they may demand, and set up, inquiry into their meanings and causes, and such inquiry may lead to unexpected outcomes—to new experiences, new ranges of knowledge, new sciences, new worlds. Like flowers growing in clefts in solid walls of rock, new experiences may grow in these clefts in our habits organizations; and just as even the tender roots of plants may, in the long months, eventually disrupt the solid wall of rock, so new experiences growing within the areas lying between contradictory habits may eventually disrupt those old areas of habit and compel experience to go through the wide processes of world-creation over again. Thus, the Modern World grew up out of the contradictions within the Mediæval World.

Hence, though habit is sometimes the unrelenting enemy of growth, yet adequately developed and varied, habits become the indispensable friends of experience—without which there could be no continuity of experience, and hence no enduring life.

CHAPTER V

THE NATURE OF SOCIETY

WE turn now from the orderly world of Habit to a somewhat less regular area—the social world. The world of "things" is organized on lines that are pretty habitual: "things" act, mostly, in predictable ways—"according to law", as we often say. Society is a partial regularization of the behaviors of *persons:* society is habit and custom operative in the activities of groups of social beings. At least this will serve as a preliminary suggestion.

Four various stories have been told about the nature and origin of society, each of which throws some light on the nature of human experience. Each of these stories has a reputation of its own. The first, and most influential, at least until recently, comes from the book of Genesis. Aristotle is responsible for the second. The third grew up in various forms during the modern period but received its classic formulation at the hands of Rousseau in the eighteenth century. The fourth is from Darwin and the evolutionists. We must consider each of these briefly: men have long speculated about the nature of

their own social bonds; we are the heirs of those speculations.

The story from Genesis assumes that human society has not long been upon the earth; that it was created *de novo*, and has no connections with other "lower" forms of organic life; that it had a definite beginning in a specific time and place; and that human history can be explained in terms of the descendants of a single original pair—the first man and woman. To be sure the story as given does not carry through on the lines of these assumptions: later chapters have to introduce unaccountable characters, like Cain's wife, and various other groups of people and even tribes or nations. But anyone who is intent upon the story will likely not notice discrepancies in details. There *is* a story, and it has been extremely influential.

In its more extreme interpretation this story, including man's "fall", accounts for the existence of all that is in the world at any specific time: for men; for institutions, such as marriage; for social relationships; for the Presbyterian Church, the Republican Party, the rights of property, and the perpetuity of the *status quo:* "God saw all that he had made, and it was very good!" And on the seventh day God "ceased from all the works which he had made".

Aristotle's story is not much concerned with origins, but with existent facts: the forms which society

has taken. For Aristotle "Man is an institution-building animal"—as much so as the oyster is a shell-building animal. Hence, also, for him the state (organized society) exists by nature. "The state" is a natural system which includes all individuals, into which each individual fits snugly, having his appropriate place, and being subordinated in proper fashion to the order of nature and to existent social patterns. "Society" does not include all who bear the human form: some are members; others are mere instruments for the uses of members. That is to say, some are citizens, and others are slaves. There is nothing in common between citizens and slaves—in spite of their similar shapes—save this, that "the slave, as an instrument, produces goods which the citizen, as an end, receives and consumes". Both are necessary to the complete structure of "the state".

This doctrine reviews some obvious facts—and, in true Aristotelian fashion, rationalizes and justifies them. "The state" has truly come up out of nature, out of the primitive past, out of history. Men have come up out of nature, with the characteristics of natural beings, with habits, customs, attitudes and dispositions that have been selected for them by their experiences, and enforced upon them by the conditions under which they have lived. In the "natural" state, as Aristotle saw it all about him, men are divided into "citizens" with rights, and "servants"

with none. But does Aristotle describe an inescapable condition when he says that these things are "natural"? Does he mean they are *unchangeable?*

The third of these doctrines as to the nature of society is generally associated with the name of Rousseau and is called the "social compact" theory. According to this theory man was at first a wild and rather solitary animal; or, at most, living in small groups, free, and "in a state of nature". These small free groups were war-like and hostile; they fought each other rather constantly and thus they risked their own extermination. Such a situation finally became unendurable. Something had to be done about it; something was done about it. At some rather indefinite time and place these warring groups came together and entered into a compact, mutually and severally, by which they established civil order and set up the institutions of peace. Society was, and is, therefore, the result of an agreement, voluntarily entered into by our ancestors for themselves and their posterity.

But if society is, after this doctrine, a voluntary agreement; if social institutions were thus definitely organized by mutual compact, then it can be argued that the self-same society, its heirs and successors, have the right to make over at any time or even to tear down and destroy the order and the institutions themselves have ordained. What man has set up

achieves no sanctity: man can tear it down, or make it over, at his own will and need.

According to this theory, all that is is of this sort. Nothing established by compact endures to all eternity. If we do not like it, we are perfectly free to reject it. No ancient compact, made by our ancestors, under temporary conditions, can be held to bind the minds of all later generations to the ends of time. Each generation must be as free to reject as that original generation was free to accept the terms of the contract.

It will be easily understood that such a doctrine as this of Rousseau's had an enormous share in releasing those disintegrative forces that emerged and wrought their will in the French Revolution.

A fourth type of doctrine comes from the evolutionists. The essence of evolution may be briefly stated: "Nothing begins *de novo:* everything has a history". If this be correct, "society" had no definite beginnings: it was never "created"; it cannot be traced to any specific moment or ancestor. The human race has been long on the earth: its "beginnings" emerge from the long, long story of the evolution of living forms through the biological ages. No one can tell when the ancestors of man left off being "animal" and became "human". Primitive man could scarcely be distinguished, as we have seen, from the "lower" animals. Primitive human society

grew and multiplied upon the face of the earth as part of nature, and with its habits securely riveted upon it, in the forms of customs. These customs were as old and as natural as the habits of animals. They were organized into each new individual, each new generation, by processes of "education" established in the long experiences of group history. These customs and habits held the individual and the group to effective levels of living, to established skills, to traditional masteries of their environment, to accepted relationships with nature.

But they also compelled individuals and groups, now and again, by reason of the failure of environmental conditions or by reason of contradictions among the habits and customs themselves, to find new ways of living, to develop new skills, new masteries of environment, new relationships to nature. Age after age habits accumulated. New factors emerged: the "natural" man sloughed off, now and then, a bit of his naturalness and began to show "human" traits, traits of "culture" and "civilization". These advances were not always gradual or imperceptible. They were, probably, sometimes leaps, mutations or, as Lloyd Morgan calls them "emergences". Such an emergence was "mind"; another was "reflective thought". Now, such emergences are quite as natural as the conditions out of which they emerged, though the new could not always have been predicted from the antecedent conditions.

These, then, are the four historic theories as to the origin and nature of society. They cannot all be valid, *in toto*, but it seems that there are valid elements in each of them. There *is* something in human society that is intolerable—and we all feel, at times, (with the authors of the Genesis story) as if we had fallen from some higher, nobler estate, *for* which if not *to* which we had been created. There *is* in human society something inert, stagnate, changeless, as if our institutions were static and not alive; as if they were incapable, indeed, of movement except, perhaps, backwards into war and "nature": we are paralyzed in the presence of our changeless "folkways", products of the thousands of generations of "natural" living. Aristotle was right: "The state exists by nature; society is a state of nature!"

On the other hand, there *is* something of agreement, in some societies, at least: charters, constitutions, laws—as if there were reason in men; as if society were based on understanding and calculation; as if men had agreed upon something rational and had registered their agreement by solemn compact. Rousseau was right: Society has its social compacts! Finally, there are still about us, in various parts of the world, and even in our own communities, enormously varied levels of human existence, ranging from the most "natural" of beings, like the Bushmen of Africa or the natives of Central Australia, to the

most cultivated groups in the culture capitals of the world. And the "highest" of these show many traits that still link them indisputably with the "lowest". The evolutionists are right: there has been development of the "higher" from the "lower", and under reverse conditions, of the "lower" from the "higher". So we find in many parts of the world —perhaps in all—folkways that hold men's activities to patterns so old and so definite as to seem beyond the reach of human change—like many religious rites and customs; and alongside these set forms, something fluid, human, idealistic, like Love and Brotherhood that includes all races—as if men were created or developed for something high and beautiful and were driven by desires unquenchable to seek for those ideals until they found them.

Since no one of these doctrines is wholly false, nor any one of them exclusively true, we may sum up the nature of society in some such terms as these. When man appeared he appeared with a neural structure of great complexity, promising a future of untold potentialities. But he appeared in the midst of conditions which had been already primitively organized into routines of habit and custom which gave room for the play of some parts of his native equipment, only. The human story is the story of an age-long struggle between the latent potentialities of this human organism and the rigorous conditions of existence and of experience. This

organism, man, changed everything by his emergence. He took everything by surprise, as it were: brute strength no longer prevailed: cunning, finesse took the lead.

But brute strength was not defeated. Habit and custom came in to its defence: man was quickly loaded down with customs, folkways, inhibitions which paralyzed his initiatives, defeated his intelligence, and set him down for untold millennia to practice his accomplishments, and to repeat monotonously the same banalities. Sameness became stabilized: habits, customs, folkways, moralities became *processes in nature*. The creature that had emerged was drawn back into the matrix.

But groups multiplied, populations grew, food supplies narrowed and societies began to impinge upon each other irritably. Wars came. Extermination loomed. Conquests brought subordinations: victors were superior to vanquished; citizens were superior to slaves. Consolidations of not too dissimilar groups became common: for example, the "twelve tribes" became, for a short while "Israel". Here and there, compacts or treaties were made, out of which came more or less tolerable peace, shorter or longer periods of quiet, with social order organized by charters, and with institutions definitely provided for and legalized—as in China, the Five Nations, the American colonies, the United States of America.

But "nature" is older than treaties—as Europe

now well knows, but will scarcely admit. Old passions defeat new compacts. Old customs reappear. Old injustices emerge. Agitations supervene. Civil wars break out—revolutions, reconstructions. Institutions are torn down. Supposedly new ones are built up—which turn out later to be but revampings of still older ones, perhaps. "Nature" refuses to be bullied over much, or denied altogether. No war was ever really settled by a "treaty"; no people was ever really governed by a "charter", or a "constitution": all peoples are governed by the current practices of the effective governing groups. "What is a constitution among friends?"

None the less, in the midst of his own practices, man sometimes feels himself equipped to do better by himself than any of his existent arrangements provides for. Sometimes he merely *wishes* for something "better"; sometimes he *prays* for it; sometimes he tries to *think* it into being; sometimes in rage he reverts to the primitive and cries: "I will have the ideal, by God, if I have to exterminate the race to secure it!"

But now and again he comes upon the forbidding thought, hinting of age-long toils: if he is ever to achieve that better order of the world he must plan for it endlessly; he must find out how it is to be secured; he must understand *nature*, and *habit*, and *society*, *institutions* and *individuals*. If the state is of nature, then nature must share in this

achievement of the "better". If habit is the foundation of experience, then this "better" must be wrought out in terms of habit, and the contradictions of habit. If society is evolutionary, then no stage in human living is sacred above amendment or beyond change, but every step may provide a fulcrum for new leverage underneath the folkways and the customs of the past, if only the need can be felt, and the courage can be aroused, and the intelligence can be released, and the means elaborated by which the thing is to be done.

So two questions emerge. The first is this: Is there in "Creation" or in "Nature" or in "Social Compacts" or in "Evolution" or in all of them put together, or in our own theory of society, any room for the expansion of social organization in the direction of that somewhat better, more desirable, more human, more humane world? For an answer to this question we must, as always, appeal to *experience*, as we shall do in the next chapter, making our inquiry of Nature, as that is found in experience.

The second question is this: can we find in society any analytical or critical principle or energy that can be directed to, or depended upon for the development of this better, more desirable, more human and more humane society? If there be room in nature for change, for "progress", can we ever have a social order that will rise above the levels of primitive habit, reorganize old habits on more intelligent

lines, make institutions criticize themselves at the call of growing human need, and so give growing scope for the increasing participation of all men and women and children in that greatest and best of all human goods—the shared life of a human community? That is to say, can *society* ever become the promise and the realization of the release and expression of all the potentialities of the human organism? Nobody knows, of course, what those potentialities are. The folkway past has been a conspiracy of the present against the future: a conspiracy of the existent against the hoped-for; and legends have grown up to justify this conspiracy. But the present "revolt of youth", for example, is one evidence that this conspiracy is doomed: the future will have more "self-determination" than any past has ever known.

Just what is involved in all these considerations will appear, in some small part, at least, in later chapters, when we shall consider the theme of "mind", and its share in the development of experience.

CHAPTER VI

WHAT IS NATURE?

SO far we have had to use certain words in their customary significations, leaving to later chapters the task of interpreting them in terms of this philosophy of experience. In dealing with both Habit and Society, the word Nature has been frequently used: Habit is one of the *orderly aspects* of Nature; Society is that aspect of Nature in which *regularity* and *innovation* fight for precedence. But what is Nature? We turn to that question now.

Our minds are easily influenced by words and phrases. We all have opinions which we call "our very own" and which we cling to as to a raft in the prospect of shipwreck. It is likely most of those opinions were really given to us by parents, teachers and friends, or garnered from favorite books; or even picked up in the most random fashion from some passing moment. Words and phrases lead us, hold us, whip us, frighten us, bully us: we saw this fact in its baldest brutality during the recent war, when words were used to build up our morale, to mould us, to tear us to pieces, to make us give up

our money, our neighbors, our friends, our lives. Most of us permit words and phrases to shape our social careers: we all want to "belong" to something. Especially we permit words to organize our mental patterns. Words with this moulding power are many.

The word Nature is one of them. In recent centuries, Nature has become one of the most tyrannical of words, though its tyrannies are not of its own making, and not all after the same pattern. The word affects everybody—but not all in the same fashion or degree. To the old-time religionist Nature is still "the body of this death"—though just what that biblical phrase means he would have some difficulty in explaining; it is still "carnal", still allied to the work of "the devil". The older connotations of Nature are among the curious hangovers of ancient fears in the modern world.

To the scientist—at least in theory—Nature is a domain of rigorous "natural law". To him the phrase "laws of nature" means something rigid, irrevocable, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. To him a "law of nature" is something like an unbreakable steel cable that binds the universe together: if the law should break, or be broken, the universe would fly to pieces. And every little where this steel cable of "law" is coiled about a "fact" which holds the "law" from slipping, and which is itself made doubly secure in its position by being

tied up with the "law". This conception of the scientist is almost as naïve as is that of the religionist.

To certain modern poets and novelists Nature is all that is romantic: the woods in spring; moonlight on the river; lofty mountains covered with pine forests; June nights and soft music across still waters:

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms were then to me
An appetite: A feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm.

Lovers of Nature, in moods like this, like to break off "bits of nature" to take back home with them to their somewhat dull apartments, if they live in cities. To become "wholly natural"—whatever that may mean—is to them an idyllic, though probably hopeless, dream.

To still others, as even to Wordsworth in his later years, nature becomes something more mystical:

—a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels

All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

Can Nature be at once "the body of this death", the domain of rigorous and eternal laws, the realm of vast romance, and "the still sad music of humanity"?

Well, Nature has a long strange history. To primitive minds it is naïvely personal: it helps and it hinders; it bites and scratches, and stings and roars, and threatens, and at last, it kills; it feeds and warms and offers its generous bounties; it plays favorites and takes revenge: you must be careful not to presume too much on Nature's good humor; you must not sing before breakfast lest you cry before night; and you will show your wisdom by watching your step every moment of your days!

To the modern scientist, on the other hand, nature is absolutely impersonal: it assists no one, it hinders no one, intentionally. Nature is the source and substance of life—to be enjoyed and used by those who take the trouble to understand its laws and "usages". Nature has no morality, no moral leanings: it responds to "bad" men as readily as to "good" men—provided only that each has learned the technic of control. The rains of heaven fall with impartial favor on the just and on the unjust.

Between these two attitudes toward Nature—the primitive personification and the modern scientific—

lies most of the human story, almost all of civilization. Between these two attitudes we should find, if we had time to trace out all ramifications of the plot, a complete account of the escape of the human mind from its primitive fears and hesitancies into whatever "scientific freedom" of adventure the race has achieved; and this is the one singly most important thread in all the tangled skein of human history.

This change of mental attitude on the part of men does not mean that nature has lost its old precariousness. Nature is still precarious; but science is finding out how to harness the powers of nature, to control them, or many of them, and bring them into the service of human need. So the more primitive Nature is being dispossessed of her ancient domain and artifice is being installed in her stead. That is to say, for modern science—at least for modern applied science—nature has come to be the *means of getting things done.* Some things that need to be done are colossal, like feeding and clothing the nation. For such purposes nature must be subdued, harnessed, organized: she must be made to produce goods, transport those goods, and distribute them regularly, efficiently, continuously, without falling down on the job. Under such responsibilities, nature must take on the orderliness and regularity of a railroad time-table: a railroad time-table is nature brought to time, nature working smoothly, in fractions of minutes, and with almost absolute accuracy.

But time-tables "get on our nerves" between trains. Who wants a time-table at a picnic? Then we want other things: release from schedules, freedom, joy, expression. For such experiences nature must not be too completely organized: she must yield unanticipated moments, unsuspected vistas, strangely stirring mysteries, allurements that both delight and repel. We turn to the wild for our picnic grounds.

That is to say, we want nature to be both modern and primitive: both scientific and naïve; both mechanically regular and erratically "human". We want to find "laws" and we want lawless areas; we want rational results, when we want them, and we want erratic moments, now and again; we want efficiency in the railroad and the subway, and romance in the grove and the park. We want nature to "serve" us in the gas engine and the telephone; and to rejoice with us on summer evenings. What is Nature?

It was long assumed—by certain religious traditions, at any rate—that man was external to Nature: that he had been created and put *into* the world, set over against Nature, with the command to make war on Nature, to subdue and reduce to control the resources which this alien Nature offered him. But as we have already seen, both history and philosophy attest that man has had a natural history: he bears in his body the marks of the cosmic processes out of which have come the world, and all that is in or of the world, including himself. He has been

. . . heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom,
To shape and use . . .

Man is nature—as much as are the woods and winds and waters; and when Wordsworth hears in nature "the still sad music of humanity" he hears the woods and winds and waters, it is true, but he hears them integrated through his own nature. Human nature is an exquisite integration of innumerable "intimations" that antedate the appearance of man.

And man is nature coming, slowly, painfully, haltingly to awareness of its own meanings and uses. Man is not an excrescence upon or with nature. Man is relevant. He gathers up the scattered threads of process and meaning. He is nature passing critical and creative judgment upon her own processes, selecting this, rejecting that—not because this is more "real" than that, but because it is more desirable or more useful, or more beautiful—and so he makes nature over nearer to his heart's desires.

These processes of "making nature over"—which run through all stages of utility—culminate in the processes we call Art. For Nature is both the *means* of life—that is the materials for our uses—and also the *ends*—that is the source and repository of human hopes and happiness. Now nature as "materials" is always subject to discredit: it is often useless, re-

fractory, "base", when we most want it to be useful, plastic, possessing integrity; and nature as "ends" is ever precarious: our hopes of happiness are ever slipping through our fingers and escaping. The rainbow appears for a moment only. But when nature culminates in the forms of great art we feel the complete merging of "means" and "ends": material has been absorbed into meaning; meaning has come to full expression in material—with nothing left over either way—"with the wonder of the new and the grace of the gratuitous".

To be sure, Art in this sense cannot really become the object of a collector, for art is in the shaping, not in the thing shaped: collectors may carry away a finished object, and wonder all their days at the passion it evokes. But *art*, itself, must go on to other shapings and creatings, until the end shall be that nature herself shall become the expression of "a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused", as men freely reorganize the world to meet their human needs; and something of this creative freedom becomes the natural and uncontested estate of all human beings.

And so we see that nature is *not* a final order of the world of experience—which must be accepted as given. Nature is the past of the universe, and of human history, with whatever of greatness or of meanness may be there; it is the present, with its suns and stars, its whirling atoms and illimitable

spaces, its confusions and chaos, its hopes and its despairs; and it is still the future—the *unfinished business of existence,* whether we speak of the material means of living or of the ideals and aims of life. Looked at narrowly, nature is the scene of our human exploits: the materials by means of which we live and work out our realized and unrealized lives, expressing ourselves, and mayhap transcending ourselves, and becoming creative artists of living. But nature is also more than a scene of exploits; it is, itself the exploit: it is human life emerging from the primitive past, out of its degradations and its fears, and achieving freedom and rationality and beauty, by its growing understanding, by its intelligent acceptance of its materials, and by its artistic remoulding of those materials to new levels of beauty and use.

In any case nature is not, exclusively, either the fearsome thing the primitive mind envisaged, or the lifelessly rigorous affair that modern science, in its isolation, depicts. "I mean by nature", says Darwin, "only the aggregate action and product of many natural laws, and by laws the sequence of events as ascertained by us". A "law" is a sequence of events which can be used for the purpose of controlling future events. But a nature that permits itself to be regulated by "laws" that men have elaborated (of course we can do this because we also are of nature) is not something to be feared unduly;

nor is it something above either criticism or reconstruction: it is something to use, to master, to control, and to make over in such ways as to include the ends we hold to be desirable—if we find those ends to be practicable in terms of our existent knowledges.

When man appeared upon the earth he appeared in the midst of a precarious scene—with "life" as the most precarious factor in the scene. Nature is never "permanent". Cosmic creation goes on to-day as much as ever. Should not man take a hand in these creative processes and suffuse them with the aims and desires that are implied in "mind"? Should not man's hopes and aspirations become the ends toward which nature should be directed? Should not "mind" become the clue to the future of nature? Should not Science—some day to appear—become, not Knowledge passively contemplative of an Ultimate Reality which God, the Great Artist, had completed for the purpose of having it stored in some Museum of the Universe,—but just the refinement of those creative processes ever going on, out of which "brute nature" has so far come, and out of which a nature ever more adequate to human need will continually come?

Nature is not something outside of, unrelated and irrelevant to men. In nature we find lawlessness, and laws in the making, and laws that serve our need; romance, and mystery, and presage of both good and evil; primitive forces that help the "good" and that

hinder the "bad", and other forces that reverse the process; and moments of great beauty which seem to tell us what human life might be if we could find out how to make those moments either permanently real, or more frequently recurrent than they now are.

Nature is involved in life, and life is of course involved in nature. Life seems to be an expression not of some fixed mood of nature but of its evolving processes; and not of processes that are fixed forever in a single groove, but of processes that interminably weave and interweave, yielding moments for the interference of intelligence; so that, if we learn how, we may help, age after age, to select processes artistically intelligent enough to produce an ever finer human living, and a nature as well that will accept and foster that finer human living.

To be sure, nature, in our experience, has the last word to say about life. But the nature that in these days says that last word is not—at least in many cases—that old "brute nature" from which primitive man recoiled in abject fear. It is a nature made humane by human sympathies; tentatively intelligent by scientific research and experimentation; beautiful by art; and, it may even be, spiritually revivifying by philosophy. Of course the concept of a supernature fails to convince the naturalistic philosopher. What nature holds concealed within the future he does not pretend to know. Experience is not ended.

Nature is not exhausted. Nature which gives us life and being, and the riches of experience, must be permitted to have that last great word—and what comes after—without dogmatism on the part of the philosopher. But a nature that holds within its processes the secret of life can not be the wholly brutal, "materialistic", deadly, unspiritual thing sometimes depicted by our youthful pessimists who, because they cannot pick figs from thorn trees, argue that such things as figs do not exist.

CHAPTERS VII & VIII

MIND AND MATTER [1]

WHAT the world is, or may be, "outside of and beyond our knowledge", no one will ever know, as must be obvious, although there is much, at any particular time, *in* experience that is *not in knowledge*. Hence, when we seek for "something real" outside of relationships in our experience, we seek an impossible abstraction; and if we should ever be able to find, as some seekers have professed to do, such an "ultimate reality", we should find something so idealized, so attenuated, so remote from the world in which we actually live, as to be not merely irrelevant, but to be perverting in its effects upon our living—as is the case with the findings of many esoteric religious sects. This does not mean, let the reader be assured, that there is no *existence* outside our knowledge. It merely means that "objects of

[1] Ordinarily, these two categories, Mind and Matter, would be dealt with in two separate chapters. After trying to treat them in such a dualistic fashion, I came to the conclusion that the procedure was unsound. I have therefore dealt with both themes in this single chapter in order to maintain the practical unity of the whole subject, but have indicated the analytic distinctions within the field by giving the chapter this dual heading.

knowledge" are *inside*, not outside our experience; that we cannot *know* anything save as it comes inside the areas of knowledge.

What is "reality"? What is the Constitution of the United States? Some would reply: "A certain document written in 1787, put into operation in 1789, to which have been added some nineteen several amendments". But such an answer would be legalistic, metaphysical, mythical. The real constitution of the United States—as was abundantly demonstrated in recent war-time—is certain basic social relationships in our national, group and individual living, upon which, often by the narrowest margins, the decisions of the Supreme Court turn. The Fourteenth amendment has come to mean whatever the Supreme Court needs to have it mean at any specific time. The Fifteenth amendment means nothing at all—in many parts of the country. The First amendment means very little. The Eighteenth may go the same way. Political "reality" is not in documents; "reality" is not in things: *reality* is in *the actual run of events in experience.*

This "run of events", taken by and large, past and present, severally and inclusively, makes up the "order of nature", as we *know* it. Within this "order of nature" we find two aspects, two characters that may be tentatively differentiated, namely: first, that of the sequence, the regularity or irregularity of

these events, their order or lack of order; and second, that of logical connection of events—their relationships, interdependences, meanings. Both these characters are present in our experience, and both are *real*. At least neither is *more* real than the other. These two characters of events in experience appear, when they emerge into critical examination, as Matter and Mind: the *sequence* of events in experience and nature is what we mean by "matter"; the *meanings* of events in experience and nature is what we mean by "mind". When our experiences "hold together" in certain ways, we say that we used "iron" in our constructions. When we want our experiences to operate in certain ways, we use "gold", or "wood", as the case may require. That is to say, *matter* is the means by which we determine the order and direction of our experiences.

Now, "mind" and "matter" are not strangers to each other: they are not set over against each other in nature, as they often are in our theories. They need each other: they are implied in each other; they are pertinent to each other; they do not exist in isolation from each other; and the long efforts of philosophers to isolate them from each other, to set up invidious comparisons between them, to make one of them "noble" and the other "base", or to deny the meanings of the one or the other, have not only been socially and morally disastrous, but they have been futile in logic, because they have set up more

problems than they have solved. Doubtless, "matter" and "mind" are not to be confused; but, on the other hand, they are not to be so separated as to make the question as to how "mind" can operate in a "body" impossible of intelligent consideration.

To be sure, in any logical analysis, factors that are distinguishable must be set apart for purposes of intellectual clarification and mental grasping; but *the whole*—of anything—has an integrity that is always destroyed (as well as realized) in any process of analysis; and that original wholeness—enriched by new content of details—must be brought back into experience as quickly as possible when the analysis has been completed. *Reality* does not reside in details: a flower is not "made up" of its "parts". The details are *refuse* left over from analysis, good for nothing but to be swept out upon the "dump". "Matter" by itself is refuse; "mind" by itself is refuse: *reality* is a wholeness in which both appear.

So, for better or for worse, these two characters in experience and in nature must be studied in relationship to each other, not in separation or divorce from each other. (Hence, this double-headed chapter). For though we must seek the significance of each of these characters of experience in our most critical moods, the original wholeness of experience must not be ignored, or denied. We shall follow these two characters further into experience and nature.

Matter is not an "independent existence": present-day physics completely exhibits this fact. Nor is it merely a passing "event". It is a property of events; it is a general character of events. Nothing "material" is "eternal": certainly an atom is not. Scientists are now telling us that the atom is but a temporary equilibrium of stresses within the whirling forces of the universe. Matter is the promise and premise of orderliness in events, the predictability of events. Matter is not the "cause" of mind; it is no more than a *condition* of the manifestation and appreciation of mind. In short we may say that matter is that character of events by means of which, as our knowledge grows, we can more and more nearly determine the sequence and order of those events.

When we first come upon "mind", in history, it is a *system of meanings*—the "folkways" and "mores" of the primitive social group: inside this system of meanings, the primitive group's "run of events", or current of living, is embedded. Everything happens inside this system of meanings: these folkways and mores continuously give meaning to any specific event. Hence, from the first, *meaning* is as much a part of an event as its sequence, or place. A thundercloud *means* rain, quite as truly as it *gives* rain: its reality is quite as much in its meaning as in its giving. Mind is just as real as matter—if that question has any relevance.

Events vary both in their sequences and in their meanings. Some events are purely "natural": they just occur, without intention or choice—like a cyclone. Some are more orderly, occurring in some definite sequence, directed to results—like the growing of a tree. Not all "natural" events are, at present, subject to "control"; but it seems likely that they might all be, eventually, related into sequences, in such ways as to make a control possible if it were worth while to do so. This concept of "control" brings "sequence" and "meaning" into a single clue.

Even in what may look like the most chaotic of natural on-goings, something of sequence can be found. Even the cyclone has a "natural history". Events follow each other; they exist alongside each other: day follows night; growth comes with the coming of the sun; the day and the sun always travel together. The world is full of sequences and co-existences in events.

These orders of sequences and co-existences can be disentangled from the mere masses of events, and made useful for the purposes of forecast and direction. The farmer can find out the best time to plant his corn, or his cabbages, or his cucumbers. He discovers sequences of events that are important; and in finding out those sequences, he develops and demonstrates his "intelligence", his mind. So mind appears: mind is, in its earlier forms, the emergence of

orderliness in events which carry forward to a desired end.

Such mind may be merely habit—the repetition of events—and as such it may degenerate into mere sequence, become physical in character, and end as *matter*. Mind easily becomes set in physical ways, and becomes *finished!*

But mind can be more than this mere repetition of events, world without end. Mind may become direction of events, organization of new sequences, controlling events to selected, reconstructed, or deferred and distant aims, requiring nice calculations and minute adjustments. Hence, mind, escaping from habit and the folkways, may become the instrument of directed changes in nature. In this sense, mind as meaning and control tends everywhere to put its impress upon matter, so that it is not an idle dream to suppose that "nature" may some day cease to be as much mere "brute fact" as it is now, and may become, more and more, controlled and enjoyable experience.

But mind, even in this general sense, is much limited in its ability to escape from the fascinations of the regular and the orderly: it falls into and enjoys —in spite of all sorts of concomitant evils—the grooves of habit and custom which have been set in matter, like ruts in a highway. These ruts obstruct when life seeks to change direction, when the high-

way is to be made over. This is seen when a new invention comes along: when, for example, the old wagon fails and the steam engine has come in. At such times all the rigidities of matter come to the defence of the old tool; and all the old mind—of habit and custom—argues for the old against the new. For the new will not and cannot run in the old grooves. The steam engine changes the speed of living; it changes the character of tasks; and the relationships of groups and individuals will have to be made over: institutions will feel the impact of this new invention—church and state and politics and the home, as well as industry. The new invention introduces new sequences of events into experience; it calls for new adjustments of all old sequences to each other and to the new; it calls for a more or less complete recasting of meanings, relationships, logical connections: that is to say, it calls for new mind in the race.

The new situation needs more flexible, more sensitively organized and concentrated, more tirelessly persistent mind. Such characteristics are not usually found in *general mind*, folkway mind, mob mind: such mind is frequently less flexible than the demands made by the new situation call for; it is more loosely organized, more diffused, and though momentarily explosive, it is easily exhausted. Flexibility of mind, sensitivity of attention and persistence of concentration are usually to be found, not in this

general mind, but in individual centres of mind, in individual minds.

But, individual minds are rare. Individuality in mind connotes freedom from the grooves of general mind; the initiation of observation of nature and experience from some independent standpoint; the presentation of these observations to critical examination; and the elaboration of novel opinions upon the basis of these critical examinations. Such individual minds are just as "natural" as are the more conventional types: they are simply more rare—like most precious things in nature. In such minds, traditions, the folkways, customs tend to disintegrate: new sequences, new meanings appear—and "science" may emerge!

In such a mind, the Ptolemaic universe, for example, passes away and the Copernican takes its place—the new universe being properly named for the mind in which it germinated. In such a mind the world that was made in six days passes away and a universe without beginning and without end takes its place—though the fact that such a universe takes its place in the mind, say, of Herbert Spencer does not mean that it will take its place in the "general mind". In the "general mind" old worlds and old fragments of old worlds are piled about in amazing confusion, like articles in an ancient attic. But in individual minds, here and there, now and then, old systems dissolve and new orders offering greater

freedom to more individual minds, emerge. Now and again, in some individual mind, such as Jefferson or Lincoln, appears the germ of a social order in which all individuals will be, and will be accepted as, candidates for eventual freedom, individuality; but no such germ has yet been able to mature. The general human climate is still too rigorous for any plant so tender.

It is no accident that most great scientific discoveries bear the name of some great man: "Newton's Law of Gravitation" is a "law of gravitation" such as could grow up in a certain individualized centre of mind at a certain time in the seventeenth century. Since the coming of Einstein, the fact that it was, in truth, *Newton's* law has become more unmistakable.

So nature is *creative;* and *mind* is the aspect of nature in which this creative element comes to awareness of itself. But every such creative moment involves "matter" as well as "mind". However, in any creative moment—for example, in the absorbing research experiences of the scientist in his laboratory —the *physical* and the *mental,* matter and mind, revert to nature, to an undifferentiated *experiencing,* which is neither physical nor mental, neither matter nor mind, but just intense experiencing: something prehistoric, pre-analytic. For example, when the physicist is studying the problem of the nature of the atom, he finds certain discrepancies in its movements: he finds it exhibiting qualities that do not

comport with current assumptions as to its structure. He find contradictions between old theories and his own observations; he finds contradictions among various aspects of his own observations. He sees these contradictions tearing the old arguments, the old assumptions, the old atom, all to pieces. He becomes absorbed in this dissolving of the established world: new creation is taking place in his experience, as in the experience of Copernicus or of Newton.

New elements come into view: the atom, as a solid bit of identical "matter" passes out of the picture; in its place comes a sort of solar system, in which certain "bodies" move with velocities approaching that of light, and in which the arrangement of these "bodies" determines chemical quality. Are these elements under observation "mental" or "physical"? The scientist does not stop to ask; such a question would not only be irrelevant, it would be ruinous: for it would miss the problem and undo the work of hours, or days, or a lifetime. He calls the new "body" in his observations an "electron". Its place in the atom is hypothetical, problematical. An hypothesis begins as "mental", a guess, more or less plausible. An hypothesis may explain the conditions or it may not. The observer's opinion, integrating his attention to various phases of his research is fluid: it flows back and forth. In the long run, as certainty grows, the hypothesis, i. e., the electron, will organize itself into the physical and become solid

part of the structure of the atom; or it will return into the mental and be rejected: if it fits it becomes physical; if it does not fit, it remains mental. The scientist will not be able to decide which it will be until the whole investigation is over and the world of physical things begins to recompose.

Why then do we classify—in our ordinary estimates—"matter" as "dead" but "eternal" and "mind" as "living" but "temporary"? Partly because we are still dominated by primitive fears which distort all our immediate experiences, making the things of *sense* loom big in our eyes, and which dominate our critical experiences, making "mind" its own executioner. The "mental" is more precarious than the "material" but it is no less *real.* It is in fact far more real to most of us most of the time.

Moreover, we have been subjected for several centuries now to the doctrine that "truth" is "fact" and that "fact" is always accepted on the evidence of the senses. And, since we can not see or taste or hear or feel or smell "mind", nor grasp the creaking of its joints, we have accepted the doctrine that it has no "reality"—defining "reality" as that which can be "sensed". So, excluding by definition the thing that we seek for, we turn round and exhibit great surprise at not finding it within the terms of our definition!

But also, we have been brought up, since primitive times, to be mentally lazy: we are not after a

"mind" that is natural, related to nature, intimate in natural processes, effective in achieving changes in nature; we want a "mind" that is distinct from gross "matter", above nature, framed in Platonic splendor and carrying its own writ of eternal assurance. It wearies us to face the real tasks of mind: to give meaning and direction to events; to select desirable sequences of events, and by long investigation, learn how to combine those sequences in such ways as to produce stability, affirmative quality, beauty and peace upon the earth; to understand the mind's own nature; to choose its own destiny; to work out its own salvation, in the midst of spaces and times; and by the uses of physical relationships, to organize a world that shall be more enduringly enriching and satisfying. We want "minds" that will do these things or will have done these things while we go fishing. Not finding such "minds" we surrender to some primitive fear and we erect that fear into a materialistic metaphysic.

But, in spite of the absolutisms of our younger psychologists and critics, knowledge began before 1910, even before 1907. Socrates was a not unimportant figure in the world's life; Plato and Aristotle are still worth knowing. "Mind" is, first, a general system of meanings—inclusive of all existent meanings; and it is promise of more meanings now vaguely hidden in the fringes of experience. "Mind" may never be anything else; for millions it *is* never any-

thing else. They share the folkway meanings of their families and groups and are content.

But also mind may become individualized, escaping from the grooves of custom, striking out on its own lines, and so giving new patterns to the world, and new character to the events of an age. Mind may grow, elaborate, change, emerge into new areas, as realistically as does the physical aspect of experience. Such natural mind may, perhaps, never achieve the glory of a Platonic heaven; but it can and does, like Plato himself and all other individualized centres of mind, help to clear away some of the mists from the face of nature; some of the dust from the objects of experience; and enriching the ranges of life's meanings and controls, it redeems experience from a few more of its primitive fears, and gives to life a luminosity and a courage that have imperishable quality.

CHAPTER IX

LEVELS OF BEHAVIOR

THE world moves: so the astronomers say, though Old Brother Jasper was not convinced of it. Things are moved: water runs down hill; winds are blown; tides ebb and flow. Plants grow; and though they do not travel—much—they do respond to various types of stimulations: that is, they *behave*—after simple fashions.

Animals grow, and change, and move about: they walk, run, fly, swim—defying "gravitation"; they chase each other, dodge each other, play with each other, kill each other. In short, they *behave*—more or less complexly. In man behavior becomes enormously complicated—a real achievement, or congeries of achievements.

Behavior is more than movement, more than action. A stone falls from a ledge, striking the ground below. Nothing has happened on the inside of the stone: it had to be pushed off the ledge; while falling, it did not differ from what it was when at rest. It has to be acted upon externally if it is to change its

position or shape; and its internal structure has no bearing upon its fate—except as an index of the uses to which it may be put—again externally. Grammar made the distinction in our childhood: some things *act;* other things have to be acted upon. The world is full of the latter sort of movements.

Behavior is more than this. It is movement according to a pattern: activity that has some integrity of plan. It is action in which two or more lines of movement seemingly separately initiated all combine eventually in a common impact upon a common objective. In behavior, therefore, something takes place on the inside: tensions of various sorts develop; energies are distributed and redistributed; directions of discharge are shifted, changed; and the outcome may be quite the reverse of anything apparent at the beginning of the activity. That is, in behavior there is something qualitatively different from anything observed in the falling of a stone. This insistence upon qualitative difference in the two cases rests upon the evidence.

To be sure, a man might also fall off a ledge, and exhibit movement comparable to that of the stone: he might, for all his internal stresses and strains in mid-air, strike the earth like a stone and be broken. But he might also do something no stone ever did, namely catch hold of branches or projecting rocks on the way down, and thus either lighten his ultimate crash or break his fall altogether. There is evi-

dently something in animals and man that is not found in stones.

But, if the behavior of animals differs from the mere movements of stones, does behavior, itself, show qualitative internal differences that cannot be denied by the candid observer? Is all behavior, qualitatively, the same behavior? Or, are there differences within animal behavior comparable to the qualitative differences between the movement of the falling stone and the behavior of simpler animal organisms?

Naturalistic experience, untainted by prejudicial theories, answers emphatically that there are. At least, there are two levels of qualitative differences within behavior; namely, behavior of a relatively simple, reflex, stimulus-response type of which habit is the mark; and behavior of that more complex, delayed-response type which is called *deliberative* or *reflective*, and which "defines mind as intellect".

Therefore in our discussion of behavior we must differentiate three levels upon which evolutionary energies have specifically emerged and been operative. These three levels are variously set forth in modern doctrines of "emergent evolution". Professor Dewey describes them as follows:

The first level is that of external physical relationships which can be stated in mathematical-physical terms. This is the level of "matter", with me-

chanical movements as its characteristic. "Behavior" in the proper sense of the word is here still unknown.

The second level is that of living things which, while they differ marvelously from type to type, all display this one qualitatively identical character that they integrate complex movements into organized patterns, using the physical materials of the world as *means* for the accomplishments of "vital" ends. This is the "organic" level. Physiology is the characteristic science of this level.

The third level is that upon which "organisms" participate in activities, taking on "meanings", deliberating upon "meanings", emerging into diverse individualities with the power of critical intercommunication. On this level, activity rises above mere impulse, mere response, and becomes related to selected, treasured, deferred and distant meanings: the world is "presented" before the act is consummated. This is the level of "mind as intellect". Here, psychology, ethics, logic and philosophy attempt interpretations.

Each more complicated level of emergence catches up, integrates and uses for its own patterns all that has gone before. Intellect uses physiological structures; physiological structures use physical materials. The "higher" uses the "lower".

This does not mean that the lower explains the higher. The higher is always something more than

could have been expected from an examination of the lower, or the "parts" which preceded it. In other words, that later "whole" is always more than the sum of its "parts", as modern science is so abundantly, though it must be admitted, somewhat unwillingly, demonstrating: the stream of evolutionary "emergence" has risen higher than its source.

Behavior, accordingly, is activity integrated on various levels. An organism ties together single physical movements into a complex but integrated pattern of action: on the psycho-physical level, into the characteristic vegetative and physiological functionings and movements by which the ends of life, on that level, are achieved and the continuance of the organism is assured; on the mental level, into the characteristic associative, participatory and deliberative functionings and programs by means of which the ends of experience on that level are achieved and the continuance of the higher organism is assured. This mental level constantly uses structures and patterns of activities that were developed on preceding levels. Hence, it takes the whole preceding history to account for present conditions on any level; in addition, that unaccountable excess which is the amount by which the "whole" exceeds the sum of its "parts."

In recent years, the interpretation of "mental" life has been largely taken over by what is variously called "behaviorism". Much light has been thrown on mental processes by this development, as well

as not a little darkness. For, just at the point where what common sense calls "the mental level of behavior" emerges, behaviorism tends to become blinded by its own dogmatisms. The most advertised type of Behaviorism is able to understand what is meant by "physical" and by "physiological"; and it can accept both physical and physiological phenomena as "real". It stops short at that point, however: it is willing to admit that there are qualitative differences between "mechanical" movements on physical levels and "organic" movements on physiological levels. But it can see no qualitative differences on this final, physiological level: here, all is just "behavior"; and while behaviors may differ in mechanical details—the amœba being less complicated than the human being—yet, qualitatively, all behavior is the same behavior. The behavior of the amœba as it ingests its food is qualitatively as perplexing as is the behavior of the behaviorist as he analyzes the behavior of the amœba and writes a book on the subject—which the amœba will never even read. The fact that the human being can *present* to himself the conditions of action before he acts means nothing to the dominant school of behaviorists, to-day: what goes on in the experience of the human being is not qualitatively different from what goes on in a head of cabbage as it "contemplates" its own environment—it is merely a bit more complicated, that is all!

This type of behaviorism has identified the mechanisms of behavior with behavior itself: as if a man were to deny the reality of the spring growth in his garden because he could state the nature of his spade—with which he has made his garden—in terms of the physics and chemistry of iron. This school of Behaviorism excludes all the overtones of relations, cogitations and consequences from behavior—just as if the physical and chemical changes that are implied in an act were the act itself; as if a neural impulse were identical with seeing a landscape and getting one's bearing as to a day's trip from such seeing.

This type of behaviorism claims to be "purely objective" and "scientific", having no need of philosophy or metaphysics. But, any logician could tell this behaviorist that disclaiming philosophy is itself a philosophy; and denying metaphysics is itself a metaphysic. But the behaviorist is not alone in his naïveté. Many other "scientists" claim a similar "objectivity"—having no need of "philosophy". This is one of the weaknesses of science. "Having no philosophy" really means having a primitive, irrational philosophy, or a traditional and rationalistic one, which may assume, for example, that "reality" resides in "things", or in "facts", or in some other phase of the world which appeals specifically to such uncritical naïveté.

Now behavior offers without doubt the most satisfactory approach to the problems of psychology;

and modern psychology, disillusioned of many anciently accepted standpoints, turns wistfully to behaviorism for a clue. On physiological levels present-day behaviorism convinces. But aside from its capacity to interpret behavior on these physiological levels by means of its somewhat overworked "conditioned reflex" it has largely ceased to be a scientific movement and has become instead a sort of propagandism for a specific doctrine pushing all else aside.

We shall, however, go on to a true behaviorism, which will accept evidence, reconstruct its doctrines to meet the inescapable criticisms of indubitable facts, and so become the interpreter of the phenomena of mind to our confused and questioning experience. Such a behaviorism will deal with physiological levels of behavior by means of categories suitable to their explication; and with deliberative levels of behavior by means of categories growing out of the facts.

This second phase of the problem will present difficulties to the new behaviorism; but those difficulties will not be metaphysical or philosophical: they will be difficulties of life; difficulties of understanding certain types of facts in this indescribably complicated world of experience. That is to say, the difficulties that confront the true behaviorist are not problems of his own concoction, or problems inherited from the non-science of the past: they are problems of

experience itself. And in the long run, experience will see to it that its own problems shall be neither ignored nor denied nor denounced as incredible or impossible.

In that newer behaviorism "mind" will be present, and be recognized. "Mind" is not something injected into nature, hence it need not be injected into psychology. "Mind" is an organization of energies and affairs within nature and experience; hence it cannot be denied its place in psychology. If "mind" is not in nature and experience, then it has no place in a study that purports to report what is in nature and experience; but if it is in nature and experience, it can scarcely be excluded from that report.

"Mind" as conceived (and experienced) in naturalistic empiricism is related to the organization of physiological and physical factors in experience: its functions are integrations of the structures of the physical world and the patterns of organic behavior. Hence "mind" is pertinent to nature; and nature is its "natural" habitat, the scene of its adventures, its investigations, its plannings and its inventions, and the subject matter of its varied knowledges. Experience is acquainted with such a mind, and such a mind must find its place in the new behaviorism, no matter at what cost to old dogmas or naïve philosophizings.

Psychology has quite definitely given up that

older mind that was smuggled into nature—when "man became a living soul". That sort of mind never could be at home in the world; never could know nature. For such a mind science must ever be a "dialectic", a theoretical discussion of "what Nature must be like" without investigating the facts.

But, on the other hand, a mind that is but a shadowy accompanier of natural processes, on the physical and physiological levels, that merely trails along behind those processes, as, say, smoke trails a locomotive, watching them, perhaps, and maybe even writing books about them (as a behaviorist writes books about "psychology") would be equally unrelated to nature, equally irrelevant to those natural processes; and a psychology of such a "mind" would be—from the standpoint of those natural processes —an impertinence. In its laudable effort to expose and discredit the mind that had been injected into nature by the older psychologies, Behaviorism has gone so far as to make "mind" nothing but a shadowy thing that dogs the heels of events, and tries to justify its existence by reporting what it sees, calling such reporting science. But by hypothesis such a report will be irrelevant to the situations it describes; incapable of being checked as to its validity; therefore neither true nor untrue; therefore, altogether unimportant.

That is to say, Behaviorism pushes the real problem of psychology aside. That problem is: how

shall we explain the interweaving of "brute happening" in nature with the definite and intelligible plans which experience indubitably organizes and carries out? Physics can explain the sequence of "brute facts". Physiology can explain the sequence of "organic movements" on the levels of impulse. But why should we have psychology at all, if it explain not the organization of those relationships through which sequences of brute facts are selected, analyzed, communicated to others, reorganized and redirected, elaborated, and made to serve the uses and needs of individuals and groups in a common, projected and planned living?

Such a conception of behavior may seem complex and gratuitous. But the organization of behavior patterns is a fact in our experience; and the organization of carefully deliberated behavior patterns is also a fact of our experience. And though organization may be a bitter pill for the simplificationists to swallow, yet the fact is so obvious that any theory that accepts that fact can never be, says Professor Dewey, quite so absurd or speculative as the theory which denies or ignores its existence.

The movement from the lower to the higher levels of behavior will be further dramatized in the next chapter.

CHAPTER X

THE RÔLE OF LANGUAGE

"OF all affairs", says Professor Dewey, "language is the most wonderful". But some will say that language is so "natural", so much a casual part of us, that there can be nothing wonderful about it: the wonder comes when we find human beings who cannot talk, who are *dumb*. Well, wonder be to those who come upon wonderful things! But anyone who has tried to learn a "foreign" language realizes how complicated is the structure of even so common a matter as language, for all it seems so simple in the "mother tongue". He may even be able to see how words and phrases are much like the "old yew" in Tennyson's In Memoriam, which grasps the stones "that name the under-lying dead". Their fibres are netted about old experiences; their "roots are wrapt about the bones". Words and phrases are natural growths in experience: *language* is far more than *talk!*

Language has made the difference between the brutes and man. Discourse, communications

"changed dumb creatures into thinking and knowing animals, and created the realm of *meanings*", i. e., of *mind*. This is the distinctive characteristic of the human being: he lives in a world not of mere things, which he enjoys or suffers, but of things and existences which signify, which have meanings, which carry beyond themselves, which denote eventualities of the future, near and remote, which point to contingencies, which reveal deferred intentions, which rouse hopes and expectations and fears, which tell of dangers and defeats, achievements and fulfilments. Man lives much more in this world of *meanings* than in a world of mere *things*. Language carries these meanings, more or less effectually, releasing them for use, defending them, elaborating them, at times, and sometimes embalming them against further change whether of growth or of decay.

Entering into this world of meanings, the participant himself comes to have meaning: he becomes, sometimes, a being of "large discourse, looking before and after".

And life in these participations passes over from "mere existence" and comes to have meaning: it becomes a purposeful, moral enterprise, with ideals worth working for, even worth dying for!

That is to say, deliberative mind emerges in and through the dramatic movement of discourse, in and through the social content of communication.

(Here we catch a glimpse of the process of education.) Through communication enlarging areas of nature have been occupied by experience, not merely on the enjoying-suffering level but on the reflective level as well. Through converse (not mere conversation) hitherto unrelated ranges of the world have been brought into significant contact with each other; as, for example, when burning coal is put under an air-tight boiler filled with water, and the steam so generated is led through pipes in such ways as to turn wheels round and round: physical factors, hitherto unrelated, are thus brought into specific relationships, and their inter-related meanings and their uses in experience, theretofore unsuspected, are revealed. No one person invented the steam engine: the long converse of many minds preceded and accompanied the work of James Watt, George Stephenson, Robert Fulton. Even the final work of the specific inventor is made possible by all the preceding converse.

Now modern thought has rightly emphasized the significance of individual mind; but has often lost itself in a morass by over-praise of individuals *with* minds. The morass is very real. For "mind", having emerged out of the general mass, tends to become heady and seeks to escape altogether from its "lowly" past,—from its organic rootage in desire and appetite and sense and impulse and feeling. It sets up cults of its own importance. There are

"artists" who would like to believe that art is the product of a qualitatively different type of mind from the "mind of the common run"—even though they are compelled to admit that any artist must saturate himself with the world of sense in order to get materials and "atmosphere" for his work. They would like to think of the artist as a "genius". There are scientists and logicians who would like to separate "intellect" from "emotion", and even from "sensation", and make it a sort of pure white light, shining above the wilderness of passion, sense, and primitive impulse. In their efforts to deal honorably with mind, they tend to cut it off altogether from life, making "art" academic, or, perhaps, supercilious, and making logic and science intellectualistic. Such outcomes are inevitable as long as our psychology remains traditional and invidious.

After all, individuality of mind is partly at least the product of communication. Reasoning and judgment may seem to be of the nature of soliloquy; but they are products not merely of solitude, but of social communication: if we had never reasoned with others, we should probably never have reasoned in private; if we had not talked with others, we should probably never talk to ourselves. Mind is not an abstraction: it is the most vivid of social realities; and reason and judgment, which mark, probably, the high tides of intellectual development, are the products of these same processes of social give and take.

The most "original" of minds discovers its originality in the processes of communication.

It is, accordingly, in the social world of discourse, converse, communication, participation that man becomes *human,* reasonable (if he does) and intelligent; and *language* (not just words!) is the means by which this human world of social and natural meanings becomes the more or less complete possession of each of its member. May we not rightly say, therefore, that language is the "greatest single discovery of man, putting him in potential possession of liberation and order"—that is, of all the world of human meanings? Is it not a pity that language does not mean this to most of us, does not serve us in this greatly humanizing way? Even those who still speak of certain ancient languages as "the Humanities" rarely find *humanity* therein.

(The degeneration of "language" from its high estate, as conceived, say, in the Humanities, of being the bearer of the spiritual resources of an age or a race, to its low estate of being bickerings about the forms and grammatical relationships of words is probably the greatest of all our educational tragedies; but it is a process that is inevitable if language is cut off from its natural rootages and functions in experience and made to be an intellectual thing, of words and "correct usages" only.)

To most of us, however, language is not a great reservoir of meanings; it is a tool, a practical con-

venience, having no profoundly organic significance. We casually think of language as made up of *words:* a sentence is a string of words laid end to end; and a book is a good many sentences, probably arranged in the form of paragraphs and stretching out to certain thousands of words in length. "How long is a novel?" asked an aspiring young author of a publisher whom he happened to meet. "Oh, perhaps sixty thousand words", replied the publisher. "Then mine is done!" cried the author, jubilantly.

In this sense "writing" calls for a "gift of language", meaning a "gift of words". From this point of view, words *express* thought much as a train expresses freight: some trains are full of freight, some are empty. The full trains are "lucky"; the empty ones are out of luck: and it's all "on the lap of the gods!" Some books are full of *ideas;* others are empty of ideas, though full of words: both results are mysterious. To be sure, some writers *have* ideas, which is not altogether a blessing. Other writers have no ideas, though they may be equally good, or even better writers, whatever that may mean; or, if they have ideas, they carefully keep them from getting into their words. So badly confused is all this area of experience, these days, that our dominant theory of writing seems to hold that having ideas is a real obstacle to a "writer": all he needs to have is words, and the ability to lay them end to end in pleasing patterns.

Unfortunately, our educational methods in this field lend much practical support to this theory of language. Pupils get their school words out of dictionaries. Hence in getting their lessons they do not get language, they get words; they do not get meanings, they get definitions; they do not get the spiritual and natural wealth of the world's experience, they get bits of spellings, and linguistics which make good puns.

There is a world of difference between a *meaning* and a *definition:* meanings are rooted deep in the nervous system, and in nature, and, hence, in experience because they are the products of *experiencings;* a definition is made of words supposedly equivalent and committed to memory out of a book of definitions. Hence, when in school "compositions" words taken from dictionaries are laid end to end the result is usually something fearfully and wonderfully *made!* The much-praised "dictionary habit" is one of the worst of all habits, from the standpoint of real educational experience: it usually means a lazy escape from the real task of developing experiences and sharing *meanings,* into the perfunctory task of committing definitions—made out of other words—to memory, or to a note-book! So language which would enrich us all is denied, and *words,* which usually leave us poor as we were, are highly praised.

Language did not come into existence ready-made.

It began, and it still begins, with gestures and sounds not originally used for purposes of communication. A sound is not at first a word; a written mark is not at first a word; a gesture is not at first a bearer of meaning: these are just sounds, or marks, or gestures. An exclamation becomes a word, a part of language, by gaining meaning, so that thereafter two or more persons can have a community of action when that sound or that mark or that gesture appears: they are all stimulated in the same way, and all do the same thing. Language, in this sense, can of course, appear nowhere but in a social milieu, wherein the sounds, the marks, or the gestures which solitary animals make become charged with meaning, and carry suggestions of social action and relationships. So gestures mean certain things in a social group; and sounds, which are, in one sense, vocal gestures, come to have meanings, and more and more refined and defined meanings; and written words, which are still more specialized gestures, appear and become indefinitely variable and cumulative.

Hence language grows; and it must forever grow —as long as meanings grow, as long as experience enriches, which will be as long as nature is variable and unexhausted: which will probably be a very long time. Words cannot be held to specified meanings. Words are *modes* of social interaction, and they have to take the consequences of this fact in a mobile world. Few interactions remain definite.

Hence few words can be nailed down to a specific denotation, and a no less specific series of connotations. A few words in the physical sciences like pound and inch, have been caught and impounded by means of expending millions to maintain standard temperatures, and the like. Some have tried to make such a word as "Americanism" mean something quite as definite: "Words ought to be definite", they say querulously. The word "Americanism" might be made fairly stable by building a wall around America and a roof over it, and arranging for a standard culture to be permanently maintained. But the moment anything starts to grow inside the wall, the word will begin to change.

No living community can safely permit its language to be dominated by the dictionary makers; or its own living, either in its discourse or in its institutions, to be dictated by old words that have escaped from life and settled down to an undisturbed existence in a dictionary or in books, or in any other sanctuary, such as a standard doctrine, or creed, or science, or moral law! Nature and experience must forever keep themselves free from the stagnation that would come of surrendering their vital affairs to the control of some out-moded product of their own pasts, like words, or phrases, or doctrines, or laws—that have grown to maturity on the tree of life, but that, like autumn leaves, still hang on, and

rustle in their deadness to simulate the qualities of life.

Hence and finally, no one can use language with discrimination who thinks of it as made up of words, and who gets his words out of nothing but dictionaries and books. For words are not to be used merely to *express* thoughts; they are also to be used in *thinking*—a vastly different matter. That is, they are instruments to be used in "prying thought loose" from the context of experience, the action, the feeling that are its soil, so that it can be brought out into the light, given definition of contour, and fully realized meanings. So language is the "great single discovery of man" because it is, in its fullest content of treasured experience and meaning, the actual texture of mind. In discovering language, man discovered his own mind; in building up the content of language, man has built up the content of his "mental" world; in developing the wealth of language—in its fullest bearings—man developed the wealth of "The Humanities"; in exercising the processes of dialectic man organized his judgment and reasoning powers; and in losing the real significance of language—in identifying language with words and their grammar—he has come perilously near to losing his own humanity. We shall see more of this in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI

WHAT IS DELIBERATION?

IT is not language, however—as a matter of some 10,000 or maybe 600,000 words found in dictionaries—that is the "single greatest discovery of man"; in some respects, language made of words is the greatest evil ever come upon the human race. As one sees school children struggling with *words*, whether in the "mother tongue" or in "foreign languages", futility and frustration seem most poignantly present: abstract "intellect", cut off from the world of things, from real experiences, from all the natural stimulations that tingle through the nervous system of the primitive child—how can such "minds" escape being lost in such abstractions? We find ourselves at times doubting the existence of certain of the words we use: *do* they exist anywhere but in books? "Learning a foreign language"—by substituting one vocabulary for another, as is the case in most language study, is an illustration of this deadly futility and frustration.

In reality, the "single greatest discovery of man" is the realization that there is, in addition to the

world of things, a world of *meanings* which things offer and suggest; and that a language can develop which will *carry* these *meanings*, and which will denote things. That is, *things*, *meanings* and *words* can be inter-related.

There is about us a world of things. Presumably this world of things has been here a long time, not just as now, but a changing evolving world of things. There is also a world of *meanings:* not iron-clad, unchanging meanings, but a changing, evolving world of meanings that has grown through the ages. And now there are words: not a fixed number of words; not a single system of words; not finished words, but changing, evolving worlds of words. And "the greatest single discovery of man" is this: that *things* have meanings and that meanings can be, more or less effectively, attached to conventional symbols, like sounds and marks, so that those meaningful symbols become parts of existence, parts of nature, *words*,—*language.*

By means of words meanings can be made to stick, so that they can be handled, observed, shaped, treasured, elaborated, developed, suggested to others, insinuated into all sorts of common enterprises, and made the instruments of communication, the "cross-fertilization of cultures", and the organization of "great systems of thought". By means of words, too, meanings can be crystallized, conventionalized, translated into definitions, and fixed, like dead but-

terflies on pin-points, in the straight columns of a dictionary.

It is clear that the discovery of this inner world of language in which *meanings* are treasured, elaborated, differentiated and organized for use, has not been an unmixed good. True, it has brought to us the "potential possession of liberation and order" by enabling us to escape from the demands of immediate response and to develop our plans in inner quiet—by "thinking things out"; it has brought us freedom from immediate activity and enabled us to "take long views of our experiences", and to deal with distant times and spaces—"looking before and after".

But it has also given us the means of escape from the world of things, more or less permanently, into dreams, fantasies, fictions. We can tear *words* loose from their natural rootages in experiences and in our nervous systems, and set up a fictitious world, made of new meanings. We can, for example, make such a word as "nature" mean all that is low, brutalizing, debasing; so that if we should speak of getting closer to nature, we should mean becoming bestial. It is likely that, owing to the religious connotations of the word, most people shrink from the "natural" as they would shrink from the essence of "evil". So we permit words to destroy the world for us!

Words do, at times, so far escape from any original meaning, or natural bearing, as to become, like coins

that have long been used, worn and smooth, so that it is difficult to determine just what their values may be. This outcome is likely to appear in special groups, like modern public school graduates, who have vocabularies that are larger than their ranges of experience; or in groups whose bases of living are changing, like villagers in cities, so that old experiences no longer support the old meanings; or in groups that are imperfectly related to their environments, like employers in relation to employés, so that all they get of the natural run of experiences comes to them indirectly, through newspapers, books, and the like. "We don't speak the same language!"

Such developments would not, however, be so disastrous to our intellectual and moral lives if we were able to understand and see the natural relationships of *things*, *experiences*, and *meanings* in *words*. But philosophy has scarcely invaded this realm—until recently—and we have tended to separate these various aspects of experience from each other: we have thought of the world of *things* as natural and distinct—in "nature"; we have thought of "experience" as something going on outside "nature", and "inside" some "mind"; we have scarcely heard of "meanings"; and "words" have been artifacts, like pieces of money, used in carrying on intellectual commerce, or good materials for mental hoarding: "committing to memory"—not more!

So the world of experience has been broken up—

into separate compartments—with a compartment for *things*—in "nature"; a compartment for *words*—in dictionaries and books; and a compartment for *meanings* (if any) in "minds". The world of things stands by itself; experience lies inside itself; words fill up lists; meanings are esoteric affairs; and artificial bridges have to be built from each of these separate areas to all the others before intellectual commerce can get ahead! What wonder our intellectual life is sterile!

So language becomes material for puns—plays upon the *sounds* of words; much social converse becomes "conversation"—a ripple of words, skimming the surface of things, delightful but not profoundly important. Sometimes *conversation* ventures into *discussion:* words become involved in *meanings;* sometimes, but not often, even with *things.* "Both sides of the matter" may come into consideration; but this is usually on the basis of "agreement as to the meanings of words", not on the basis of investigation of *things.* "Let's define our terms!" Such discussions can run on for hours, or days, or years, even, intermittently, without anyone's ever suggesting that the agreed meanings be carried back to the *things*—not for verbal verification as to "terms"—but for actual confirmation or refutation of the terms in *things* themselves.

Now the greatest of all human goods is shared experience. Ordinary conversation is a form of this

sharing: "Did you know so and so?" "You will enjoy this!" "I've been dying to tell you!" Conversation rarely releases more than this superficial sharing of these more or less prized superficialities, banalities or inanities of experiences.

Discussion goes deeper: it implies an examination of current meanings, and sometimes ends in an acceptance of other meanings. But discussion is usually contained within the bounds of those same current meanings: it rarely calls for an enlargement of the boundaries of meaning, or an appeal to the fringes of experience for enrichment of meanings; and almost never goes to *things* for verification of meanings.

It is all very well for *conversation* to run along in the realm of words and the current coin of opinion and meanings. That is what conversation is for. But a *discussion* that is nothing more than a somewhat organized and heated conversation does not seem to have much significance. The further exploration of the world, the elaboration of meanings, the enrichment of experience, the development of language, the growth of words: these are matters of more fundamental process than is either conversation or common discussion. Here some area of casual experience is definitely lifted up to the level of reflection. Here something to be called deliberation comes in.

Deliberation may be either private or public. It

may be carried on by an individual in his own personal experiencings; or it may be the working out of the meanings implied in the contacts and contradictions of a small group of individuals. However, these are not two different *kinds* of deliberation: they are the same thing, variously developed. No one deliberates within himself who has not found the process of deliberation in his contacts with his groups. Indeed, as James pointed out, the "individual" is a group—a series of selves: and when he deliberates something of the same inter-actions take place as in an overt social group.

When a man says: "Said I to myself . . ." he is reporting a personal experience that was at least conversational, that was certainly of the nature of a discussion, and that may have been a deliberative procedure. When an individual—or a group—gets deeply immersed in the consideration of *meanings* and *things* and their inter-relationships, and undertakes the actual investigation of things, the reconstruction of old meanings, and the elaboration of new meanings which may have to be expressed in new words, the procedure may be called thinking; and if the process really results in some reconstituting of the world of experience, so that things bear different and more desirable relationships to one another (at least within limited areas), so that the individual finds himself in a larger world than before, and so that he has a more complete equipment of tools for

the control of the conditions of experience, it is certain that some real *thinking* has taken place. Deliberation is an organic process within which things and meanings break up, change, and reorganize themselves on more desirable lines.

This is the sort of thing that goes on in the mind of the scientist in his moments of creative investigation: things, experiences, meanings, words—all become fluid, fictile, vivid, alive; they dissolve, change, reintegrate, flow into new shapes, and emerge "new", reconstructive, humble, like a world fresh from creation.

But in social discussions, or in most so-called "deliberative assemblies", little of this sort of thing takes place. The organic growing of "mind" has not yet become real to us. The idea that a committee that meets avowedly for purposes of "deliberation" should really experience real change of mind, real reconstruction of understanding, is a bit too startling. Mostly, what is called "deliberation" really blocks growth. "Deliberative assemblies" scorn real deliberation. A member comes with his own set of private meanings, which he intends to defend at all hazards. He would spurn the suggestion that his private meanings be submitted to social tests as to their relevance to *things* and *experience*. He is well aware that he must protect his prejudices—if they are to be protected: no one else will. He indulges in oratory for the purpose of preventing investiga-

tion; he talks big about "co-operation"—meaning the uncritical acceptance of his private suggestions; he wants quick adjournment; he is sick of "so much talk"—from everybody but himself. Most chairmen of "deliberative groups" are of this sort. That a new age or program should really *germinate* in a deliberative moment is scarcely thinkable as yet.

We say it takes centuries to grow an oak tree; but the time is well spent, because when we get the mature tree it is an *Oak*. We have no such proverb with respect to social growths: a civilization, or even an idea: we assume that our "minds" just picture ideas; and that institutions, cultures, civilizations were *created* and that they exist independent of our minds. Some Europeans charge that America has not much in the way of "culture"; we retort by saying that when we get round to it, we'll soon catch up with Europe and "make culture hum!" This assumes that "culture" can be put on like a new phonograph record.

Now, in all such assumptions and attitudes we miss the significance of *growth* as a factor in nature and experience; we miss that appreciation of "silence and long time" which, according to Keats, is the foster mother of culture and real understanding; and we do not see that the *deliberative mood* is that moment and process in nature and experience in which the inner, creative growth takes place. Not caring much for creative growth in experience, why

should we value the moments when it most fully operates?

This does not mean that living must be nothing but "creation". The "practical man" is surely needed in the world—for keeping certain conventionally important services of life going; but he would soon tie himself hand and foot in the toils of his own habituations if life were not continually renewed, even for him, from those creative sources where the growth of new meanings carries on. It takes many elements working in conjunction to grow a hill of corn: balanced soils, proper moisture, sufficient warmth, good seed, and adequate cultivation: and these must all conjoin in place and order. Moreover, *time* is of the essence of the matter. There must be time for *germination:* for the conjunction of soil, moisture, warmth and seed with time! The farmer who is so practical that he refuses the seed time for germination is a bit too practical for this world.

And the educator, the religious leader, the statesman, the moralist, the parent—who refuses to give meanings time to germinate, or experience time to develop, or situations time to deliberate—is far too practical for this world, though the world seems to be dominated by just such practitioners at the present time.

What shall we get out of deliberation? Does thinking give us "ultimate existence", "metaphysical reality", or something of that sort? Or does it help

us to adjust ourselves more adequately to the emerging new conditions of experience? The world is not all here. Experience is not ended. Intimations of further experience call to us often. Sometimes we easily discover those new ranges of experience and make our worlds over, and find the new levels, the new climates.

But sometimes old ranges of habit and custom, old attitudes, old meanings come into more or less cataclysmic collision or contradiction. Under such circumstances nothing is easily resolved: there is war in our members and anguish in our paths. But if we can learn how, both as individuals, and as members of groups, to become aware of all these colliding and contradictory aspects of experience; if we can let them define themselves in our imaginations, and estimate themselves in our affections and emotions; if we can let them tear themselves to pieces in our analytic reasonings, and choose the fittest of themselves for survival in our judgments; and if we can permit those chosen parts to integrate themselves into new and organic unity, like a tree that, though rough and burly about its roots tends to grow rounded and beautiful in its bole, we should find those experiences of collision and contradiction naturally productive of those organic unities of culture and civilization that we often think we want, but that we either fear to work for, or for the attainment of which we lack the knowledge of the proper methods of procedure.

Deliberation is a real process in nature and experience. It is a positive process, not a negative one. It is a conservative process, in that it makes use of all that is of value in the soils and climates that it expresses. It is a *radical* process only in the sense that it tries to grow things from their roots.

Deliberation is, to be sure, not quite able to guarantee outcomes because nature has ways of producing strangely variant growths from what look like the same conditions. But since nature has the last word in all these matters, anyhow; and since deliberation adequately employed is a process in nature, there seems no sufficient reason why it should not be used, even though it does sometimes produce change. It seems a much better method of procedure than the more violent processes advocated by some. But if the processes of deliberation are denied or perverted in the interest of quiescence and the status quo, it is likely something more violent will occur at times:—nature will have the last word in all these matters.

CHAPTER XII

WHAT IS MORALITY?

OUR almost constant concern is with "goods" and "bads". Our most frequently used expressions probably are: "That's good!" and "That's bad!" We taint our most casual experiences by the use of words that carry moral connotations, until even our most unmoral acts take on the colors of moral quality.

All of which means that we human beings are after all much more preoccupied with the "values" of things than we are with their "existence" or with their "reality". We rarely ask whether a thing is accurate, or substantial, or factual: we ask whether it is comfortable, or conventionally acceptable. We live our lives in the midst of these "values": we pass judgments—our own or borrowed ones—upon practically all our experiences, calling them "good" or "bad", according to the standards that we have received. Choice is natural to us—in a limited way: to live is to choose. We all have these "moral" attitudes, even those of us who are called "immoral".

Then, without premeditation but quite naturally,

we identify the "good" with the "real": what is "good" to us is "real" to the universe; or at any rate, "it ought to be"; and "if we work at it hard enough we can make it so"; or at least, we can make ourselves believe it to be so. Eventually, therefore, most of us have come to assume, quite without thinking, that *our* world is *the* world; that *our* values are *universal* values; that *our* goods are the Ultimate Good. Hence, we feel justified in trying to impose our values on other people, in trying to make them good according to our ideas of good, and in denouncing all their divergences from our own ways as bad. Hence, too, we find ourselves "completely broken up" when any of our values turns out to be questionable; or when any of our "goods" proves to be not so very good. But even then we rarely consent to learn anything from such an experience: we simply say that we "were fooled" by the old experience, and we proceed to build up new "values" and new "goods" which we make just as absolute as the former ones were, and which will, undoubtedly, let us down just as completely at some still undetermined future time.

The first thing to be noted about "the moral" is that it does not belong to some metaphysical "reality" which, apart from living, makes certain things *moral* and other things *immoral*. The moral is an attribute of conduct, of activities, not of things or of existences. No *object* is either good or bad, of itself; no existence

is either good or bad, of itself: morality inheres in human conduct, not in things. A world of nothing but things could be neither good nor bad, in any moral sense. Morality emerges when behavior that can be a matter of choices appears upon the scene.

If the world were so ordained that conduct must always be the inevitable product of circumstances, without any room for choice, as is the case with *things*, there could be no such thing as morality. A steel beam that has been made to fit into a certain position in a building or a bridge may be accurate or inaccurate, but it is never "good" or "bad" for all that we may say, in our colloquial way, "That's good!" when we find the beam comes up to specifications, or "That's bad!" when it does not fit. If the beam had the power to shorten or lengthen itself after deliberate observation and choice, so as to fit or not to fit, at its "own will", then it might be called "good" or "bad" in the moral sense: not otherwise.

For morality implies and involves uncertainty, choosing, effort, struggle, failure, success, disappointment, the working out of a "good life" or the failure to achieve such a life. There are, as we have already seen, various levels of "emergence": physical levels, that are the foundations of experience and of nature; psycho-physical levels on which living organisms appear; and intellectual levels, on which deliberative and reflective conduct appears, in which choice is a determining factor, and of which, therefore, morality

is constituent. Morality *emerges* on this third level; but the dealings which we humans have with all the antecedent phases and levels of experience will indicate the degree of development of our moral sensitivities.

The world of nature and casual experience is unstable, precarious: there are colds and heats, floods and quicksands, winds and fires, famines and pestilences, wild animals and wilder men; there are cupidities that ensnare and angers that may cleanse or destroy: who can chart the devious windings of "nature", or foretell the experience that may come to one within the next five minutes? And the relationships of us humans to these natural instabilities are at first incalculable: we fear them, yet we explore them; we fly from them, yet we enjoy them; we give them bad names, yet we turn round and make our worlds out of them—and in the processes of making our worlds we make *ourselves*.

That is to say, we humans are, "naturally" as precariously constituted as is "nature"—a not unnatural fact, since we are *of* nature; and the process of organizing a world within which we may more or less securely dwell works its effects upon ourselves as well as upon "things". It is just because we are *of nature* (and not something alien that has been smuggled *into* nature) that we can work with nature, work upon nature, be worked upon by nature, reconstruct nature to meet our needs more nearly, and

be wrought out through the endless processes of nature into the characters and moral beings that we *become*.

Now the *moral* task of life is, at this point, identical with the general task of intelligence: it is the fate of the human that we must try to develop and establish areas of stability in the midst of—and by means of—these naturally unstable, precarious conditions of experience. We may lament that fate; we may mourn for some "lost Eden" of an unchanging existence; we may, with Tennyson's Lotus Eaters moan:

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown. . . .
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

—but in human experience there is no absolute escape from such toils. The world changes: nature moves on through seasons, years, epochs, geological ages; man changes, from infancy through childhood, youth and maturity, to senescence and death, if perchance accident does not cut him off at some earlier stage. *Chance* is not to be denied by the sane mind.

And change and chance make toil inevitable: the physical basis of living must be subdued to the uses of men; climatic conditions must be modified and moderated, so that winter shall not be too biting, nor summer heat too withering; the wild horse must be broken to the plough; the wind must turn the wheel and blow the sail; the raging river must submit to the harness; steam must consent to escape through narrow pipings and mazes of valves, so doing the work of multitudes of men and animals; and even the lightnings must be brought down from the skies and made to travel docilely along a wire a hundred miles to turn a phonograph that sings the Heilige Nacht.

None the less, it is but "human" that we should cease our toils at the earliest possible moment, and settle down to the enjoyment of the things we have, including the evils, rather than to keep on working in any abstract fashion for an "ideal" future. "A livable world" does not mean, at any historical time, the complete organization of all natural resources for the ease and comfort of men. It means any sort of a world that can, at that time and in the then existent state of culture, ideal and need, be endured.

As the result of the operation of this factor of inertia in our human experience, the race has spent most of its centuries living under conditions that show easy satisfaction with small accomplishments. Never more than a few "jumps" ahead of famine;

ever subject to epidemics and other factors of illness; with slight clothing, insecure housing, small protection from inclemencies, the race has accumulated more than these few things in but few groups, in but few times and places, and as far as we now know, within but the most minute fraction of the total period of its existence on the earth. One reason for this inertia and contentment with small things brings us to the heart of the problem of morality.

For morality takes two forms; or, perhaps, it swings back and forth between two extremes. In one of its forms morality becomes identified with the *set up of existent conditions:* Whatever is, is Right! The past—that is, the changes by which whatever is at any time was brought to pass—is forgotten, or ignored, or denied, or glossed over with legends until it supports the present; and the present is identified with the eternal: the same yesterday, today, and forever. Hence, the present, with all that it holds dear, is the *real.* The world was created just this way, with all the forms of life and institution that this present moment approves: "And God looked upon all the work of his hands, and behold they were very good!"

Hence, from this point of view, morality becomes, on the side of conduct, the repetition of activities that are proper, i. e., customary to this organization of the world: it is the habitual, the customary, the conventional. The good is the good of the exist-

ent group; the right is what the group has always done, and will approve; the values of life are the values set up within the custom of the group; conscience is the voice of the group, the call of the herd. Likewise, the bad is anything that offends the good of the group; the wrong is anything the group has never done; and "individual" conduct is either unthinkable or unspeakably wicked. This sort of "morality"—the control of life by custom, by folkway attitudes and the ancient mores—is even now so much a part of the structure of our minds and social order that, for the most part, what we ordinarily call *conscience* is nothing more than this *fear of group criticism.* (To be sure group criticism is a real thing, and anyone who would dare it should understand what is likely to happen to him.)

Such a morality does not easily surrender its domination of an age or a group. For example, there are philosophers of leisure; there are owners of vested rights in existent conditions; there are beneficiaries of current stagnations and what appear to others to be glaring evils—all of whom hold that these things *are;* that since they *are,* they must have been made this way, and that, therefore, they must forever be. They hold that these vested rights, properties and institutional positions are of the nature of Reality; that morality inheres in these Realities; that such established ways are moral; that endless repetition of these ways is "the good life"; that

any deviation from these ways is evil, bad, wrong; that any criticism of them is of the nature either of treason or of blasphemy; and that any real change in these ways would shake the foundations of the world, if not bring judgment upon the race and probably the end of the ages.

Such a view of things makes life much easier, temporarily, especially for those in whose favor these vested stabilities run; but also, after a fashion, for all who live under their dominance. But such a view of things makes leisure class stagnation the criterion of morality; and it teaches that any effort, either emotional or intelligent, toward change in these vested matters is immoral.

None the less, *change* is as much a matter of nature and experience as is stability. It is, perhaps, a more persistent aspect of experience than is stability. In fact, most of our stabilities, whether physical or social, are secured at the cost of a great deal of energy, and by all sorts of twists and turns of conditions: the dam that holds the water supplies that assure a continuous flow to the mill wheel was not easily built; it must be constantly repaired; and it goes out in the big flood; the state that was set up after the revolution begins to disintegrate almost at once; it must be continuously defended against attacks, and it disappears in the next social cataclysm. Change is at least as real in nature as is stability.

Hence our prized stabilities, the customs of any

age, the folkways of a people, do not represent any sort of metaphysical Reality. They represent, for the most part, temporary sand-bars in the river of time, precarious islands thrown up about some convenient bit of nature; and they have no metaphysical immunity from the encroachments of time or change. As habits and customs, they will resist as long as possible the incidence of change; and this is well, too; for change, just as change, is not any more metaphysically real than is non-change: change is a challenge to habit and custom, a call to effort, an encroachment to be investigated. It is potential of both disaster and further stability. We do not become more moral merely by escaping from antecedent custom or a lesser morality. Out of this escape may come, by adequate effort, the more intelligently ordered and to that extent the more moral world; but out of it may come, quite as possibly, a more unstable and a more disintegrated world. There is no morality in mere change, even though some of our more noisy contemporaries may try to make themselves believe that there is.

On the other hand, there is no achieving of a more inclusive morality without change. And since any existent habit or custom is but the organization of a temporary stability at a certain level of experience, the disintegration of that old habit or custom is not necessarily an immorality, even though some of our scared contemporaries may argue that it is: at the

worst it may be inexpedient; at the best it may be the gateway to new levels of moral experience and understanding.

But new levels of moral experience do not just *happen:* they come, if they come at all, out of the creative eagernesses of individuals and groups; out of the creative behavior of individuals and groups; out of the creative deliberations of individuals and groups. That is to say, the rise to a new level of moral experience is a creative reconstruction of old levels, out of which "emerges" the new—a new that is continuous with the old, and yet always critically different from that old, always revelatory of something new and unanticipated.

There are esthetic natures that object to any such interpretation of morality because, they argue, life ought to be good without effort. "Effort is vulgar" they say, and "Life ought to be beautiful. The most beautiful moments of life are the most moral; and some day we shall understand that effortless beauty is one with true morality!" This is a rather pretty sentiment, and does credit to the emotions of those who hold it; but it is not quite coherent with human experience as a whole. "Effortless beauty" is usually achieved by some—who permit others to have little but beauty-less effort! In human experience, at least, there is no such thing as effortless beauty!

Empirically, things are poignant and tragic as

well as beautiful and serene; they are harsh, barren, annoying, comfortable, humorous, settled, disturbed, splendid, fearsome: it takes all the adjectives in the dictionary, and some borrowed from foreign lands, to characterize human experience adequately, and we shall keep right on inventing new adjectives. The world does not come to us as beautiful or good without effort: it comes as the infinitely varied raw materials of experience, some parts of which have been more or less ordered, some parts of which have been staked off and labelled "sacred", but all of which come, now and again, into the realm of fluidity, and out of which, as we learn how, we organize, from time to time, successive areas of stability, each one, presumably "nearer to our heart's desire". But since in the processes of organizing these stable areas of nature and experience we organize ourselves more fully, our "heart's desire" presumably moves on, too, and the *complete adjustment* of the individual to his world never really quite takes place. Always, there are unadjusted corners, within the broader implications of growth.

This endless process of making, unmaking and remaking the world of our moral affections includes, eventually, all that we are or hope to be, and it calls for all the tools of experience. It involves and implies science, and the scientific temper. It involves and implies religion and religious aspirations. It is an expression of our political intel-

ligence, and of our economic insights. It is nature at work, and experience in growth. It is an escape from false metaphysics into a less fallacious philosophy of life and the world. It is an art. It calls for knowledge that can grow; and wisdom that can learn; and ideals that can develop; and faith that is bigger than any creed.

Though knowledge, of itself, is neither moral nor immoral, yet in a precarious world like ours love of knowledge is necessary to morality. For we must not only have great aims, if we are to be moral; we must have some grasp of the conditions and means by which we can achieve those aims; and unless that acquaintance is growingly adequate, all our ideals become vain chimera on a distant horizon, and all our so-called "wisdom" becomes mere folly. Wisdom should help us find the aims to be pursued in this complex world of many desires; knowledge should help us to translate those aims into steps of accomplishment; and faith in life should help carry on from preliminary failure toward incipient success, without allowing us to become lost in or satisfied with either extreme.

But, in the last analysis, morality is an art—a plastic art—which discovers the materials of its own uses and shapes and conserves and makes as permanent as may be the good life, whether by means of habits and customs, emotions, or plans of intelligent action. Now discovery implies intelligence; con-

servation implies desires and selected desires, or ideals; shaping implies developing skills; the building of a good world implies imaginative contents of future goods and intelligent plans for the achievement of those contents. All these renewals of experience are implied in that type of morality which is not content with defending the ancient folkways, but finds nature and experience full of promises of more inclusive goods.

From this point of view, to be moral means to be creative of those promised future goods. But this creativenesses calls for all the present resources of nature and experience integrated in alert and critical individuals. Hence, that conduct is most completely moral which in its patterns and outcomes shows the individual most creatively aware of the world in which he is living; seeking significant ends with an intelligence as to means which will assure that not alone those ends, but himself as well, will be realized in a vital social order—the expression in social terms of his own creative behavior.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PROBLEM OF SCIENCE

IF human life were as satisfactory to those who share it as animal life is to the animals we should have no ethics, no deliberation, no science. We should have some practical skills in making nests, like the birds, or in digging burrows, like woodchucks; but we should never have questioned the rising of the sun or its going down; the positions of the stars; the significance of fire; the divine right of kings; or the supreme wisdom of a protective tariff. Those humans to whom life is as satisfactory as it is to the animals have about as much science as the animals have; and those other humans to whom life is quite unsatisfactory, but to whom unsatisfactoriness endured with patience is a virtue purchasing rich rewards in some future world, have almost as little science—what they have in excess being, for the most part, borrowings from their contemned scientific neighbors. It is the unsatisfactoriness of human life and experience that has compelled the development of science among men. Necessity has been the mother of inventions, including "science".

In the course of the day's experiences most of us come upon traces of two rather distinct realms that seem to be separated by a great plane of cleavage, the realm of *art*, and the realm of *utility*. The realm of art seems to be characterized by objects that are complete in themselves: they are consummations of beauty; they are fulfilments of desire; they are satisfactions of longings; they tantalizingly suggest a realm of being in which all desires will be fulfilled and living will be self-sufficient and permanent.

The realm of utility, or industry, on the other hand, is characterized by objects called tools. Tools are useful *instruments, not ends* in themselves: they have no value of their own; they are valuable as *means* to ends beyond themselves. They tell, all too eloquently, of a realm of experience that is incomplete, deficient in nearly everything—the arena of endless and often sordid toils. They are instruments by means of which we escape some ancient part of these deficiencies and toils; and what so natural, therefore, as that when these tools have served us we should throw them down where we finished with them, to let them rot or rust in the rain?

But both these realms of experience are real to practically all human beings. Most of us have had some experience with both of them, though most of us also, have confined our activities to a single one of them—or so we have affected to believe; and, for reasons that have wide range in the ordinary run of

our experiences, the two areas have been, more or less traditionally, separated into two almost metaphysically distinct worlds, the world of *perfect being*, or art, and the world of *imperfection*, or utility. Of course, the people who inhabit these two worlds represent two distinct types, also—according to the tradition!

Differences between these two realms have probably been sensed from immemorial times by the more observant. At any rate, from immemorial times—at least in some societies—some men have occupied without question the world of beauty, with all things ready to their hands for the fulfilment of desire; and others, the great majority, have dwelt all their days in a land of sordid toils, knowing or sharing no beauty, compelled to find their stimulations and satisfactions in the fact that they are instruments to the gratification of desire in their masters and superiors.

But it was among the Greeks—as usual—that these differences first came to awareness. The Greeks set these two worlds apart in a conscious way. The two worlds existed in Greek society: freemen and slaves were both there, and both had long been there; hence they must have been created different. At any rate, the Greeks found in these social facts proof that the two realms were metaphysically different: art is the realm of perfect being, where free men may properly dwell; utility, or industry, is the realm of imperfect

being, where slaves, i. e., men bound down to toils by their own slavish appetites and desires, must properly find themselves. And between the "free" man and the "slave" there is a great gulf fixed, not only social, but cosmic!

To be sure, this Greek argument was merely a rationalizing of the existent social organization. Greece had "free" men and "slaves": this arrangement was quite comfortable to the free men, who studied philosophy, practiced art, and made these distinctions. No social group ever willingly gives up its own prerogatives. There were ambitious "slaves" in Greece who were unable to understand the finalities of social organization. A bit of metaphysics would be good for them: it would show them how foolish it is to fight against "the order of creation". That metaphysics still persists: modern arbiters of taste and status hold to the old Greek doctrine. We appeal here, however, from Greek metaphysics to Greek experience, just as it is wise now to appeal from our modern absolutists to actual experience; just as it is ever wise to appeal from any absolute doctrine to the conditions of actual human experience.

The Greek artist used tools: Pindar used a pen; Praxiteles a chisel; and they worked their wills upon their materials, "base matter", even as did the artisan. Both artist and artisan were—and are—workers; both used—and use—tools. But the object which the artist gave—and gives—the world was an end in

itself: it suggested no further activity; it suggested peace, rest, contemplation and enjoyment; it suggested freedom, the end of need, complete satisfaction—in short a sort of animal absorption into a stabilized experience, a return upon a nature that, once incomplete and unsatisfactory, had been completed and made satisfactory by art.

The artisan (the farmer, builder, navigator) on the other hand, was never free from his toils, but was ever engaged with vast ranges of the incomplete and uncertain: a crop must be raised, so the farmer must ever have an eye to the weather and the soils; a house must be builded to stand for years, so the builder must ever have an eye to foundations and materials and joinings; a ship must be navigated through the Ægean Seas, so the sailor must ever have an eye to winds and tides and shifting sandbars. That is to say, the artisan must be careful of a thousand matters—the artist of but one; the artisan must have his attention directed ever outward to the endless details of his conditioning environment, trying to discover every item of the whole situation that might have a bearing upon his enterprise—the artist must have his attention concentrated upon the single object in hand, integrating all his relevant experiences and skills to this one task, so that the final result shall be complete unity, perfection.

It seems, from this point of view, that both artist and artisan are important members of the social world. It seems that the artist uses—eventually—all the materials brought into attention and use by the artisan, though he uses them in a different way; it seems too that the artisan might find joy in coming upon his old familiar materials in their new, artistically integrated forms. It seems, in other words, that it takes both artisan and artist to make a human world; and there might be times when it was difficult to tell the one from the other.

However these things may be, the artisan and the artist both antedated the scientist. And, in a sense, both shared in his eventual development. Now it can be argued that science is more likely to arise out of the activities of the artist, because he has *leisure* for *thinking*. But that would mean that people think when they have leisure, i. e., when they have nothing else to do,—a suggestion that is not without its supporters, but that is without much supporting evidence. On the other hand, it can be rather definitely shown that thinking, as a human activity, is more likely to rise out of the interests of the artisan, since the artisan pays endless attention to the sequences of nature: he must consider "causes and effects", "conditions and consequences", under the innumerable changes of seasons, times, materials, places, spaces and forces, and this is what the scientist

does, too. So, out of the activities and efforts and performings of the artisan, if out of anything, scientific thinking may emerge!

But, of course, this result would seem to imply that *thinking* is something *useful:* concerned with tools, with making an incomplete world more nearly complete; with practical affairs, like those of the artisan; that, in short, it is really a *tool*, itself. Now such a suggestion is not repugnant to much modern thinking; but it was repugnant to the Greeks (with few exceptions). (It is repugnant too to certain types of modern æsthetes, who enjoy "thought", but do little *thinking!*) To the Greek, thought was the highest activity of man. Hence, it must deal with the highest phases of the world: it must *picture* the world as an artist pictures the world; it is not concerned with making, or creating a world, as the artisan makes and creates: that would be vulgar; it must contemplate Reality, not be a means to vulgar doings.

So, thought was, to the Greeks, an *art*, not a *tool*. It was concerned with picturing the perfect, not with correcting the imperfect; with appreciating objects of beauty, not with making objects of use. No one contemplates or enjoys a tool—except, of course, the slave: the artist turns from a tool, because it has uses (except, of course, his own tools!). Enjoyment is reserved for objects of beauty. These are *Real Objects*. Thought also pictures Real Objects.

Only Real Objects can be fully known. The object of thought, that is, the object of science, must be a Real Object. The one ultimately Real Object is "The Ultimate Nature of The Universe". Hence, to the Greek the object of science was not anything less than this ultimate understanding of the universe; and this could be achieved, not by investigation, but by contemplation.

Hence, Greek science was not interested, much, in trials and errors, failures and successes, manipulations and experiments, constructions and reconstructions: these were the domain of the artisan—and the slave. The freeman and the scientist must spend his time in contemplating Reality. Even Aristotle did not experiment: he contemplated nature, as ultimate reality; and he set up classifications of the things he saw, assuming that each such class represented something real, specific, unchangeable.

So, science, to the Greek, was an art. Scientific thought was contemplation: it was identical with that esthetic contemplation which absorbs the object of beauty. The Reality sought by the scientist was an object of art. The Creator was the Perfect Artist —who, like any good artist, had some materials left over, with which artisan-slaves might be permitted to dabble. True Knowledge was information about this Ultimate and Perfect Being: Science, when complete, was to be an artist's presentation of the Real World!

This conception of science maintained itself into the Middle Ages—and lingers into the modern world. Certain phases of it cling to some modern scientists tripping them up when they give over being real scientists and try to become philosophers. For, though the Greek idea of science is not science at all to-day, yet that Greek idea still lingers in most of our philosophies—both in our Realisms and in our Idealisms—and it trips up practically every scientist who tries to describe or discuss the work he is doing. Even a very excellent scientist can prove himself a very inadequate philosopher.

For, as a matter of historical honesty, modern science has arisen, not out of the "thoughts" of the Greek artist, but out of the "thinking" of the artisan. The modern scientific age began when, let us say, Roger Bacon refused any longer to be controlled by the "thoughts" of the scholastics, declared himself free from Aristotle, and began to "take thought" for himself.

The essence of modern science is, therefore, not contemplation of perfection, but investigation of the imperfect, the unsatisfactory, the lacking. Art may have to concern itself with perfect things; but science takes for its empire the precarious, the contingent, the changing, the unstable. The reader will recall our earlier conception of *matter* as "that character of events which gives us sequence and recurrence"—"the means by which we determine the order and

direction of our experiences". The object of scientific inquiry is not *things, existences,* but *the ways things change* in experience under varying circumstances. All things change; but change exhibits uniformities that can be determined, described, calculated, and predicted—after investigation. It is the fact of this uniformity of ways of acting which makes possible the use of instruments, tools, machines, with all their enormous impact upon the processes of the modern world. But it is not the machine that is the ultimate fact: there is nothing else quite so preposterous in the world as the assumption that a machine is an *end in itself* and that machineisms, that is, mechanisms, are the ultimate patterns of reality. The machine is always a tool *of* and *for* something: it becomes a nuisance and an impertinence when it sets itself up, or is set up, as an end in itself! None the less, we have much of this latter folly today: Machines isolated from their proper functions and even worshipped—the *mechanisms* of industry which are more important than the needs of men; the *mechanisms* of the state which are more important than *justice;* the *mechanisms* of religion which are more important than *a spiritual living;* the *mechanisms* of the school which are more important than *individual and social intelligence.* This is *materialism:* the worship of the machine, and the denial of the ends for which the machine was created!

Science does not *create* life or the world; science

does not *know* (in some mysterious way) what life and the world is; science has not any commission from Ultimate Reality to dominate life and the world; science is still, properly speaking, what its real ancestor, the artisan, was: the servant of life, the builder, the navigator, the farmer—busy with the tasks of making this a habitable world. The moment the scientist thinks of his processes as finalities and of his findings as "truth" he ceases to be a scientist and becomes a theologian. As a matter of history science loses itself in dogmatisms the moment it begins to look for "ultimate truth". Every such "science" has had to eat its own words, sooner or later.

This is the not very comfortable position many "scientists" find themselves in, to-day. It is the natural outcome of a failure to distinguish between *the Greek concept of science*—as contemplation of Perfect Truth—which still lingers in some of our philosophies, and many of our laboratories, *and real science* —the search for the ways in which things change—a pursuit which, having failed to develop its own objective logic, has no adequate critical defence even against its own devotees, who are frequently much better searchers than they are philosophers.

(It is a significant fact of the present philosophical-scientific situation, that the typical scientist is still an Aristotelian in his philosophizings: he has thrown overboard Aristotle's logic in his laboratory, having

developed his own technics of research and experiment; but he holds on to the current folkway logics in his conscious attempts to turn philosopher—and this usually betrays him into the hands of the "fundamentalists". Hence, he can easily be an excellent research "scientist" in his active hours, and a rock-ribbed "fundamentalist" in his moments of meditation upon things in general, or even upon his own researches. On the other hand, modern "instrumental logic" is a careful effort to set forth the *methods of the scientist* when he is actively engaged in his researchings and experimentings—that is, when he is most truly a scientist—in order that the modern world may have this technic not merely in the specific activities of the worker, but also in the more usable form of a *logic of the method* of those activities. Few scientists admit the portrait, or have much patience with the matter, or understand what the discussion is all about; hence few of them have availed themselves of what might be a real help to them in those now usually disastrous hours when they give over being researchers and try to become philosophers).

The Greeks did not discover modern science. But they did discover the *central idea of modern science:* they discovered *intelligence.* To that extent, at least, therefore, they escaped from the obstructive limitations of the old folkways, and from the narrow ranges of both the artist and the artisan; they came

out upon the level of thought, if not of thinking; and thus they added *a new dimension to human living*. They disentangled the concept of "cause and effect" from the narrow utilitarianism of the practical man; they generalized the concept; and so they laid the foundations of real knowledge—which is the woof of science. They discovered the fact that there is such a thing in experience as *thinking*—a discovery that was antecedently necessary to all later discoveries, including science and scientific thinking.

Every art assumes that it has its own appropriate method; every artisan prides himself upon his own correct technic. But both artist and artisan may deceive themselves. A finally correct or appropriate method or technic of any art or science or task is a blind alley. There can be no "ultimately correct" technics, except *thinking;* and thinking can be called that, because it criticizes all technics, itself included. No artist or artisan can be sure of his technic, save as he permits it to be subjected to criticism. Science is nothing but the complete release of critical method, though few scientists see science in this light, and most artists take little interest in the matter.

Modern science is said to include attentive observation; careful development of explanatory hypotheses; controlled experimenting for testing those hypotheses; and disciplined judging as to the results of those experimentings. These methods are not

modern. All were implicit in the practical methods of the Greek artisan: artisans have always used those methods.

But science is really more than these things. Science starts from some unsatisfactoriness in the world of our experience, being led on by desire for satisfaction; and ever through all the windings of observation, explanation, experimentation and resultant judgings, this unsatisfactoriness and its concomitant desire dog the mind of the scientist, crowding him, delaying him, obstructing him, luring him off to false issues and conclusions, defeating him or crowning him with the joy of partial success. And science also includes that later reconstructive contemplation of the new results, in the process of which past experience modulates itself to the new experiences, and the new experiences integrate themselves within the old, so that the world of experience is once more tentatively whole—on a new level.

One of the by-products of this complete movement of the scientific mood is knowledge—which may be set down in books and piled up in libraries. But *knowledge* is not *science*.

Nor is knowledge the proper objective of science. The thing that science really wants to know is not Knowledge, but Knowledge About—knowledge about the sequences of natural occurrences, so that those occurrences may be reorganized to the end that

the unsatisfactory in life shall be reduced to a minimum and the satisfactory increased to a growing maximum.

But it should be noted that the final stage in the method of science—as set forth just above—namely, the stage of reconstructive contemplation, is really the moment of esthetic feeling, which is the domain of the artist. So the scientist finds his starting point in the practical problems of the artisan, using and extending the methods of common life and work. And in the final stage of a scientific mood, the true scientist tends to become an artist, transforming the new world of his explorations into a realm of contemplative satisfaction and integrity. The true scientist has no quarrel with either artisan or artist. Nor need either quarrel with him, as long as he knows his business. The domain of the artist overlaps the last stage of the mood of the scientist. So art is the completion of science, as science is the extension of artisanship. And all three,—artisan, scientist, and artist—are involved in those creative processes by means of which experiences grow, and experience enriches itself, criticises itself, renews itself, and more or less continuously elaborates itself for the continuous exploration of nature, the conquest of the conditions of living, and the development of a livable world in which utility and beauty may dwell side by side.

CHAPTER XIV

WHAT IS RELIGION?

LIFE is a precious matter, to most people:

No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.
'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant—
Oh life, not death, for which we pant—
More life and fuller——

So precious, indeed, is life, that it seems the most tragic and irrational of all wastes to waste it; so precious that men have been willing in all times to give all else for the surety that life was *real.*

To be sure, we waste life unconscionably—in others: in accidents, disasters, famines, epidemics, poverty, privations. To be sure, it is the most real thing we know—so real that its poignancy becomes at times unbearable. We waste the lives of others in order to increase our own living: for example, we justify deaths in war on the ground that they enhance life—but for whom? We do everything to make life not "as real as" something else, but *real*—

in a metaphysical sense. We want something, not less unstable, less precarious, but something that is not precarious at all. We want Moses to come back from the dead and give us his affidavit that "life" is "real".

But proving something inside experience by means of something smuggled in from outside experience would mean nothing permanent. We live our lives inside experience—and we must take the consequences. Without doubt there are domains yet unexplored lying beyond present experience—as the 20th century once lay beyond the 19th—as the 21st still lies beyond our own times; and, without doubt, our current world of experience feels countless *intimations* of those as yet unexplored domains—intimations that will yet lead us far from our present modes of living, as the Modern Age has led us far from Mediævalism. There is no reason for holding that "the universe" is exhaustible: it waits our emprise, before us and about us, and many a Socrates, Copernicus, Columbus, Luther, Newton, Darwin will find opportunity to discover and explore new moral continents, new heavens, new religious deeps, new human participations.

But this does not mean that humanity has a special organ of mystical knowledge which is able miraculously to transcend experience and find answers of unquestionable validity with which to confute, authoritatively, the more labored findings of science.

We have imagination, and poetic fancy. We feel, only too infrequently—

> *a sense sublime*
> *Of something far more subtly interfused,*
> *Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,*
> *And the round ocean and the living air,*
> *And the blue sky——*

Sometimes we translate these intimations of experiences to come into hallucinations, phantasies and other forms of "escape". Philosophies and religions have been built on illusions, hallucinations, and "escapes from reality"—to the disintegration of personality and the overturn of mind.

Intimations are not false, though our interpretations of them are frequently fantastic. Intuitions are often very real. Our experiences get badly mixed, at times: they crowd in upon us so fast that we cannot get them organized and creatively assimilated. Hence, not infrequently, the new and the old are so confused as to make ordered action almost impossible. Old habits, old doctrines, old attitudes, buried under avalanches of new experiences, do not give up the struggle. Sometimes old ways break through and flood the new experiences with a nostalgic sense of inadequacy, temporariness, or impiety. Even to radical personalities, old ways have a sturdiness not acquired by the new. Hence appeals from old deeps carry a feel of *reality* which,

whether they warn us or flatter us, can scarcely fail to seem more authoritative than more recent experiences. So the "old time religion" or the "old fashioned moralities", or the "former folkways" or even a "good conscience" seems real, rooted in the "uncogitated", mysterious and therefore cosmic. Hence, many accept such "intuitions" as better guides to life than anything that "mere knowledge" can offer us.

Moreover, we do have flashes of imagination when, sometimes, in a moment the whole world, or some considerable part of it, hitherto a wilderness of experiences, becomes illumined, and we see:

I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
I could have scarce conjectured there was earth
Anywhere, sky or sea or world at all:
But the night's black was burst through by a blaze—
There lay the city thick and plain with spires,
And, like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.

So do we sometimes leap past the confused details of experience, and come to acceptible conclusions without the tiresome processes of thinking.

Moreover, it is true that men do exhibit awe, reverence, worship, piety; they do pray; they do offer sacrifices; they do feel

A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts
And rolls through all things. . . .

These are facts in experience quite as really as are observation and experimentation and other activities of "science". No real scientist can think of denying awe and reverence in human experience.

On the other hand, experimenting is quite as natural, real and legitimate as is awe or reverence; and neither the one nor the other has any authority from experience to set itself up as more important or as self-subsistent. A scientist who feels no awe or reverence in the presence of the world is likely, soon or late, to become a narrow dogmatist who thinks that he will presently get the universe in his test-tube and put a final label on it. A religionist who feels no need of testing his dogmas in the light of experience and history, but who claims that his religion carries within itself its own substantiation is sure, soon or late, to become an absolutist, a fundamentalist; and if his temper be just right and his ignorance boundless enough, he may turn out a fanatic who would gladly burn the scientist at the stake "for the glory of God"—his own primitive little god of ancient fears and tribal dogmatisms.

A science that insists upon being "scientific" and nothing else ends in absolutism, and ceases to be scientific—for absolutism is the denial of science. And in the same fashion any religion that insists upon being its own sponsor and critic, ends by being a scourge of humanity, however much it may provide its adherents with sanctuary. No fragment of life,

or nature, or experience is wise enough to set itself up either as supreme in its own fragmentary area or as lord over the rest of life, or nature, or experience. Nothing less than the whole of life, or nature, or experience is big enough or wise enough to dominate the whole, or—in the long run—even any fragment of life or experience. Science can no more find its own unaided way through the mazes of the world than can religion.

And this is the empirical significance of the religious factors in experience: *life must have wholeness.* Every item of experience is an aspect of reality, and must have its chance. What the religionist calls "holiness" is but his peculiar pronunciation of *wholeness.* From this empirical point of view, religion is the endless urge of nature and experience to discover and explore and enter upon this heritage of wholeness of experience which is ever implied, ever desired, but never realized quantitatively or in detail. Round about us, in all our experiences with things and events, sense catches the details of the world and reason catches the principles involved; but life, imagination, intuition, reverence must intervene to catch the allness of the experience and hold it fast. Even the fundamentalist but distorts and deforms this truth: wearied in his quest for this wholeness; or, perhaps, taught by primitive minds and times to consider some fragment provisionally reached and stabilized by long

social stagnation as true wholeness, he gives over the quest, and settles down to the enjoyment of his fragmentary whole and to the defence of that fragment not alone or even chiefly against the one who would take some part of it away from him, but mostly against that other more desperate "enemy of truth", the one who would urge him on to a still unrealized, an ever more inclusive wholeness,—as if *his* "holiness" were not already whole.

Again, in the light of experience, religion is not concerned with the Unknown, or the Unexplored, any more than is science. Religion does not find its "realities" in those areas of "mystery" beyond the domain of science which must ever diminish as science expands its reaches. If this were the case, as science encompassed the world religion would disappear altogether. Such a picture of religion is a caricature.

No: religion grows, as science grows, even if not in the same ways: Religion was born of fear: not fear of the *gods*, but fear of the hostile elements in experience—fear of wild animals, earthquakes, floods, epidemics, famines, enemies. The gods were defences against those fears.

Those primitive gods, however fragmentary or deformed, or distorted they may now appear to us, were always assertions that experience has *meanings*, defences, escapes, stabilities, values not at any time immediately apparent or apprehensible. Through primitive ages men sought those values and

stabilities almost wholly as *escapes*, by means of external appeals, by prayers, and rituals and sacrifices, and briberies of the gods. Experience was precarious and unsatisfactory, but with the gods were stability and blessedness, and these could be secured by "winning the favor" of the "gods". "Salvation" was "free" provided the gods were favorable.

But bit by bit, through the ages, it has become apparent that "meaning" cannot thus magically be smuggled into experience; but that it can be gotten in by somewhat more direct methods. Science is finding ways of developing stabilities, of outlawing within limits the precarious and the fearsome. So the values of life—the good things—achieve more permanence. Life is less precarious, even though it is still uncertain. Science has given us moderns many of the things for which primitive men once agonizingly prayed, and mostly prayed in vain!

Has science therefore outlawed religion? One phase of the argument runs as follows. When primitive men prayed the gods to spare the life of a child—that act showed religious faith; if the prayer was "answered" the "reality" of religious experience was proved. When a modern man asks a doctor to save the life of his child that is a denial of religion; and, if the life of the child is saved, it is a demonstration that religion is out-moded and should be abandoned by "intelligent" men and women. The argument is a bit too facile.

Science was once magic, alchemy, the black arts. Should not religion in those days have been the response of the soul of men to the fears that people their world? Science has slowly, painfully, haltingly become the search for such sequences of events in nature and experience as can be used in the reorganization of nature for the ends and purposes of living. Shall not religion be the flooding of this reorganizing world with significance, wholeness, intimation of larger meanings? An historical illustration may help to make the matter clear.

When the Israelites lived in the desert their economy was that of the desert: they kept flocks and herds and wandered from place to place in search of pasture. Their other institutions corresponded to their economy: they were polygamous in marriage; their morality was primitive and customary; their intellectual outlooks were provincial and prejudicial; and their religion was "ethnical", local, physical, like that of any of their neighbors, justifying the ways of men to their gods.

With their invasion into and conquest of the land of Canaan, they found themselves forced into another type of economy: they settled down and became, in the course of centuries, farmers, tillers of the soil. Little by little they learned to do the work of the farmer: they substituted the technics of primitive agriculture for the former ways of the nomadic life. Could such a transformation in their economy

take place with no influence upon the other aspects of their living? Not at all. Every phase of life was influenced; every aspect of old custom and institution was disturbed, dislocated. Marriage had to change with changes in the ownership of property, the conditions of work, and inheritance. Their moral customs had to change in the direction of the new conditions of settled living, private property and individualized responsibility for the common welfare. Their intelligences had to develop at least to the extent of working out the details of agricultural methods; or, if not that, to the extent of accepting the ways of their neighbors who were farmers. What of their old gods, and the old religion?

The religious struggle was long and bitter, and never very conclusive. The old religious attitudes tried to persist. The old gods long remained. Old forms of worship were retained, or they were modified only to the extent that these conquerors of the new soil felt themselves obliged to learn enough about the proper worship of the gods of this soil to enable them to be successful in their prayers and their work. Fundamentalism strove to hold the allegiance of the people to the gods of the desert.

But the prophets—those great religious statesmen —undertook to develop about the economy of the new age a sense of significance, a spirit of understanding, a body of life, an order of society and a soul of integrity. That is to say, the basic thing in

the new life in Canaan was the new economy, which released and demanded a new and more effective intelligence, and a new order of more sensitive social relationships. Animals might have accepted the new economy and let all else alone. But men could not. The new economy implied correlative developments in every essentially human direction—including *new gods*. This the prophets—from Elijah to Ezekiel at least—endlessly pointed out: "A life that is significant enough to have this kind of economy is too significant to stop on those levels: it must become thoughtful in its political problems; intelligent in its moral judgments; universal and therefore spiritual in its social outlooks. These are duties, but more, they are privileges and possibilities and challenges in the sort of world this seems to be. And the God of this emerging world is not any physical god of the desert or the wilderness; he is the sublime personification of all these new spiritual possibilities. Worship Him!"

So religion is not wholly crowded into the background, or into some decreasing Unknown, when life expands, when knowledge grows, when wealth increases, or when science comes into being. Religion is still, as ever of old, the spiritual fulfilment of living; the more complicated life grows, the more necessary and inclusive becomes that spiritual interpretation and fulfilment. Religion rightly emphasizes the spirit of life, the soul of humanity, the aims

of life over and above the mechanisms by means of which we live. And the time will never come when such emphasis will not be needed.

Humanity will forever be doing new things. Each new adventure will in greater or less degree dislocate the old order and compel a new one. In the presence of any new enterprise the most important thing as men are made, is the finding of the *means* of doing what is trying to be done. But when that has been accomplished, men must, if they are to remain men, determine whether that thing was worth doing and what its ultimate outcomes will be in the life of the group; for though everything is worth doing nothing is worth retaining that does not increase the participation of all in the common life and in the values that nature provides for us.

This is our religious problem, to-day. Our mechanical age is a modern form of the same old wilderness. We are still primitive men and women, wandering about in this wilderness of this 20th century; we are fearful; and we cry for "meaning in life" as primitive man once cried for his "gods". When, however, we escape from our infantile longings for a primitive god, and realize that what religion has always sought was some escape from immediate experience into a world of meanings and values, we are able to see that religion must continue to grow as science grows—as it has ever grown in the great crises of history,—that is, by flooding the new

areas of casual, or mechanical experiences with meaning, value, beauty, participation, outlook, significance, and the sense of being part of the whole.

To be sure *the world* has the last word to say about life and experience; and to that extent, life must ever be precarious and mysterious: its fringes are beyond the borders of the known in the shadows of the unknown. That fact must be accepted as the condition of experience. But this much can be said by way of abatement: "mind" is as *real* as "atoms" are, at least. When the conditions that have produced any experience are re-established, that experience will be re-established. This is that sort of a universe.

It is true that the more precious a value is the more precarious any particular existence which embodies it seems to be. But precariousness is not the same as unreality. That which has once been realized—beauty, love, ideal—and its conditions understood, is a permanent possession of the world.

Has it all been said?

CHAPTER XV

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

IN a sense, the development of schools has meant the defeat of education. Quite naturally so. Each of our institutions assumes that it has been developed for the purpose of doing some specific thing, and social opinion echoes that assumption. The church assumes to take care of our religious interests; government takes care of our civic needs; business and industry pays our bills: what more natural than that the school should take charge of our educations?

Of course, any such institutionalizing of any of our human interests tends to develop into a vested right. Government is a monopoly. The church would like to be. "The family" tries to be. Even the school wants to monopolize education, though there is no possibility of its desire ever being realized. Education is synonymous with growth of experience; and no school has ever been conceived, much less built, that could make its activities conterminous with the experiences of its pupils. Hence, the assumption by schools that their work *is* educa-

tion, and that education is *their* work, leads to certain absurdities, which we must examine briefly, in this chapter. And first, an example.

It's an old story, but it will serve as illustration. The teacher asks the pupil some schoolish question. The pupil replies, hesitatingly, "I know—but I can't tell—I don't know how to say it!" The teacher retorts, more or less witheringly, "Well, if you can't tell it, you certainly don't know it!"

Such a retort on the teacher's part is not only bad manners; it is very bad psychology. Nowhere more so than in the field of education must we see clearly the experiential distinction between experiences that are *merely had*, and experiences that have been reflected upon, "excogitated", thought out, organized into knowledge. We all *have* experiences of many forms and qualities. But since our family, or our neighborhood, or our church, or our school or our social class, or our community, or all of these put together have been kind enough to furnish us, from the day of our birth onward, with a set of classifying pigeon-holes into which we can almost automatically *throw all our experiences*, most of us spend precious little time reflecting upon them, thinking them out, organizing them into our own knowledge on our own account. Hence, we are all in quite the same dilemma with the schoolboy: we all have had experiences which we know we have had but which we "don't know how to tell." And when the

teacher withers the pupil with the stock retort, the withering might quite properly rebound upon its author.

Historically and psychologically, the school came into being for just the purpose implied in the boy's hesitating answer to the teacher and denied in the teacher's retort. The school came into existence for the purpose of helping human beings to cogitate their experiences—to lift experiences out of the merely existential realm, and to find out what they "mean" and how they can be organized into a deliberated world of order and control. That is to say, a proper reply of the teacher to the boy would have been:

"Well, you *try* to tell about the matter, and the rest of us will help you get the thing cleared up. You have the beginnings of it—the roots of knowledge—but *you will not fully know* until you are able to tell the rest of us about it."

Something of this sort is the scientific function of the teacher. Because education never begins *de novo*. It always begins within a field of existent experience. It always begins with experiences that have already been *had*. It always begins out of antecedent organization. Even the new born babe has organized capacities: it does not have to be taught to breathe, or to wink its eyes, or to suck. Long before any child goes to school he has been subjected to years of "taking on" ranges of habit, custom, folk-

way organization imposed by his group, or groups; and he has spent his pre-school years in *having* experiences, most of which have been continuously assimilated to these folkway patterns with which he has been so naturally furnished. So, the child starts to school with an enormous equipment of education, every item of which will have some bearing upon any further educting that may be offered him, and much of which will battle valiantly against any further development in the organization of his experience. Hence, if the child's experience is ever to develop richness of content and effectiveness of organization, the school teacher must beware of defeating the processes of growth by "throwing cold water" on even the slightest evidence that anything of the nature of growth is emerging.

All real knowing starts from previous organization and from previous experiences. It is impossible for a teacher to get an "idea" into the "mind" of a "pupil" in any real way, if that pupil has never *had* the experiences in which that idea naturally might root itself. Of course, a "mind" can be grooved with memorized words, much as a phonograph record can be grooved with impressions of a needle; and when that "mind" has been properly "turned on," it can repeat, or "recite", those words. But, as the advertisement says, "A parrot can be taught to say, 'Here's something just as good', but the parrot won't know what the words mean!" One university pro-

fessor has estimated that 95% of our American schooling consists of "recitations" of this verbal sort: the pupil repeats the words—*but he doesn't know what they mean.* They have no effect upon him save, perhaps, to stir his dislike; they do not reverberate through his emotions, save perhaps to stir his hate; they do not appear in his activities, save perhaps in his rebellions.

The explanation of this result on the part of the school lies back in history and philosophy. Early in its cogitations upon its own experiences the race, under the influence of certain philosophies of life and sin and evil and hope of escape, learned to look with somewhat patronizing contempt upon "common experiences"; with disgust upon certain "low" experiences; and with extreme loathing upon certain "extremely low" or "sinful" tendencies in our "carnal natures". The longing for escape from "the body of this death" was once almost a universal longing—at least officially. This is, of course, a summary statement of ages of human struggle, and the fallacious doctrines that came out of those ages. But it is easy to see that out of such experiences and such interpretations of common experience the doctrine could easily arise that "education" must be a process of putting in place of these lower experiences the more desirable, beautiful, and noble experiences of the world. These "higher" experiences were already in existence; they were to be found in the

nobler books of the world; and being already in existence, they had to be *learned*—taken on—not developed out of the day's experiences. They must be accepted, not experienced. Hence—if a pupil could not *tell*, he, of course, did not *know*. Moreover, from this point of view, it is no part of teacher's work to find out whether the words "mean" anything: enough that the pupil should know them. So insidious is this method, that even much modern "science" is of this sort.

But any such educational method is, of course, *invidious:* it assumes that certain experiences, or certain materials, or certain types of experiences are, *per se*, more noble than other experiences, or types of experiences. It assumes that "education" is something that can be organized: that the materials worked out by certain Athenians, or Judeans, or Romans, or Mediævalists, or Englishmen, are the proper materials; that the experiences which are recommended by "authorities" are the "right" experiences, and must be made the bases of all curricula. The new child is thus early subjected to patterns of experience that existed before he was born. Churchmen try to monopolize the right to make such selections. Politicians and "patriots" claim the right. Business men and industrialists claim the right. Moralists and editors undertake to set forth what experiences are proper and what improper for education. Parents, of course, assume the right to dictate what experi-

ences their children may, or may not have. Radicals of all brands also would like to have the chance to make their own invidious selections of proper educational materials. Even Bernard Shaw makes Cæsar say, when looking at the burning library of Alexandria: "Sure, burn it down, and build the future of its ashes!" forgetting all the while that ashes are but indifferent building materials. The world seems either incurably stupid or incurably romantic about schools and education.

What is the essence of the matter? Education involves *two* factors, both to be found inside experience, both natural, and both necessary to the fullest enrichment of experience, and to the most complete enjoyment and control of nature. In the first place, the child being educated must *have* experiences: childhood and youth should bring him opportunities to range through nature and experience, sharing immediately in all the materials and processes of the world, exploring, inquiring, making, creating, tearing to pieces and building up again the objects that he comes upon; waiting only upon the gradual development of his capacities to get the "meanings" of the experiences that fill his hours.

In the second place, he must have the chances to get those "meanings": he must face his casual experiences, reflect upon them, excogitate them, organize them into systems of knowing, deliberate upon them, act upon the net product of reflection from

time to time, and so learn thereby how to escape from being the victim of momentary experiences, or from those momentary impulses which are the immediate response to passing stimulations; he must himself develop his own cogitated, and deferred, and mutually criticized responses to the stimuli of the world. These developed responses will become the framework of his personal character, and the skeletal structure of his moral world. Of course, our schools are prepared to furnish their pupils ready-made patterns of character, "hand-me-down" moral universes much more finished and beautiful and perfect than any the pupil is likely to make for himself. But if we are ever to have a genuine democracy of intelligence, or morality, and of education, the one who is doing the learning must do it, himself; the one who is to live morally must develop his own moral judgments; the one who is to exercise intelligence, must grow his own crop of it, even though he grow some other types of plant life in the process.

Into the technics of method, by which such an education, wrought of experiences and meanings, may be achieved, there is no room here to enter; nor is this a book of methods, or of pedagogy. Even to claim that such a technic is at present available in the world would be stretching facts a bit. That such a technic could be worked out *in vacuo*, apart from all the other phases of our current living,

and our philosophies and psychologies, is not even here to be asserted, or implied. An *education* that is to be conterminous with experience—that is to be the actual integration of a richly growing experience —cannot be developed apart from the conditions that provide those experiences; that is, apart from the conditions of experience as a whole. There are, indeed, more or less plausible efforts at work in the world seeking to develop such a technic of education and of schooling—as over against the traditional schooling of minds in the forms of academic "knowledge". But all such efforts are handicapped by the fact that nowhere does the social community look with complete favor upon such experimentings. No such technic will ever be fully developed, it seems likely, until our social community comes to understand that education must provide for the free movements of mind through all sorts of experiences; and until the experimenters, themselves, learn to identify education with *all enrichings* of experience on the one hand, and with *all organizings* of experience on the other.

Nowhere more than in our schools have *words* been accepted as the equivalents of *experiences:* endlessly, children who have hungered for the actual milk of experience, have had to be content with the milk-tickets of words, instead. Education is defined by one of our greatest educators as "nothing less than the sharing of life and nature and experience with

all men, everywhere". That definition can be accepted verbally by the most besotted schoolman; and he can define it to mean "taking courses" in the "best" literature, or "best" philosophy, or "best" science. And the tragedy of it all lies in the fact that the aforesaid "besotted schoolman" cannot see the difference.

But such a "sharing", by taking "courses", easily becomes the sheerest scholasticism; usually becomes that, almost inevitably becomes that. This is one of the present difficulties of the schools: they "give" their students "ideas", "meanings", etc., yet the pupils come forth from the schools "not knowing what it is all about." What's wrong? Well, this much is wrong, at any rate, namely, that "ideas" and "meanings" ought to be natural growths out of experiences, just as an ear of corn ought to be a natural growth on a stalk of corn; but when a school *gives* us an "idea", or a "meaning" it comes to be just as gratuitous and unnatural (though generously so) as when a farmer ties an old ear of corn to a growing new stalk, in order to make sure that the new stalk will eventually have an ear. That's the difference between a farmer and an academic: the farmer lets the stalk of corn raise its own ears!

The normal outcome of education should be the production of a natural crop of "ideas", "meanings", the "intellectual life" of the new individual. This outcome is everywhere praised and admired, but al-

most nowhere achieved, in schools. Indeed, observers of our present methods and results complain that we came nearer turning out a desirable product a half century ago than we do to-day, with all our new psychologies and pedagogies; and the complaint is not far from the truth—though not for the reasons generally assigned by those making the complaint.

The real difficulty is that life, itself, as disorganized in our modern communities, offers children little chance for vital experiences of the universal types which were always theirs on farms and in villages. Life for the modern city child has become too *schoolish.* It is enormously enriched with books and with the learning that is found in the heads of other people—all of which is valuable, as the materials, and indispensable, as the correctives, of new enterprises in thinking and those new undertakings in action with which the modern world abounds and must abound—as long as we have problems. But experience, itself, must find out its own needs and its own uses for these cultural resources of the past and the great present, and the bookish learnings of the ages must consent to be instrumental *inside experience,* not a substitute for experience, or a tyrant outside experience.

One phase of the difficulty seems to lie in our lack of understanding of what we so glibly talk about as the "intellectual life"—and here schoolmen are

probably the greatest sinners. We envisage this "intellectual life" in academic terms, not in terms of experience. We want this "intellectual life" to be guaranteed *by the school*, not by life and experience. We even prefer a schoolish intellect that has no real quality to an experienced intelligence that can show no academic pedigree.

Hence, we cannot quite close this discussion without some further remarks upon what we may call the "natural history of the intellect". But a subject so important must not be confined to a single paragraph. It is worthy the dignity of a separate chapter.

CHAPTER XVI

THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE

NOTWITHSTANDING the strenuous efforts of behaviorists and other extreme psychological doctrinaires to make themselves believe that human nature in all its phases can be "explained" "objectively", nothing is more certain in experience than the fact that man has an inner world of private impressions, fancies, fantasies, reveries, imageries, illusions, hallucinations, emotions, dreams, escapes, defences, and the like, as well as "thinkings", "reflections", and "deliberations". It would seem that this fact of the inner world should need no defence from the psychologist; but, for some psychologists, it is the chief obstacle to their "understanding" of human behavior. "Stimulus" they think they understand; and also "response"; but "mind" is a great stumbling block, though both "stimulus" and "response" are abstractions apart from each other and their inter-connections.

For, psychologists are human beings, and human beings are easily wearied: Investigating the world, understanding it, exploring the ranges of nature

and experience, dealing honestly with facts, using theories for explanatory purposes, coming honestly to renewing knowledge, over and over again, in the long years—all such things seem at times "too much like work"! We all want escapes, short cuts to "reality", the climax and end of the story quickly. There is more than a little, too, of what may be called "busy work"—"keeping everlastingly at it"—hoping to come upon something important, which may lead to fame. All this tends to produce not a little "science" which is motivated by weariness, on the one hand, and by a sort of illusion of fame based on the search for a "clue to existence" on the other.

But nature has her own requitals. The man who walks over the precipice breaks a leg,—or his head. Nature provides convincing illustrations of individuals who are completely "objective". As Professor Dewey points out, following a suggestion of Comte, idiots are just complete exhibitions of "objectivity". The idiot seems to have no "inner life"; things *mean* nothing to him; he is the victim of passing events; his feelings and impressions are dominated by the objects that surround him; he is himself a pitiable object in the midst of a world of objects. A wholly objective world of things, without an inner world of meanings, would be an "idiotic" world: "A tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing".

On the other hand, there are religionists, philosophers and esthetes, and there have been psychologists, who have tried to make themselves believe that the "inner world" has a specific reality, independent of the conditions of experience, separate from nature and the world. They have contemned, or condemned, nature; they have exalted the "soul", or the "spirit", or "mind" into a thing apart, with a nature of its own, with freedoms and immunities, and escapes and destinies—of which, indeed, nature may have been, in some far-off sense the progenitor, but which now are completely released from nature. According to this doctrine everything that humanly is important goes on *inside* this "subjective" arena of private feelings, reveries, and the like.

But Comte suggests that when, and if, such a subjective mind dominates the individual, he is "mad"; and when a "mind" gets to the state in which it ignores sense and objects and the usual ways of nature and organizes its own responses to its own fancies it is judged "insane" and committed to custody. If complete objectivity is identical with idiocy, complete subjectivity is one with insanity. If fundamentalists are a bit mad, that is because they are too subjective—too remote from facts.

That is to say, *normal mind*, in its varying degrees, lies between these two limiting extremes. On the

one hand, when "mind" is completely subordinated to objects, so that it stares vacantly at the world and takes what comes without understanding or protest, it disintegrates and disappears in idiocy. When, on the other hand, it rides high over objects, elaborating its own untested legends and myths, constructing its own reveries in the interest of its own emotions, and making an inner world that ignores all the "causes and effects" of the world of nature, then that "mind" is so completely dislocated from reality as to be describable only as mad, or insane.

Now it is an interesting fact that there has been, in general, more "madness" in the world than "idiocy". "Objectivity" is a modern attitude. "Subjectivity" is the more primitive trend. The primitive mind had inadequate methods of checking and testing its guesses as to the meaning of things. Nature challenges, and primitive "mind" replies by means of myths. But long before the myth appears, nature and mind have been interwoven in various activities: hunting, fishing, building shelters, caring for flocks, etc., out of which come customs, habits, rituals. Hence the myth is not an answer to the challenge of nature as distinct from mind: the myth is an explanation of the ritual, the custom, the habit; the myth accounts for emotions, and is regarded as having influence with, or upon, the order of nature. The modern suggestion that "nature" is to be in-

vaded, investigated, examined, tested, measured, weighed, and so understood and controlled, has not entered the primitive mind.

In such ways systems of magic grow up: "mind" gets "on the inside" and gets privacies of control. Primitive agriculture is not a matter of science: it is a matter of ritual, or of legend, or of magic. Crops must be planted in the right sign of the moon, or in the proper sign of the zodiac. Rituals of agriculture were once universal, and in some groups so elaborate as now to be unimaginable.

However, in the modern community, though it still largely lacks the scientific temper, if anyone should think to farm by the use of those old rituals, he would certainly be set down as mad. No one who is sane to-day can think that the "inner world" of "mind" can directly dominate the operations of nature. The modern intellectual life is therefore neither the idiocy of objectivism nor the madness of subjectivism. Evidently *things* and *mind* belong to each other. Over-emphasis upon either is fatal. They must get closer together, and get along with each other on much more intimate terms of mutual give and take.

There is, however, one other mode of avoidance that we must examine. The intellectual life of humanity is historically the achievement of the last five or six thousand years. Correlative to this achievement of an intellectual life for the race, there

have grown up certain great masses of knowledge, literatures, organized sciences, established cultures, which have been the products of specific races, and which we may call Greek culture, Chinese culture, etc.; but which we may consider as the common product and eventually the common possession of the whole race, and which we may call human culture. Owing to modern means of communication, we are all "heirs" of all these various cultures; or may be, if we care to accept our chances.

These two aspects of history, namely, the intellectual life, and these intellectual materials, are, quite evidently, not unrelated. They have come up hand in hand, as we may say; they are the two sides of the same historic range of facts: on the one side in the course of these thousands of years the race has developed its "civilized" mind; on the other hand, it has developed these treasures of culture. The two must belong together.

Hence it has often been argued that since the mind of the race has developed its cultured levels through the processes of history, and these cultural treasures through the same processes, any one who wants to develop an intellectual life can best do so by going through—not the same processes—but the summation of those same processes; that is, by taking on these cultural treasures. This is a plausible suggestion. It is the practice of most of our schools. It is the professed doctrine of our colleges and univer-

sities. And it must be admitted that in perhaps two fifths of one per cent of all cases *it works*. Enough people have actually developed something similar to an intellectual life by taking on our existent cultures and organized knowledges to provide evidence that the thing can be done, at least superficially, that way. And in schools a little evidence goes a long way.

But for the majority of people, any such effort to achieve intellectual quality, or power, or participation ends in grief and disillusionment. Four people out of each thousand may enter into the intellectual empire by this means; ten more may have the sense of being on the edges of understanding; but most of the rest will wonder all their lives what it is all about, and at least 500 out of the thousand will be completely defeated by such methods. There is no real hope for an intellectual life for the race by the use of our current scholastic interpretations and methods: these defeat most of us at every turn.

We have still one more recourse before we come to grips with facts. We can argue that 90%, or more, of the human race are incapable of sharing the intellectual interests of the other ten per cent or less. We can show by tests and measurements and by graphs and statistics that their "native intelligence" is below the level required for an intellectual life. We can thus rule them out of consideration: we can condemn them to a life of greater

or less vacuity, making them "simpletons" if not "idiots"; we can argue that for people who have *minds* our present methods of developing the intellectual life are quite all right; and so we can justify the school-ways of man to God and Nature, and even perhaps, to experience itself—when it is not looking.

But even at the risk of calling in question the dogmas of both the culturalists and the intelligence testers, we may point out that there is still another way of considering the problem of the intellectual life. That other way is the way of true science and of nature; and though it is not the present way of dealing with *experience*, it is implied in naturalistic empiricism, which means that it will some day be the way of experience, when experience shall have escaped from its ancient fallacious dogmas, shall have learned its own intrinsic conditionings, and shall have developed methods more in accord with the facts of nature, including human nature. What has Naturalistic Empiricism to say about the nature of the intellectual life and about adequate methods of achieving it?

Well, in the first place, then, the intellectual life is *natural*. It is an organic development of the life of man. It grows up within experience, whenever the soils and climates and seeds are so interrelated as to favor growth and development. It is not something previously organized and waiting to be im-

ported or smuggled into the "mind" of the individual. It is not "the past" or "the great past", moulding the immature. All such conceptions are plausible, and specious, superficial, artificial. They are scholastic and dislocatory. No one would think of tying an ear of corn on a growing stalk of corn in order to make sure that the stalk would eventually have an ear on it: a stalk of corn will produce its own ear—given time and favorable conditions. To be sure, it may not produce a very wonderful ear; again, it may produce the most wonderful ear that ever has been known; but whether wonderful or not, the ear it produces will be its own, and big or little, it will be not just the conservation of former wealth: it will be that much more wealth added to the world.

In the second place, the intellectual life is an "*emergence*". Mind is something more than a mere growth out of antecedent conditions. That does not mean that mind does not grow. Mind comes into being as do other natural and organic functions: it grows; it grows by the uses of those materials and modes and conditions that antedate it; it develops by the uses of the structures and functions of antecedent levels of emergence. But when it appears it is something more than the mere extension of the antecedent. It is not just body: it is "mind."

Mind uses the physiological structures of reflex activities and habits. The intellectual life uses the mechanisms of reflex activity and habit, but it is

more than habit, or habits, and more than reflex activity. Mind grows up through, around, by means of, and above these mechanisms. These mechanisms are implied in the overt activities of mind. That does not mean that mind is identical with these mechanisms, or with the round of conditioned reflexes that make up the quiver of our habits. These alone cannot ever explain mind. Mind is more than reflex and habit: it is also impulse and initiative; it is reflection; it is presentation; it is the old—and it is something new: it is old habit assimilating new impulses; and it is new impulse making old habit over, and assimilating that which has been made over to new and more inclusive wholes of experience—wholes which though new are ever more than a mere sum of the "parts" of which they purport to be made up. There is a *wholeness* about mind which is never explained by the parts of habit, or reflex, or custom, which have gone before.

In the third place, the intellectual life is *thinking*, and thinking differs from habit, for example, in this one supreme fashion, namely, that habit is, of itself, conservative, repetitive, whereas thinking is always reconstructive, novel. Thinking is nature reconstructing herself in human experience. Thinking is a natural process that (sometimes) emerges—especially when habits fail to operate, when activity is inhibited, and when experience, blocked by these failures of reflex and habit, must get on with its work,

somehow, anyhow. All that is real comes to acute concentration in a process of thinking: irrelevant aspects of the situation are, as fully as possible, torn away and thrown aside, until the difficulty, the "problem," stands out more or less clearly; this problem is opened up as completely as possible, or as the circumstances may demand, or permit, and its relationships and pertinent elements are ascertained; these pertinent factors are more or less presented to observation in emotional halos which help to determine their values in the situation; these values select or reject each other, until they integrate themselves, more or less completely, into suggested "ways out of the problem"; these suggested "ways out" are known in science as hypotheses, and they are clues to the ultimate solution of the problem in hand: each of them must be tested, either actually or imaginatively, until one of them is found which meets the needs of the situation, mayhap; this hypotheses assumes the rôle of "answer" to the problem and is "put to work"; if it "works", the whole situation is made to reconstruct itself in the interests of the more adequate assimilation of all the old to the new, and of all the new to the old; and when this assimilation, this emergence of intelligence is in process, experience finds its way through from thinking to action and the whole process of living gets on, again, on the levels of the new solution, which will presently become habit—on this new level. Then, when all this

concentration in "thinking" merges into action, the stresses of "mind" relax and experience once more surrenders itself to the direction of reflexes and habits—now on the new levels established by these passing concentrations of attention. So experience swings, irregularly and at the compulsions of need and capacity, from the non-intellectual controls of reflex and habit to the deeply concentrated processes of thinking, with its analyses, its criticisms, its cogitations, its syntheses, its deliberations and reflections, its organizations and reorganizations of experiences —into experience—and then back again—into the controls of new reflexes, and new habits, on these new levels of integration.

The normal meaning of *education* should be the development of this momentum toward analysis, criticism, cogitation, organization and reorganization of experiences until *this becomes the method* of dealing with life and its problems, in our problematic moments. *This method cannot be given:* it can only be achieved by those who achieve it. It is the most necessary factor in any mature "mind": it is the essence of the "intellectual life". It calls for knowledge—but is itself far and away more than knowledge. It calls for ideas—not as something handed over out of some vacuum of history, but as the organic expression of the meaning of the experiences of the individual, himself. It calls for teaching—not for the purpose of dominating the growing

mind of the individual, but for the purpose of clearing up the bases of judgment, for stimulating the confidence of the student, for helping him to accept the fact that he must make mistakes and take the consequences.

The normal outcome of education should be the assurance of an intelligent life for the individual and the community. But—primarily because we have such slight understanding of the *natural history of the intellectual life,* and also because of our fear of intelligence—the usual outcome of our educational processes—for from 95 to 99% of our population —is either a surfeit of intellectual materials, with a necessary retreat into old habit and reflex; or else an *intellectualism* that finds culture and reality in books, but fails to recognize anything of value in people, or in social situations, or in any of the common sources out of which, through all the ages, the real books have been written, the real cultures have come.

Hence, the greatest task of the school to-day is that of escaping from its scholasticisms, and of finding how to help people to discover for themselves real shares in the life of history and contemporary undertaking; how to release their own curiosities, and inquisitivenesses, and how to transform their momentary musings upon difficulties into permanent methods of dealing with those difficulties effectively and honestly. It is in this way that "mind" will

come to its full fruition—as "knower", as "critic", as cultivator of wide relationships and meanings.

To be sure, as we shall see in later chapters, Education, in some of its wider implications, has wider meanings than this; and we shall deal with those wider implications—esthetic and emotional—in due time. Here we are concerned with the meaning of the intellectual factor in experience, and we have confined this discussion to that phase of our subject. But the intellectual has still wider bearings than we have so far pointed out: it reaches out into an effort to bring all the world within its compass, and to state the full premises of experience in a single premise. In this effort it has been through all the ages, endlessly confident, endlessly credulous, endlessly defeated, but endlessly hopeful. It still is, to-day. We still seek for a philosophy—as witness this book. But, some seek their philosophy somewhat arrogantly—as if it could be compelled by intellectual violence. It will come, if it comes at all, not by observation, but by growth. From this point of view, what is the function of philosophy—the generalization of intellectual inquiry—in empirical experience? We turn to that question in our next chapter.

CHAPTER XVII

WHAT SHALL EXPERIENCE DO WITH PHILOSOPHY?

THE history of life shows many involutions, and many evolutions. Experience is endlessly interwoven of experiences, with intimations of further experiences, and denials of experiences, and interpretations of experience, and reconstructions of experience. The intellectual life is like a tree growing by the side of the waters, with its roots in a seed or a cutting: it may start out bravely straight; but it soon begins to branch out, and divide its allegiances, and though one central stem may keep ever going upward, other branches, no less important, turn outward and downward toward the earth again. Living is a devious affair: nothing seems to develop in straight lines.

None the less we ask: which is the right direction of growth? Which is the way life should take? How many directions should living assume? Is there *one* right way? Is anything that is *wrong*, altogether wrong? Living shows us, at times, such exuberance, such multiplicity, such elaborate lux-

uriance: how shall we find our ways through this luxuriance, this exuberance, this multiplicity? But, at other times and for other people, living is so bare, so dull, so drab, so poverty-stricken: "The destruction of the poor is their poverty!" How shall these escape the poverty of living?

What is a "good life"? Do all things come to him who waits? How long must he wait? Are ideals important? Is anything else important? Are ideals self-enacting? If one *thinks* hard enough, and long enough, will he finally think things out, and make all things new by thought? Does thinking make the world go round, or does it go round whether any one thinks or not? Is nothing "either good or bad but thinking makes it so"? What shall experience do with its own *thinking?*

Living does not stand still—even though habit and custom seem to dominate. In this modern world, at least, experience endlessly disintegrates—and it reintegrates not at all certainly. Men ask for guidance, and they are solicited by every sort of will-o'-the-wisp. We seek direction, and the weather vane turns to every vagrant wind that blows. "Is there no balm in Gilead?" We want a philosophy, even in the very act of denying that we want one: denial is itself assertion of need!

What sort of philosophy will satisfy experience? Philosophers formerly thought it their duty to pass

judgments upon the world as a whole. For instance, Leibnitz asserted that "This is the best of all possible worlds!" Schopenhauer retorted: "Not so: this is the worst of all possible worlds!" And von Hartmann countered: "No, this is the best of all *possible* worlds, but it is worse than none!"

Such wholesale praises and blames have passed out of fashion: they "get us nowhere", to-day. Like Margaret Fuller, we "accept the universe", and try to find out what it is. Such acceptance of our destiny may be either more or less "noble" than the attitudes of earlier ages; it is our own, at least; and we attempt to develop a philosophy which can deal with the problems of living in this spirit of acceptance: a philosophy which can envisage and interpret the problems of our own times in a dialectic that our own age can understand.

What shall such a philosophy be? Philosophers once said, with a sort of cosmic superiority: "Philosophy may bake no bread, but it does give us God, Freedom, and Immortality!" It is likely that no philosophy would be willing to make such a statement, to-day: at least, no Western philosopher would do so.

Philosophy has abdicated its ancient responsibility for *giving* the world anything. Immortality is not something that can be demonstrated. *Life exists:* no *sane* man can doubt that fact. This is a universe that in the course of evolution *has come alive.* Life

is, therefore, not an alien thing in a strange land: *that much we know.* But beyond that—logic enables us to affirm very little—and also to deny very little. Life is not the creation of reflection, or of philosophy, or of intellect. Life antedates reflection, and philosophy, and the intellect. Life wells up from unexplored deeps: and no one knows "the sea where it goes."

But—philosophy should help us find *freedom:* not freedom *from* life, though there are many philosophies of "escape"; but freedom in the midst of living; freedom as an achievement out of and by means of experience; freedom as a dramatic highway running through experience. Not freedom *from* the machines that science has given us as the means by which we order our physical lives; but freedom through the control of those machines, and of science, itself, to ends that are rationally conceived and esteemed and justified. The modern world, feeling uneasily its own momentum of "natural drive", has undertaken to direct that "drive" by means of scientific understanding: we seek freedom through understanding, through science. We may be going too far in this dependence upon "intelligence"; the understanding we need is not alone "scientific" understanding; but we shall never be content to abandon the scientific mood and return to the primitive, wholly.

Hence, what we most need to-day is something

more than a mere competitor for science, or a mere corrective of science, or a substitute for machineries. Science is the intellect at work within experience; and roughly speaking, science bears the same relationship to the whole of experience that intellect bears to the whole of personality. Life is larger than science; and life might be larger even than our machines if we were not so abjectly frightened by those same machines.

The most promising movements in psychology, today, are showing that mind operates through large patterns of behavior—wholes, not fragmentary details of those wholes. But often, not having any real pattern, it is compelled to make a whole out of a part, and to operate as if that part were a whole. Most of our schooling deals with fragments, details: we justify this method on the ground that "the whole" is made up of a "sum of the parts". This is fallacious psychology: it accounts for the deadly dryness and futility of so much of our common schooling—from the first grade to the end of college. Our minds do not proceed from parts to wholes: they proceed from the whole to its parts—or they do not proceed at all!

Philosophy has often tried to operate in this same way: to find the details of existence, and to leap from a heap of details to the "nature of the world". Much of our science attempts to do this too: this accounts for the vogue of "materialism"—the setting

up of a part of experience as a clue to the nature of all of it. Much religion has been of the same narrow sort: it has despised life and loved only "immortality". The result has been a dreary materialism only worse than the materialisms of science. Education has been specialization—until it has become, in many cases, nothing at all. And even "art" has boasted at times of its "interesting fragmentariness".

But life has endless variety, endless issues. Customs and folkways vary all round the earth. Mores range through almost every conceivable mode and accident. The single individual is compact of innumerable more or less antagonistic desires, tastes, feelings, aspirations, habits, vices, skills, abilities. When intelligence first contemplates this exuberance of nature and experience, it grows enthusiastic; then it becomes cautious and selective; then arbitrary and dogmatic; then theological and dictatorial; and it usually ends with "schemes of control". Religion picks and chooses its own favorite experiences, and even the devil can quote scripture for his own purposes. Art selects its own bits of fancifulness, and sets up its own esoteric technics, or retires to its own gnawing upon its own types of "expression". In other words, we do everything to escape from facing reality—even to the extent of calling reality "sordid".

Shall philosophy also retreat into old invidious iso-

lations? Shall philosophy also ignore the endless variety of experiences and try, in its ancient grandiose manner, to crowd all experiences into an identical whole? Experience must have its Wholeness: how shall we get this sense of The Whole, and still escape that dogmatic organization which was the defeat of mediævalism, and which is still the poignant desire of all weary and dogmatic minds—including our super-patriots, our super-religious fundamentalists, and our "go-getter" business enthusiasts?

William James was much intrigued by this problem, and gave as his response to its insistences his famous doctrine of a "pluralistic universe"—a universe of many facets, or of many more or less interrelated planetary systems. History and experience reveal to us innumerable planetary systems of custom and folkways, endless facets of interest and activity, widely scattered "wholes" of moral habit, all more or less in conflict round the world and through the ages. But James has largely been forgotten—for a time only, let us hope—and we tend to fall back (since the fears of war-time) into dogmatic attitudes and unities: our primitive clan-moods have escaped from old repressions and have overtaken us, until we tremble with fear at the spectre of a world filled with *variety;* for example, we fear the disintegrations that are thought to be implied in the word "soviet", and we fight all such changes with our little categories of *sameness;* we fear "sociology", and "eco-

nomics", and everything else that implies differences in the nature of the world; and some of us in despair at the universe in which we find ourselves, cry: "To hell with all philosophies!"

Said Emerson: "Why so hot, little man?" We probably cannot bring back, just now, the pluralism of James, in any conscious and accepted way, though eventually we shall hold to that concept of the universe implicitly, as being the only one consistent with our actual experiences. Just now, of course, we are in a state of peculiar paralysis: our clannish moods and fears, our hatreds and isolations dominate our conduct, locally, nationally, racially, morally, internationally; but at the same time, we *hold*, or think we do, to a doctrine of dogmatic unitariness in all these things: we *believe*, at least for purposes of argument, that all morality is of a single pattern; that nations should be ruled by a single pattern of law—which we should like to furnish; that all races should be either one race, or that all "lower races" should be subject to the one "true race", and we are willing to be designated as that one "true race". Ancient metaphysical doctrines of the tight Oneness of the world stand in the way of the free play of analytical intelligence; and ancient clannish moods and fears of the most disintegrative sort dominate our practical conduct and prevent the application of any synthesis of understanding. Facing the two horns of this dilemma bequeathed to us by the

centuries of pre-science, we dare reject neither, and are impaled on both.

We need a philosophy which can boldly grasp both those "horns" and break them loose from their position in history and current psychology, and throw them into the waste heaps of time. "The One" is not unanalyzable; our clannish moods are not finalities. We can dare escape from old customs and habits, into new customs and new habits; we can dare to escape from the dominance of old gods into new freedoms. Philosophy will be a great dramatic highway that runs through the lands of experience, giving us real perspectives upon both experiences and experience. This dramatic highway is to be the joint product of all our human abilities: its foundations are to be discovered in ancient realities: in nature and experience; its directions and gradients and pavings may be the work of science; its landscapings may be the work of art; its relationships with other by-ways and with the country-side may be the work of the social sciences; its undetermined objectives may be the concern of ethics and religion.

Such a highway should tie the great areas of experience together, and make the world a Whole—not by the arbitrary elimination of differences, nor by denying or ignoring the parts, nor by telescoping those parts into a sort of a wreck of a world—but by making all differences real, and all parts visible; by showing them all as objectives of adventure, and as

future factors in understanding the infinite variety of the one world.

That is to say, philosophy needs to be realistic in dealing with the facts of experience, and it needs to be endlessly imaginative and even emotive in dealing with relationships and organizations of those facts, knowing full well that while mind must ever envisage reality in the forms of "wholes", yet no "whole" which is intellectually conceived, is ultimate or absolute; that any single fact, seen to-day, is necessarily seen fragmentarily and in distortion; and that the mind of both the scientist and the philosopher will suffer like distortion save as imagination enters for the purpose of making room wherein the future may clear up all such fragmentarinesses and distortions with the suggestion of more "wholes" yet to emerge through the long ages to come.

Hence, philosophy is no longer a "system" of "truth" or of "ultimate reality". It is a method of dealing with the world. It is not "scientific method" in the narrower sense of that word. It is scientific in the more accurate sense of the word: it has to do with wholenesses in experience, and with the significance of parts in the light of that wholeness—even in the light of wholenesses that are themselves not yet whole. Such a philosophy will not pass judgments upon the "nature of things" from this narrower standpoint, or from the standpoint of some special aspect of "mind" such as intellect, alone. In-

tellect, itself, though it may be the chief instrument in the development of philosophy, will arrogate to itself no privileges not warranted by its realistic place in the total of experience; yet, in assuming this honest modesty in the presence of the universe of nature and experience, intellect will save itself from the current mock-modesty that affects to hold that because it is not everything, it must, therefore, be nothing at all!

For the philosopher is not outside experience, looking in, or above experience looking down with a lofty and serene perspective. He too, is inside experience and nature. His relationships to the world are much the same as those of other men: he has enjoyed and suffered experiences, before he has *known* experience. And always his knowledge is subject to the limitations set by his disinterestedness—if any. Arrogant intellect can play him false—as well as another. In fact—arrogant intellect has been the downfall of most philosophers. Life was before him—life goes on all about him—and life will go on after he has gone. All he says or thinks of any phase of life or existence is subject to the abatements of experience. He is limited, and the world is wide:

Now who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten who in ears and eyes
Match me: we all surmise,

They this thing and I that: whom shall my soul believe?

Philosophy is not a system of ultimate truths, or Ultimate Reality. Philosophy is a highway of imagination through the lands of experience and nature—a method of inquiry into the worlds of experience and nature, the explored and the unexplored; a recognition of the pluralisms that operate within experience and nature (pluralisms that are, indeed, quantitative rather than qualitative, since back of all pluralisms there is a unity that is qualitative and *felt*, so that relationships and meanings continually demand the reorganization of all our pluralisms and the restoration of the *sense of the whole*): a willingness to let experience and nature be real in the processes of reflection and deliberation, as well as in the processes of suffering and enjoyment; a search for new areas of exploration in experience and nature; a refusal to permit any fragment of experience or of nature to exploit itself as the whole of either; an everlasting return, in courage and faith in life, to the deeps of experience and of nature for the correctives, so continuously needed, to the perversions and misinterpretations that have grown up within organized experience and become institutionalized in social and individual living through the long and largely prejudicial ages; a continual re-opening of the channels of emotion, of creation, and of moral freedom; and a living trust in the wholeness of nature and life

to suffuse and rectify its own partialities and distortions.

For the problem of living is here: Nature endlessly offers us the goods of immediate experience. But man cannot live—as the animals seem to be able to do—on the goods of immediate experience. He finds those goods "good, bad and indifferent". He must make them over, nearer to his heart's desire: he must make his own world, excogitated and deliberate, out of the goods that nature provides. He is "nature's insurgent son". In all his makings and remakings, however, he is endlessly subject to betrayal by his own desires, his shortsightedness, his cowardice, his weakness of will, his vanities, his fears. He takes easily to half-facts, half-truths, half-gods; to the bits of things he finds lying around; to the offfalls from the past; to the suggestions of other persons; to the persuasions of dreams and illusions; to escapes, fancies, phantasies and lies. The task is long. He would often rather die than "think". The adventure is severe. Any trail once used easily becomes to him a sacred road leading to Paradise. Any highway quickly becomes the proof that all other highways are paths to hell. Half-gods haunt him. Half-worlds content him—though, in the long run, nothing can satisfy him but the universe itself, and a Wholeness, A God that is the Meaning of the universe.

Philosophy must find the courage to undertake the

task of living, and of creating a livable world. It must find the will to carry through that task. It must become the growing intelligence that can continuously integrate and dramatize that expanding task from age to age, and out of the chaos of immediate experiences, organize the ever tentative cosmos of a good world: not ever a final world, as if Absolute Truth had been attained, but ever the world of the pilgrim, whose feet walk the highways of custom and habit, but whose eyes are lit with the radiance that shines over the City of Intelligence.

But, in sum, while experience can never be complete (though *any* experience may be informed with intimations of its own completeness, as in the case of æsthetic experiences, as we shall see presently); while there is no possible way of determining all that is hidden within the unexplored future; while always something must be lacking, as our intimations of further experiences to come always show—as long as these things are true, philosophy can never be a finished system, purporting to include within its reaches all the ranges of nature and experience, the answers to all the questions our human need can ask. Philosophy is real, but its reality is something other than was assumed in earlier times.

To-day, philosophy must be a method of dealing with experiences—an inclusive intellectual method, which will have respect for all phases of experience, immediate, mediate, and intimated; which will be

bullied by no one type of experience, or dominated by no one fragment of experience; which will attempt to discover the meanings and bearings and inner relationships of all aspects of experience; and which will be specially careful not to permit the processes of reflection, excogitation and deliberation to deform, dislocate, distort, or disintegrate those experiences which are immediate, and which, therefore, have the precarious reality of their own occurrence, and no defence save their own occurrence. The world that emerges in reflective experience—the world of philosophical acceptance—must accept its fate, and admit its own temporal character along with all other ranges of our experience: that world is not outside experience—"eternal in the heavens"; it too is inside experience, and may shortly be compelled to lend itself, once and again, to further reconstructions —at the demands of recurrent needs. Creation, and recreation: these are the inescapable processes of our normal human experience.

CHAPTER XVIII

CREATION AND RECREATION

NATURE offers us endlessly the goods—and the bads—of immediate experience. But men cannot endure these offerings unchanged. Men must make, or build, or create, or grow a world of desired, selected, cogitated goods—in order to have a *human* life. From the dawn of times, men have striven for such a world—more or less—and by various methods.

In certain ages, and even to-day, we have sought to turn the trick by some sort of universal gesture, wish, or miracle:

Ah Love! could you and I with him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

In other ages, and even to-day, men have sought to *will* themselves into the mastery of the world—into cosmic breadth of understanding and power: Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, and Canute asked the tides to behave themselves.

In modern times we have come to feel that *knowledge* is *power*, and we have dreamed of entering into the ultimate secrets of the world. We do enter into secrets: the "open secrets of Nature", as Goethe called them. And our impact upon the earth has become increasingly creative. It is nonsense to claim that men merely *discover* things: we have taken of the earth, and made of it increasingly a world that we have wanted—more or less.

This creative impact has invaded at least three areas of nature and experience: the physical world; the world of associate living; and individual development. We shall examine the incidence of this impact in each of these areas briefly.

On the physical levels of existence man has created many things: mountains have been torn down and valleys have been exalted; rivers have been harnessed and deserts have been reclaimed; steam has been belted to the wheel, and the lightnings have been trained to run on wires and taught to sing "Peace on Earth!" Aeroplanes have been constructed, and the globe circumnavigated through the air. New metals like brass and steel have been made by creative treatment of other metals. Explosives have been produced—high energies have been imprisoned in compounds of otherwise simple substances, and the world has nearly been blown to atoms by the use of such creations. The earth no longer bears the look of its pre-human days: the processes of creation have never

been ended. The coming of man brought endless new processes of creativeness to light, and to purposeful activity. The touch of the hand of man overlies the work of nature wherever man has gone. And there is no reason, it appears, in the nature of things, why, even without shattering the world to bits, it should not be made over, process by process, "nearer to the Heart's Desire". That seems to be implied and promised in the methods of science. But it may turn out to be important that we should determine just what we mean by the heart's "desire"!

On the levels of social living, humanity has brought into existence equally interesting creations. Cities have been made—out of the dreams of men—out of their courage, and their wills, and their fears and primitive impulses. Religions and the temples that embody and express man's reverence, or his fears, or his complexes of superiority, have been created and builded. States and all the relationships of states, and the structures of government, the great capitols that embody and express those relationships and authorities, have been created and builded. Great businesses, and transportations, the structures of international credits, the forms of international trade, and all the ramifications of trade and business and industry, locally known and stretching round the world, have been created and builded; systems of communication that bind peoples together, or rend them asunder, up and down the earth, have

been created and builded: structures, and series of structures of such magnitude that should they fall or fail, half the race might be crushed in the wrecks.

Schools and universities, cultures and curricula, standings and perquisites, degrees and dignities and ranks have been created, in profusions wonderful to behold; and all the learnings, the knowledges, the sciences, the technologies and the technics have been created. The story is too long to be told here: only the imagination can follow it from the beginnings of time to the end of the ages.

Customs and ceremonials, rituals and rites, folkways and mores, moralities and manners, repressions and exaltations, entanglements and freedoms, brotherhoods and fraternities—all the explicit business of social intercourse—all the tests of success and defeat—all the modes of allurement and exploitation—all these and more have been created out of the simple materials with which primitive man began his preposterous efforts to conquer and subdue the world. If anyone should argue that all these things are not "real"—let him tell his arguments to the crowds in the streets: let him tell them that *morality* is not real, or that rituals are not real—but let him not whine when he finds out the consequences.

A few specific instances of this creativeness will help to make the matter clear:

Socrates discovered *ideas*, and with their help he created, preliminarily, a realm of moral freedom for

the race—a realm that is as real as is the physical world, but non-existent there-to-fore. And, in its turn, this larger moral freedom has helped release human living, lifting it, as Socrates said, above the level of the brute. Other creative minds have carried further through the centuries the creative work thus begun. None the less, after all these centuries, that world of moral freedom is still largely an unknown world, while men still live mostly in the primitive wilderness of their brutish past. Man has not even yet largely developed that realm of creative freedom first clearly sighted by Socrates.

Moses and the Hebrew prophets, facing the moral chaos of the disintegrating life of the Israelites in Canaan, created a realm of ethical religion—a realm in which, for the first time in the world, *even the gods were moral*—a realm which had no existence before the age of the great prophets.

Copernicus created a new—Copernican—universe: a universe in which the sun stands (relatively) still, and the various planets revolve about it, rotating upon their own axes. If it be objected that Copernicus merely *discovered* such a universe—that "the universe was there all the time"—the reply is at hand that, since we have had the creative work of Einstein and the other Relativists, we know that the "Copernican" universe is, in some sense, no more objectively "true" than is any other universe: it was a creation, and it was more acceptable than the older "Ptole-

maic" universe because it proved to be a more convenient universe in which to live and transact business and compute relationships.

Consider further the so-called "discovery of America" by the Norsemen in the 10th and 11th centuries. A great deal of fuss is now being made by certain literal-minded historians over what seems to them a great injustice that is being done to these Norse explorers, and the unfair honors that have been and still are showered on the name of Columbus. What are the merits of the case?

It seems certain now that the Norsemen did hit upon the coast of a new continent: they left some remains, some memorials and some dead upon those shores—as early as the 11th century—whereas Columbus came late in the 15th century. Why then do the protagonists of Columbus deny to those earlier Norsemen the honor and the justice that is their due? Can this be a plot of the Latin races against the Nordics?

But, as a matter of plain historic fact, the Norse did not, as far as Europe was concerned, discover anything—not even as much as Captain Scott discovered when he found the Antarctic Continent. The Norse went back home, presumably, and reported that they had found land to the Westward. "How interesting!" we must presume their hearers replied, "if true!", they probably added. "Mean-

while, let's go fishing!" And that was the end of the Norse "discoveries".

Why did those "discoveries" mean so little? Because they were nothing but *discoveries:* they did not *create* anything. They produced no creative impact upon the mind, or the beliefs, or the modes of living, or the ideas, or the ideals, or the relationships of the peoples of Europe. The map of the world remained what it was. The shape of the earth remained the same—flat. There was no hint of creative change; hence *there was no place in the world* for a new continent to the westward. If there was to be such a new continent, the world must be reconstituted to make room for such an addition. The America that eventually upset most of the customs and folkways and institutions and ideas of Europe; that changed the world from a flat expanse of land into a globe, and that became the "western hemisphere" of that globe—no slightest inkling of such an America was ever present, it seems, in the "discoveries" of the Norsemen.

But the discoveries made by Columbus changed everything, quite literally creating a new world: they changed the earth into a globe, which floats in space, with two hemispheres, and with new and seemingly endless lands which the crowded peoples of Europe may enter upon and use. Eric the Red created nothing—but a rumor. Columbus created a new world

and made possible that expanded history of all the succeeding centuries: a history wrought out not on the flat earth of mediævalism, but on the globe of modern geography.

This aspect of our world of experience is so important that I am constrained to let Professor Dewey explicate the matter still further—by means of a paraphase of one of the most illuminating passages in all his writings. It was not, he says, simply a state of mind, a set of old beliefs, certain ideas inside the heads of the people of Europe that were changed when America was found by Columbus. Something immeasurably larger and more important happened, namely: the public world in which men and institutions existed, in which work went on, and governments ruled, was publicly changed, both in meaning and in existence. The map of the world was changed, of course. But a *map* is something more than a piece of paper or linen covered with lines and hung on a wall. A map is a pattern of public conduct; it pictures the arena within which men work and think; and when a map is changed, other and still more objective changes accrue. The America that was discovered was not merely a new set of lines on an old map: it was a new outlet for all the energies of men; it was a source of gold that would upset all the finances of Europe, and make and break empires; it was an outlet for depressed populations which would make and break governments; it was an

arena for empires and for new impulses which would release new ideas that would make and break institutions. In short, this new America was to be an instrument of new events and new fruitions at home in Europe, as well as over seas. "In some degree every genuine discovery creates some such transformation of both the meanings and the existences of nature".

It would be interesting to cite still further examples of creative discoveries—the various creations made by Darwin, by Napoleon, and by Einstein, for example. But we must pass on to the third phase of creativeness, promised above.

Perhaps the most substantial area of creation that we are familiar with, or can envisage, is that area in which the *personal self of the individual* emerges into reality—into the reality of nature and experience. The self of each of us is, of course, in one sense, a matter of growth; but it is not a matter of sheer growth: it is a critized, shaped, directed growth; and it is to this extent, a creation, a work of art, not a mere production of nature alone.

Such a self, eventually disciplined to a more or less effective integrity and initiative, is a participator in the making of every situation that will be later experienced. The ways in which this creative self enters into each of its various situations affects the quality of that situation, modifying it both as social *environment*, and as personal agent. Such selves,

as operative agents, are everywhere present in experience. In these situations processes of creation are ever at work: persons create situations, and situations in turn create persons. In passing through these creative situations and processes, the more inclusive self is created, experience upon experience, power upon power. It is an old saying of eastern Europe: "The artist moulds himself, and his materials, in the same process." And, of course, each new self, so emerging, is something individually new in the existences that make up the world; and his impact upon the structure of the world will carry the impresses of this newness of individuality.

Such selves are infinitely varied affairs, for all the efforts of custom and the folkways to mould them all to standard patterns. They range all the way from feebly responsive idiots, and violent maniacs, to the enormously sensitive and responsive artists, poets, and other agents of world reconstruction and recreation.

A self, so created through the processes of experience, may become more or less divided: quite seriously, as in hysterias, paranoias, etc.; less seriously, but still wastefully, as in the morbidities of every day's living. Such morbidities are produced in "perfectly normal" ways, to-day, through the stresses and disorganizations and abnormalities of our community living, or lack of it: the family pulls the emerging self of childhood one way, the

neighborhood pulls it another way; the school builds up certain relationships which the church may tear down, or at least undermine; industry, most powerful of all integrating factors in the older ways of living, may still integrate the self of the worker with one of its processes, and tear that emerging self all to pieces with other of its processes, or their implications. The modern social community, having little integrity of its own, cannot guarantee the integrity of the emerging selves it is fostering. One result is seen in the superficiality, the frivolity, the demoralization of many such emerging selves long before they have achieved a balance of organization and self control. Absorbed in the production of "things", our world depends upon magic for the creation and protection and integration of the selves that can make a world of "things" anything more than a horrendous nightmare: and "magic" is not a dependable form of control these days.

Moreover as the world goes to-day, these selves are very likely to be belated—side-tracked from the great human highways of the age and of the ages, lost in their own uncritized impulses, so dissipating their own energies, or lost in some blind alley of habit, custom or folkway emotion—thus losing their creative powers, and spending their lives passing judgments upon the selves that move forward upon the busy highways of affairs. These judgments are not likely to be the outgrowths of critical understand-

ing and participation, but merely words and phrases picked up in those remote side-trackings and blind alleys where their authors are spending their lives. Such selves are, of course, not creative. The pressures of large areas of the world, tend, to-day, to defeat the emergence of creative selves, having large experience, and rich converse with the world, and to put, instead, a sordid premium upon lesser selves that are content to "play the game" and conform to the rules of non-creative acceptance of the world.

But custom and the folkways have ever, as we have earlier seen, reckoned without their hosts—experience and nature. Creation is one phase of the nature of the world. The coming of the spring cannot be stopped by legislation, or even by covering the places of growth with the hard concretes of habit and custom. Some crevice will appear, and the green shoots of new life will come through: creative processes can neither be denied nor ignored—for long.

In conclusion, then, the self that grows and emerges and creates itself, and in some measure, in the process, creates its own world, needs often to cease from criticisms of its own self, and to seek renewing contacts with the sources of natural existence, in any way that will assure the free play of the recreative and recuperative forces of the world through all the areas of its being. For creation is *natural*, and it has its flows and its ebbs; and its natural flows

of energy and quiescence must be recognized, and not defeated by the arrogance of an intellectual interpretation of nature that seeks to take the Kingdom of Experience by intellectual violence. Creation is real; fatigue is real; and recreation must be recognized as no less real.

The further meanings of all these processes of creation, and of individual emergence as well,—processes so intimate in nature and experience and yet so difficult to set forth in intellectual terms—can best be portrayed, perhaps, in the work of the artist —to which we turn next; and in the emergence of the social individual, to which we shall turn at last, as to the climax and dénouement of the story we have been following.

CHAPTER XIX

WHAT IS ART?

EXPERIENCE in its ordinary flow, day after day, is likely not to be so very dramatic for most of us. Often it lacks plot: it achieves no thrilling climaxes, no depressing anti-climaxes. To be sure, primitive and pioneering experience under the usually precarious conditions of the frontier offered and offers much that is stimulating and exciting. Stories of the wilderness appeal most strongly to people whose days run on in a monotonous routine. The Wild West movie brings its thrills to millions who walk on the standard sidewalks of city streets all other moments of their drab lives.

Now, the very processes of making experience less precarious and more stable, about which modern social philosophy has so much to say, seems to promise to make experience still more repetitive, and therefore still more unsatisfying, for everything, except for "making a living", perhaps. The increase of routine makes us more certain of our bread; but man cannot live by bread alone. The fact seems to

be that between *security* of living and *interest* in living there is, for most of us, as things now go, a more or less distressing gulf: we can increase security—but must it be only at the expense of interest? We want both, but they do not seem to get on well together. Security is a good thing to have in reserve; but it often turns out to be a most boresome thing to live with, very long. It palls upon the most scared of us, after a time.

Hence, in all ages some men have attempted to escape from the routines of living, giving themselves over wholly to the pursuit of *interests*, and permitting others to take the responsibility for security: slaves have been impressed into the toils of life; scared men have been permitted to ease their fears by grinding out their mean lives as slaves of the wheel of labor; and docile women have not been debarred from spending their lives doing thankless jobs—those uninteresting but necessary tasks of the group, the community, the world. The interesting activities—those activities which engage men emotionally, which release new ranges of emotion and are, therefore, the most important of all activities—belong, by custom and by right, to those "free" men and those adventuresome women who are brave enough to take them, to the no small bewilderment of the rest of the race, who ever feel outraged by the glaring contrast between themselves as "good" and these others who, by all current standards, must certainly be

"bad". This contrast is never pleasurable to the conventional: life seems to play them shabby tricks, somehow.

In the course of time, this division of labors between the docile and the adventurous became more or less institutionalized, say in Greece: "making a living" became the *duty* of the artisan class, the unimaginative, and the poor; the enjoyment of interests, the enrichment of living became the right and the privilege of free men, artists, the imaginative, and all men and women who could afford the leisure for the cultivation of the graces of living. That is to say, the artisan, whether slave or free, must do the *work* of the world; and the artistic ones, always free, must care for the *beauty* of the world.

So, in just such ways, imagination came to be excluded from work, so that work became increasingly mechanical, dehumanized, routine, and base; and social relevancy evaporated, bit by bit, from art, making it eventually bizarre, esoteric, clever, grotesque. In such ways, both work and art were made increasingly sterile, uncreative, futile, and therefore, more effectively defensive of the *status quo*.

As we have already seen in considering science, the artisan and the scientist help to develop the materials of experience which the artist later uses; and the artist brings to the completion of beauty the more practical toils of the artisan and the scientist. Hence, all three of them are necessary to one an-

other, and to the world, if Use and Beauty are not to find themselves more and more remote from each other. The domains of the artisan, the scientist and the artist are not clearly demarked: each may lead; each may teach the others; each must learn from the others.

Hence, if, to-day, we are to understand what art really means in terms of our actual human experiences, we must, somehow, get back for a moment or two to those primitive integrities which characterize experience and nature before the Useful and the Beautiful have diverged so far as to lose all sight of each other, as is mostly the case, to-day.

Two not unfamiliar paradoxes face us here. First: man cannot live by bread alone, but no man can live very long without bread of some sort. Even the artist, however much he may be devoted to Beauty, however much he may talk about feeding his soul on Beauty, must somehow get his crust of bread—by some sort of sweat, physical, mental, or moral. He may fool himself in talking about how the universe looks out for the artist—but when he looks at his bare cupboard he realizes that he must pay, in some sort of coin, for the next bit of bread that he will eat. If that coin should be his own moral degradation under the whims of some "patron", the price may turn out to have been too high.

Second, though not all men can create objects that

compel the critical admiration of their fellows, yet all men do have experiences that are esthetic in quality: fulfilments and consummations of one sort, or another: passions of anger and fear, dreams of escape, relaxations of arms and legs after long efforts, giant stretchings of tired muscles, releasing yawns, swapping of jokes after the day's work is done—all of these being extensions, transformations, fulfilments of experience generated in some corner of the imagination, and so related to the day's toil as to make that toil at least endurable, maybe passingly agreeable, not infrequently enjoyable and significant. "Artists" may be few; but *all men* have these esthetic experiences—of larger or smaller dimensions. Even an artisan cannot forever get on with his toil without some release of the energies needed for his never so dull task. The artist is not a special kind of human being: he is merely a master in a field in which all of us share, in some degree, the kindred sense of quality. How, else, should we be able to appreciate his "art"?

On more primitive social levels, esthetic experiences almost always translated themselves into immediate artistic forms: story-telling embellished old memories; songs reinstated former experiences; dramatic play portrayed battles, group crises, the patterns of toil; weapons were polished and adorned; ornaments were carefully wrought: the body must be decorated as well as fed; reminiscent attitudes

which enhanced the memory of victory, or mitigated the bitterness of defeat, or brought the feel of vicarious drama into humdrum days, were pictured or modelled in plastic forms, or shaped into songs. Even the tools were finished with a certain wistfulness—bedecked with reminders of dramatic moments or of hoped-for events, so helping to mitigate the burden of their mostly unstimulating toils. Thus, on more primitive levels of living, the "esthetic moment" in experience quite naturally shapes itself and makes itself memorable by shaping objects of art, which embody, as much as may be, the content of the experience; and those objects of art as naturally repay experience with interest—giving to work "a sense of beginning, sequence and climax". So, Use primitively comes to its wistful fulfilment in forms of Beauty; and Beauty whispers to Use the stimulating prospect of rest after toils.

But modern organized industry has largely lost its way because it has known next to nothing about these esthetic needs of human experience, and has lightly esteemed those needs. Slaves were supposed to have no such needs. Free men, if sufficiently scared, were sure to forget their esthetic needs and to concentrate all their energies upon that task which was to save them from starvation. And women were well known to have ways of sublimating their desires and of transforming them into cheerful patterns of unstimulated toils. What would happen,

one sometimes wonders, in this strange world, if all slaves, all scared men, and all "self-sacrificing" women were to revolt against uninteresting tasks!

Of course, such revolt is not likely to take place. Modern machine industry assumes that most of us prefer security to interest, and the assumption is correct. Our industrialists assume that the "habit of work" inherited from former generations; or the fear of starvation; or some other, similar "drive"—in any case something not quite completely human in quality—will keep work going on, no matter what limitations of life the worker suffers. Here we come upon the meaning of the phrase that "men become parts of the machine": they work not for joy, but because the whistle blew; they are denied the enjoyment of broadly *human* motives: the uses of the day do not naturally lead on to experiences of creative Beauty in moments of relaxation.

To be sure, no worker misses all consummations of joy or of interest in his work: he finds release somewhere, somehow. But he too frequently misses that joy and that interest which would enrich and elevate his spirit "with a sense sublime", and which would integrate the expanding experiences of his days of toil. He is more likely to find escapes: perversions of beauty, indulgences that impoverish his spirit and disintegrate his mind, even though they may release enough of his energies for another day's toil. So, having no large share in the realm of ex-

panding Beauty, his appetite for life must grow by what it feeds upon—until its taste for other things may fail; and when, thereafter, some form of "uplift" offers him more desirable outlets for his energies, he may, not knowing the meaning of the offering, refuse it. Thereafter, he will be quite properly charged with lack of desire for Beauty in his life. He will be condemned to perpetual membership in that "vulgar mob which makes the life of the sensitive man almost impossible!" But of his natural history, here so briefly sketched, that same "sensitive man" will likely remain bravely ignorant.

None the less, for all our estheticisms, any relaxation, any dream, any stretching of the imagination, any participation in even the most momentary satisfaction, is a draught from the springs of primitive fulfilment, and it makes possible another day of life, even in the midst of sordid and unstimulating toils. So the world wags on: the worker may lack taste for the things convention calls "beautful": but his emotions do not lack all release; he still can carry on his work. And that fact is memorable for the often supercilious artist: otherwise, he might starve in the midst of Beauty.

Now, whether we like the idea or not, in the long run, the only art that really satisfies the human spirit is that which is the expression of real esthetic experiences. This is the only art that speaks to us of great fulfilments. Other objects of art may be "in-

teresting", or clever, or exotic, or rebellious, or what-not; for all such we may give thanks, but before them we shall not linger long in rapture. The true source of all great art is the esthetic experience of the artist: if he have lived deep—and can tell the moments of that living adequately—we shall worship at the shrine of his Beauty. If he have not thus tasted deep of the wells of living water, we may still admire his cleverness, but shall know him for a clever artisan—no artist! And, to-day, how much of "art" has lost its way—because the "artist" has no rootage in life. Two illustrative suggestions may be offered.

First, any esthetic experience is a consummation of some sort, and therefore it is an absolute experience, an end in itself. It would impose itself upon experience as a finality. But experience and nature, in changing ages, pass on; they refuse to be bound by former absolutes: life finds new levels, ploughs up new areas of experience, arises in new crops of desire, comes to new harvests, new fulfilments. Frequently, under such circumstances, the old fulfilments, absolute still and unabashed, deny place to the new, and try to hold life, and art, to the past. So comes academicism into art, as dogma comes into life. So, in this conflict of "absolutes" is revealed the folly of the dogma that all art is *universal*. Even Dante, with his absolute judgments upon ex-

perience, cannot mean much to men and women of to-day.

Second, some artists affect to hold that real art "must be pure creation"—meaning that the creative imagination must have little traffic with the materials of concrete experience. It must be unrelated. But a "creation" that has found its content in some "unrelated" area usually turns out to be a figment of an irrelevant imagination—"a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing". Real creativeness is never an act *de novo:* it is first a *consummation* in experience, a fulfilment: its framework is a pattern of experience, but so clothed upon with the garments of beauty and significance that it is able to escape from "the pressure of natural surroundings, even when it re-enacts the crises of nature and experience". The artist who would free himself from the materials of his own natural experience indulges a noble gesture, perhaps; but he must get his content from some source. Denied the materials of natural experience, he gets his content out of his own automatisms, perhaps, or out of the emotions of his paranoiac neighbors; and he thus loses himself in the bizarre, the exaggerated, the superficial, or the merely clever. He becomes a high-class technician —a workman without significance, with technic, but with no "soul": "I can write beautiful sonnets", said one; "but I have nothing to write about!" Art that

is not the expression of an esthetic experience is probably not art, at all. There are many so-called "artists" in the world who are merely extremely clever artisans—to whom art is not in any way a fulfilment of experience, but the merest cleverness of stunts with sounds, or colors, or what-not. Browning tells the fate of one such in his poem, Andrea del Sarto.

The esthetic moment in experience is, then, always a moment, an experience of consummation, a fulfilment of the incomplete experiences of the passing moments and days through the integration of a creative, or imaginative whole. And in every artistic experience that carries this sense of consummation and fulfilment there comes that sense of release, completion, realization that "links all perplexed meanings into one perfect peace"—at least for a little time. Such moments may not last, but they are the most real of all moments while they do last.

So art, like any other human interest, tends to lose its way when it lingers too long where life has passed by; or when it attempts to invade areas which experience has not entered. The "esthetic moment", which is the moment of fulfilment in experience, is the vital factor in art. This moment comes to everyone—not merely to "artists" alone. But to some who are extremely sensitive, it comes in overwhelming measure, and these may be able to body forth such experiences in those permanent forms which

carry the aspirations and consummations of an age. It is this "esthetic moment" which all men need, and which they need to have the chance to enjoy and cultivate. It is this "esthetic moment" which all men find, in some form or degree or quality, whether they find "art" or not. It is this "esthetic moment" —not Art—which is universal; and its universality is not a content of experience, but a quality of experience.

If this book were a treatise upon the history of art, or a catalogue of the various schools of art, historical and contemporary, we should now go on to a further development of the various branchings and exfoliations which have appeared as the esthetic experience has wrought itself out in the forms of objective expression. But with such developments we are not here concerned. We are here concerned with the emergence of the esthetic moment in our human experience, and with its general relationship to that area of experience which we call art and to the rest of life.

As long as men find this "esthetic moment" in their experiences, they can go forward with work and life, whether they find what the elect call "art" or not. And when art shall have found its true relationships to these "esthetic moments" of the artist, it will also find its natural relationships to the esthetic moments of all the rest of us, and so it will become in a more real sense the permanent possession of all

the race. When esthetic fulfilment in the artist speaks profoundly to esthetic need in other men, all the race will be refreshed and renewed—as in certain times of great art the race has been renewed—by the streams of fulfilment that flow from those moments of great consummation in experiences of great souls into the lesser, but no less real, moments of desire and expectation in the souls of all of us—lesser, but no less real, men and women.

A good chapter -

CHAPTER XX

THE INDIVIDUAL

AS we have been following this "dramatic highway" of this naturalistic outlook upon life and the world, we have come upon an impressive panorama of experiences, behaviors, knowledges, critical and reconstructive attitudes, interpenetrative relationships, creative efforts and "natural" growths. All these factors "exist" in a more or less convincing "reality"; and they all seem to be effective—toward something or other. So, though we have not stopped to consider in any complete fashion the significance of any of these factors, and though we have not made sure that we have seen, even in this somewhat simple way, all that we might have seen along the highway, we may well close our excursus and sum it all up by asking: What is the end of it all, the meaning of the drama, the climax of the plot, the dénouement—of the comedy, or the tragedy, of existence?

No merely metaphysical answer will suffice us at this point, with its remote, defensive implications. We want something as real, practical, experiential, as the highway and the outlook from the highway it-

self: to what objective, if any, does all this struggling, creative, emerging effort tend? The answer here suggested must be, as all our answers have been, in terms of naturalistic philosophy, not in terms of "hope" or "faith", or in the interest of any dogma.

To be sure, we have frequently come upon tentative suggestions as to "ends in view", or "ends in hope and aspiration". We have lingered several times to consider that great goal: the sharing of our human experience with all other congenial men and women in the common fellowships of birth and life and death. We have seen the indubitable facts that nature and the world produced us; that they nourish and sustain us; and that they will eventually gather us, again, to the dust of the earth and the encompassing shadows—beyond which no convincing chart is known. But this fate—of "sleeping with our fathers" as the old writings have it—seems not so dire to naturalistic empiricism, since we have come to realize that *precariousness of existence* is *not identical* with *unreality;* since we have come to understand this fundamental doctrine of all modern science—that what the universe has once produced is of the nature of reality, even though it may come and go like the rainbow. Hence, we shall not longer here be interested in "ultimate goals"—which lie beyond the implications of experience—but we shall turn our final thinking to more practical and experiential goals: What is the humanly real goal of all this end-

less struggling and striving of nature and experience, of mind and matter, of morality and religion, science and art, deliberation and education? What comes out of it all—that was not *in* it at the beginning?

The answer seems to be: over and above the sense of sharing the common destiny of the race, *in the mass,* we find ourselves interested, now and again, in the emergence of a *new existence*—drawing its reality, doubtless, from the fact that it has its roots in the race, but winning our interest because of its bringing to earth the assurance of something previously non-existent: the Individual—who, as in the chorus of the Lotus Eaters, is "the roof and crown of things". This Individual is not to be identified with that fraction of a crowd, the Citizen, or the "biped without feathers" that fills the subways and the ball parks of the nation. With respect to the "mass" there is much to be said not dreamed of in the philosophies of those who refer to the "common run" of men as "boobs". But the Individual, whose portrait is here to be briefly drawn, is not of these, though he is not apart from them either. We have frequently come upon some hint or prophecy of him in earlier chapters; but we must consider him, here at the last, because we shall find in him the story all summed up, all the problems of existence cumulated and concentered, all the nuances of history poignantly suggested, all intimations of future growth and development deeply foreshadowed.

The evolution of the race, the development of peoples, the culminations of personal experience all emerge in the Individual. The roots of his complex being are in all the world, and drawn from all the past of pre-human and human living. He mingles within his personality the "dust" of the physical world, the organic mechanisms of the biological ages, and the mental and moral factors of the latest human levels. Undoubtedly an omniscient intelligence could trace his varied characteristics to many ancestries, ranging back through the ages to the beginnings of life, and to many social groups in his contemporary world—to conflicting, opposing, even contradictory strains of family, race, community, nationality. In him might be found bits of all the characters that the ages have evolved—now bound together harmoniously, co-operatively, peacefully—now in endless antagonisms that beat against the bonds of personality ruthlessly, remorselessly:

In my heart it has not died,
The war that sleeps on Severn side:
They cease not fighting, east and west,
On the marches of my breast.

Here the truceless armies yet
Trample, rolled in blood and sweat;
They kill and kill and never die,
And I think that each is I.

To be sure, we have not everywhere come to think of the Individual as the final product of Nature and Experience—the ultimate expression of the living world—whose roots are thus deeply embedded in the soils of history and who must, therefore, still be nourished from those old racial soils, but whose personality lifts above the fortuitous into the universal. Especially in modern cities we think of "the individual" as either a figment of the imagination; a fraction of the "crowd" or the "class"; an abstract entity, needing no native soil—a "mind" that can be filled and shaped at schools, by teachers who know naught of life and history, just as a block of marble can be shaped by a stone cutter who knows nothing about geology; or as a "person" with "rights", who, whatever his ignorance, or his prejudices, or his limitations in general, still is the "unit of society", and therefore is entitled to do whatever he "can get away with".

Hence, realizing almost nothing of the natural history of the Individual, we easily pull children up by the roots out of their native soils, and carry them away to areas that have no soils at all—like a modern city apartment-house district—or we send them to equally arid and sterile "finishing" schools—to be finished. We keep their hands safely away from the materials of nature that might release the creative thrills of masterful experiences in their nerves and muscles; we do not allow them to develop their

own discriminations and sensitivities, but instead we fill their "minds" with our own carefully selected "proper thoughts"—until they have no real minds, but only memories (if even that) and no power to think for themselves at all.

Hence, we get not *individuality*, with all the world's promises of understanding, and mastery, and variety and beauty; but we get conformity to patterns, the repetition of old habits and customs, the "thinking" of "proper thoughts", the capacity to fit into traditional niches, the will to defend, and even to die for, old standards, old arguments that echo the vestiges of departing ages; and these "accepted patterns" of our institutional achievements live their sordidly monotonous lives without understanding, and they go to their graves in shrouds of unreasoned custom—while the restless centuries are wearing away, without help from these, sections and strata of those same unreasoned customs in economic, social, moral and religious living.

Or if, perchance, these standardizing processes of our institutionalisms defeat their own hopes, and drive out their victims before the accepted patterns have "set in" (as is so much the case with multitudes of youth, to-day) then we get *individualism*, which is, in the long run, only a bit less undesirable than is institutionalism, itself. For individualism is quite as unintelligent as is institutionalism. Individual*ism* means that a fragment of a personality has been set

adrift, on the currents of the times, or left stranded in some stagnant area of isolation and incompletion, with nothing to do but to assert, world without end, that its own fragmentariness is a cosmic triumph. The *individualist* is a bit of fragment of a crowd or a group that has broken itself off, and set itself up as a Whole personality. Individualism makes partial development a socially satisfactory goal—provided only that that partial development supplements its own fragmentariness by a sufficiently loud proclaiming of its own ultimate virtues. Individualism always means that a part of life has taken the place of the whole of life; that a finished fraction is more desirable than a growing whole; that a stationary achievement should be substituted for a mobile organization within the processes of experience and nature. Individualism has undoubtedly accomplished some important results for human freedom, and hence for ultimate Individuality, at certain moments of history. None the less, individualism inevitably becomes, soon or late, an obstacle to any further enlargement of the areas of freedom, just as we have all seen the fragmentary "self-made man" try to impose himself as a worthy model to all other younger men.

But the real individual is no such finished result. He is a centre of achievings, a continuous order of integrations, an expanding area of appreciations. He is the dramatic summation of the processes of

growth and integration, to date: he is nature's justification of the endless flux and complication of history and experience; he is nature's vantage point for the release of new variations, the wider explorations of experience, the more adequate mastery of the still unknown areas of existence through the slowly emerging technics of science and invention. The "mind" of the real individual is ever a bit of fertile soil in which old crops come to unanticipated fruitions, and in which new types of crops, new species may appear, including some long desired mutant which may change the destiny of the race: such were the "minds" of Socrates, Columbus, Shakespeare, Darwin!

Such individuals have been rare, perhaps, in history, to date. This is partly because childhood has been unconserved, both biologically and emotionally, and partly because the race, afraid of new patterns of behavior, has feared its effective individuals, has stoned its prophets and destroyed its nobler minds. Even to-day we are still scared of *individuals:* we prefer "good citizens", "loyal patriots", "moral men", "law-abiding members of the group". Well, all such are necessary, yet awhile without doubt. Certainly they will not be got rid of for some time to come. And as long as we keep close to our primitive fears, we shall not want to get rid of them. But the free individual can also be a "good citizen"—of a "nobler city"; he can be a loyal supporter of the

fatherland of Truth; he can be moral enough to love righteousness above unrighteousness—to his own cost; he can be a member of that most inclusive group, the human family!

But we must understand that such an individual is not a "unit of society", as that term is used today, of existent social groups. He is not presupposed: he does not antedate social processes. He is not in society at the beginning. He is found, if he is found at all, at the end of the process: he is the "roof and crown of things". He is not the beginning, he is the outcome: the climax of nature and experience, the test of the worth of the process. Throughout this discussion—all along the windings and turnings, the risings and fallings, of this "dramatic highway" on which we have been spending these twenty chapters—we have been catching glimpses of his *natural history*—we have been seeing him gradually emerging out of the matrices of nature and experience, and coming into *possession of himself* and all his resources, and into the captaincy of his own soul. We must gather all those glimpses together into one final integration of the total process, the emerging personality.

The individual is a product of nature, for the roots of his being are deep in the soils of the biological ages; and if he is to remain real and be happy, he must ever be rooted in nature, though he must never abdicate his ability to criticize nature and to

make nature obey his growing mastery. He is the product of experience and of experiencings; he shares the experiences of the race, and he gradually develops his own experience and so achieves, thereby, freedom or slavery. He is a creature of habits—though he has the power, if he learns the fact, to make habits the servants of his living. He is a product of society, and if he is to remain human, he must ever be rooted deep in social soils, though he must never abdicate his right to criticize old societies, and to make society over into forms that more nearly express his own growing freedoms.

He has come up out of the illimitable past, through all levels of emergence—from the dust of the earth to the cosmic dream. He is wrought of "matter", and he expresses himself through meanings that tell of "mind": he is now the one, now the other; but mostly he is neither the one nor the other, but both-one, body-mind, knowing himself partaker of the "physical energies" of the world, being himself sharer in the intellectual and spiritual resources of the universe. He has transformed his own primitive sounds and gestures into the structure and content of language, thus slowly creating for his own use and enjoyment all the cultures of the ages, and bringing to the nourishment of his own nature the spiritual riches of all races and all times. He has used the modes of behavior loaned to him by his lowlier ancestors until such time as he could devise

patterns of behavior of his own; he has deliberated upon his own past, and upon the problems and meanings of his existence, and he has worked out, provisionally, new modes of behavior and new patterns of conduct which, remade now and again, at need, have slowly fulfilled his changing desires, and enabled him to stand on his own feet, momentarily, at least, and to look at life and the world out of his own eyes, without being overmuch destroyed by fears of the "unknown", the "universal", the "infinite".

He has learned, or he is learning, how to criticize himself and his world, his past of folkways, customs and habits, his environments of sensations and impulses, his future of aspirations and desires, with something of the detachment of the scientist—free from the fears of the mere moralist. None the less, he is able in his clearest moments to defend his most intimate experiencings against the derogations and superficialities of pedantic criticism, and so he is able to keep his moral and spiritual energies vital and strong even in the midst of the distractions of a materialistic-mechanistic age; and he is sure that, as there can be no practical limitations to the resources of his emotional and spiritual world, so there can be no real limitations to his own intellectual and moral achievements.

He has known schools—and schools—and he has learned from all of them: what they had to teach—how to get on without them—and to let life, and na-

ture and experience be his teachers. He has developed intelligence, without becoming "intellectual": he "knows his way about," without joining the ranks of the "intelligentsia". He is sophisticated, but not blasé. He has philosophy, not for parade, but for atmosphere of all his personal being; he knows poetry, but can refrain from quotations; he has read much literature, good and not so good, but he can converse in his own language without undue employment of allusions. He has been much in libraries, but his mind is not merely a continuous display of the spoils of books.

He has sympathies that reach out through all the ranges of race and economic condition and prejudice: Nothing human is foreign to his interest. None the less, he is not a sentimentalist. In moments of tantalizing experience he finds his mind active in creative ways—helping to envisage forth something of the new earth which is the dream of all free minds. Yet he can forget all such dreams, and all the tragedies of the ages, in moments of supreme relaxation. He loves beauty—and art—when that which is real in art speaks stimulatingly or comfortingly to that which is most eager in himself. But he knows the difference between cleverness and greatness: between that which gives a momentary "kick" to the tired mind, and that which is to become parcel of the eternal beauty—model upon which nature, itself, may aspire to make itself over!

Now, to the Free Individual, such outcomes are not narrowly personal: he has not escaped from his rootages in nature—hence he can never be an "æsthete"; he has not escaped from his social rootages—hence he has not escaped from social obligations by these processes of individuation. He has made world-wide contacts—and has become universal in spirit. He has gathered many significant processes of life into himself, and in so doing he has but rooted himself more deeply in society. He has participated in "the Humanities", and these have made him more human. He has travelled through many types of folkways, and these travels have both disillusioned him of any specific folkway, and made him to understand better the need of a more complete folkway to the world. He has studied with the scientist, and this has made him more tolerant of the fundamentalist, more inquiring, more intelligent. He has meditated long upon the social order, and read much in the "social sciences", and all this has made him more social. He has penetrated deep into the varied psychologies of the age, and all these have brought him, little by little, "to himself".

That is to say, the experiencings and the experience of his life, working their several and varied impacts upon and through and in his earlier nature, have gradually blended all the elements of his conflicting, warring beings into a more or less completely integrated personality—which is now the realization of

his history, and the expression of his inner energies; and those energies, sensing the "gaps" that still remain in his personality, and feeling behind those gaps patterns of eventual wholeness, compel him ever, both consciously and unconsciously, to seek new levels of experience, of growth, of understanding, of appreciation, of individual realization and of sharing the common lot. He would be "free": but life is too strong for him, and he finds his freedom in sharing the common destiny of the race. He would be lost in the membership of some group: but life is too strong for him, and he finds himself far out on the intellectual and spiritual frontiers of the age, setting up a new guide-post on the uncharted trails of the future. Life calls to him—and plays tricks with him. All that he knows is that nature and experience are full of contradictions; that he is most bewildered the next moment after he finds the answers to all his questions; and that he would not give over the adventure of living a moment before he has to for all the securities of all the dead empires of the past!

Some such things as these it will be, some day—it is even now for some—to be a free individual. He will sum up great areas of experience and nature within himself, creatively and with infinite variations. He will be at once a product of all the past, an expression of the wider riches of the present, and a still unfulfilled promise of the future. What "the

universe at large" will do with him "in the next world", he will not greatly care to speculate about, or waste over-much time upon. Himself possessing whatever reality—however precariously held—the universe itself displays; being himself assured that he is *of* nature—he can gratefully trust his "cosmic destiny" to the keeping of that reality: whatever is good enough for the universe, is good enough for him. Enough for him, here and now, that he should learn how to achieve, for himself and his age, and to hold as securely as possible, for himself and for all men, whatever of universal reality he can find—whether in the form of "truth", or "goodness", or "beauty", or "shared experience with his fellow men".

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